
HORACE
HIS ART
OF
POETRIE.

MADE ENGLISH
BY

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HORATIUS

DE ARTE

POETICA.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Fungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undiq; collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatam admisi visum teneatis, amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum
Per similem; cuius, velut agri somnia, vanae
Finguntur species, ut nec pes, nec caput, uni
Reddatur forma. Pictoribus, atq; Poëtis,
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aqua potestas.
Scimus; & hanc veniam petimusq; damusq; vicissim:
Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.
Incipitis gravibus plerumq; & magna professis,
Purpureus latè qui splendeat unus & alter
Assuitur pannus, cum lucus, & ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquae per amenos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: & fortasse, cupressum
Scis simulare. quid hoc, si fractis enatat ex spes
Navibus, are dato qui pingitur? amphora caput
Institui; corrente rotà, cur urceus exit?
Deniq; sit, quod vult, simplex duntaxat, & unum.

Maxima

3

HORACE

OF

THE ART

OF

POETRY.

IF to a Womans head a Painter would
Set a Horse-neck, and divers feathers fold
On every limbe, ta'en from a severall creature,
Presenting upwards, a faire female feature,
Which in some swarthie fish uncomely ends:
Admitted to the sight, although his friends
Could you containe your laughter? Credit mee,
This peece, my *Piso's*, and that booke agree,
Whose shapes, like sick-mens dreames, are fain'd so vaine;
As neither head, nor foot, one forme retaine.
But equall power, to Painter, and to Poët,
Of daring all, hath still beene given; we know it:
And both doe crave, and give againe, this leave.
Yet, not as therefore wild, and tame should cleave
Together: not that we should Serpents see
With Doves; or Lambes, with Tygres coupled be.
In grave beginnings, and great things profess,
Ye have oft-times, that may ore-shine the rest,
A Scarlet peece, or two, stich'd in: when or
Diana's Grove, or Altar, with the bor-
Dring Circles of swift waters that intwine
The pleasant grounds, or when the River *Rhine*,
Or Rainbow is describ'd. But here was now
No place for these. And, Painter, hap'ly, thou
Know'st only well to paint a Cipresse tree.
What's this? if he whose money hireth thee
To paint him, hath by swimming hopelesse scap'd,
The whole fleet wreck'd; & a great jarre to be shap'd,
Was meant at first. Why forcing still about
Thy labouring wheele, comes scarce a Pitcher out.
In short, I bid, Let what thou work'st upon,
Be simply quite throughout, and wholly one.

A 2

Most

Maxima pars vatum, pater, & juvenes patre digni,
Decipimus specie recti: Brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio: Sectantem levius, nervi
Deficiunt animiq;: professus grandia, turgēt:
Serpit humi, tutus nimium, timidusq; procella.
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpa fuga, si caret arte.

Æmilium circa ludum faber imus, & ungues
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur are capillos;
Infelix operis summa: quia ponere totum
Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroq; capillo.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aquam
Viribus, & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri, cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deserit hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
Ordinis hac virtus erit, & Venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
Pleraq; differat: & præsens in tempus omittat.
Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis autor.

In verba etiam tenuis cautusq; serendis,
Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. Si forte necesse est,
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum;
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget, dabiturq; licentia, sumpta pudenter.
Et nova scitaq; nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parè detorta. Quid autem
Cæcilio, Plautoq; dabit Romanus, ademptum
Virgilio, Varioque? ego cur acquirere pauca
Si possum, inuideor: cum lingua Catonis, & Enni
Sermone patrium distulerit, & nova rerum

Nomina

Most Writers, noble Sire, and either Sonne,
Are, with the likenesse of the truth, undone.
My selfe for shortnesse labour, and I grow
Obscure. This striving to run smooth, and flow,
Hath neither soule, nor sinewes. Loftie he
Professing greatnesse, swells: That low by lee
Creepes on the ground, too safe, too afraid of storme.
This seeking, in a various kind, to forme
One thing, prodigiously, paints in the woods
A Dolphin, and a Boare amid' the floods.
So, shunning faults, to greater fault doth lead,
When in a wrong, and artlesse way we tread.
The worst of Statuaries, here about
Th' Æmilian Schoole, in brasse can fashion out
The nailes; and every curled haire disclose,
But in the maine worke haplesse: since he knowes
Not to designe the whole. Should I aspire
To forme a worke, I would no more desire
To be that Smith; then live, mark'd one of those,
With faire black eyes, and haire; and a wry nose.

Take, therefore, you that write, still, matter fit
Unto your strength, and long examine it,
Upon your Shoulders. Prove what they will beare,
And what they will not. Him whose choice doth reare
His matter to his power, in all he makes,
Nor language, nor cleere order ere forsakes.
The vertue of which order, and true grace,
Or I am much deceiv'd, shall be to place
Invention. Now, to speake; and then differ
Much, that mought now be spoke: omitted here
Till fitter season. Now, to like of this;
Lay that aside, the Epicks office is.

In using also of new words, to be
Right spare, and warie: then thou speak'st to mee
Most worthie praise, when words that common grew,
Are, by thy cunning placing, made meere new.
Yet, if by chance, in uttering things abstruse;
Thou need new termes; thou maist, without excuse,
Paine words, unheard of to the well-trust'd race
Of the Cethegi; And all men will grace,
And give, being taken modestly, this leave;
And those thy new, and late-coyn'd words receive,
So they fall gently from the Grecian spring,
And come not too much wrested. What's that thing;
A Roman to Cæcilius will allow,
Or Plautus, and in Virgil disavow,
Or Varius? why am I now envi'd so,
If I can give some small increase? When, loe,
Cato's and Ennius tongues have lent much worth,
And wealth unto our language, and brought forth

New

Nomina protulerit? Licuit, semperq; licbit,
 Signatum presente nota producere nomen.
 Ut silva foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
 Prima cadunt; ita verborum vetus interit aetas,
 Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentq;
 Debemur morti nos, nostraq;: si de receptus
 Terrâ Neptunus, classes Aquilonibus arcet,
 Regis opus, steriliſve diu palus, aptaq; remis,
 Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratram:
 Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus annis;
 Doctus iter melius. Mortalia facta peribunt:
 Nedum sermonum stet honor, & gratia vivax.
 Multa rascuntur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentq;
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore, vocabula, si volet usus:
 Quem penes arbitrium est, & vis, & norma loquendi.
 Res gesta regumq; ducumq; & tristia bella
 Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.
 Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
 Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
 Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit author,
 Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub iudice lis est.
 Musa dedit fidibus Divos puerosq; Deorum,
 Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
 Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referte.
 Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo.
 Hunc socci cepere pedem, grandesq; cothurni,
 Alternis aptum sermonibus, & populares
 Vincentem strepitum, & natum rebus agendis.
 Versibus exponi Tragicis res Comica non vult.
 Indignatur item privatis, ac propè socco
 Dignis carminibus celebrari cæna Thyestæ.
 Singula quæq; lacum teneant sortita decenter.
 Descriptas servare vices operumq; colores,
 Cur ego, si nequeo, ignoroq;, Poëta salutor?
 Cur nescire pudens pravè, quàm discere malo?
 Interdum tamen, & vocem Comædia tollit,

Drusus.

New names of things. It hath beene ever free,
 And ever will, to utter termes that bee
 Stamp'd to the time. As woods whose change appears
 Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding yeares,
 The first-borne dying; so the aged state
 Of words decay, and phrases borne but late
 Like tender buds shoot up, and freshly grow.
 Our selves, and all that's ours, to death we owe:
 Whether the Sea receiv'd into the shore,
 That from the North, the Navie safe doth store,
 A kingly worke; or that long barren fen
 Once rowable, but now doth nourish men
 In neighbour-townes, and feelles the weightie plough;
 Or the wilde river, who hath changed now
 His course so hurtfull both to graine, and seedes,
 Being taught a better way. All mortall deeds
 Shall perish: so farre off it is, the state,
 Or grace of speech, should hope a lasting date.
 Much phrase that now is dead, shall be reviv'd;
 And much shall dye, that now is nobly liv'd,
 If Custome please; at whose disposing will
 The power, and rule of speaking resteth still.

The gestures of Kings, great Captaines, and sad Warres;
 What number best can fit, Homer declares.
 In Verse unequall match'd, first sowre Laments,
 After mens Wishes, crown'd in their events
 Were also clos'd: But, who the man should be,
 That first sent forth the dapper Elegie,
 All the Grammarians strive; and yet in Court
 Before the Judge, it hangs, and waites report.
 Unto the Lyrick Strings, the Muse gave grace
 To chant the Gods, and all their God-like race,
 The conqu'ring Champion, the prime Horse in course,
 Fresh Lovers businesse, and the Wines free source.
 Th' Iambick arm'd Archilochus to rave,
 This foot the socks tooke up, and buskins grave,
 As fit t' exchanged discourse; a Verse to win
 On popular noise with, and doe businesse in.

The Comick matter will not be exprest
 In tragick Verse; no lesse Thyestes feast
 Abhorres low numbers, and the private straine
 Fit for the sock: Each subject should retaine
 The place allotted it, with decent thewes.
 If now the turnes, the colours, and right hues
 Of Poëms here describ'd, I can, nor use,
 Nor know t' observe: Why (i' the Muses name)
 Am I call'd Poët? wherefore with wrong shame,
 Perversly modest, had I rather owe
 To ignorance still, then either learne, or know.
 Yet, sometime, doth the Comedie excite

Her

Iratusq; Chremes timido delinquit ore,
 Et Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri
 Telephus, & Peleus, cum pauper, & exul interq;
 Projicit ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba,
 Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.
 Non satis est pulchra esse poemata: dulcia sunt,
 Et quocumq; volent animum auditoris agunto.
 Ut ridentibus arident, ita flentibus adsent
 Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est
 Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia cadent
 Telephe, vel Pelu. Male si mandata loqueris,
 Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. Tristia maestum
 Vulsum verba decet: iratum, plena minarum:
 Ludentem, lasciva: severum, seria dictu.
 Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
 Fortunarum habitum: inuat, aut impellit ad iram,
 Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, & angit:
 Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.
 Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
 Romani tollent equites pediteq; cachinnum.
 Intererit multum, Davus ne loquatur, an heros:
 Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventa
 Per vidus: an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix:
 Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli:
 Colchus, an Assyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis:
 Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge
 Scriptor. Honoratum se forte reponis Achillem,
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
 Fura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
 Sit Medea ferox, invictaq; stebilis Ino,
 Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.
 Si quid inexpertum scena committis, & audes
 Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum
 Qualis ad incepto processerit, & sibi constet.

Difficile

Her voyce, and angry Chremes chafes out-right
 With swelling throat: and, oft the tragick wight
 Complaines in humble phrase. Both Telephus,
 And Peleus, if they seeke to heart-strike us
 That are Spectators, with their miserie,
 When they are poore, and banish'd, must throw by
 Their bombard-phrase, and foot-and-halfe-foot words:
 'Tis not enough, th' elaborate Muse affords
 Her Poem's beautie, but a sweet delight
 To worke the hearers minds, still, to their plight:
 Mens faces, still, with such as laugh, are prone
 To laughter, so they grieve with those that mone.
 If thou would'st have me weepe, be thou first drown'd
 Thy selfe in teares, then me thy losse will wound,
 Peleus, or Telephus. If you speake vile
 And ill-penn'd things, I shall, or sleepe, or smile.
 Sad language fits sad lookes; stuff'd menacings,
 The angry brow; the sportive, wanton things,
 And the severe, speech ever serious.
 For Nature, first within doth fashion us
 To every state of fortune; she helps on,
 Or urgeth us to anger, and anon
 With weightie sorrow hurles us all along,
 And tortures us: and, after by the tongue
 Her truch-man, she reports the minds each throw.
 If now the phrase of him that speakes, shall flow
 In sound, quite from his fortune, both the rout,
 And Roman Gentrie, jeering, will laugh out.
 It much will differ, if a God speake, than,
 Or an Heroe; If a ripe old man,
 Or some hot youth, yet in his flourishing course;
 Where some great Lady, or her diligent Nourse,
 A ventring Merchant, or the Farmer free
 Of some small thankfull land: whether he bee
 Of Cholchis borne, or in Assyria bred;
 Or, with the milke of Thebes, or Argus, fed.
 Or follow fame, thou that dost write, or faine
 Things in themselves agreeing: If againe
 Honour'd Achilles chance by thee be seiz'd,
 Keepe him still active, angry, un-appeas'd,
 Sharpe, and contemning lawes, at him should aime;
 Be nought so above him, but his sword let claime.
 Medea make brave with impetuous scorne;
 Ino bewaild, Ixion lallie, forsworne;
 Poore Io wandring, wild Orestes mad:
 If something strange, that never yet was had
 Unto the Scene thou bringst, and dar'st create
 A meere new person. Looke he keepe his state
 Unto the last, as when he first went forth,
 Still to be like himselfe, and hold his worth.

Tis

Difficile est propriè communia dicere; tuq;
 Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
 Quàm si proferres ignota, indictaq; primus.
 Publica materies privati juris erit; si
 Nec circa vilem patulumq; moraberis orbem:
 Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
 Interpres: nec desilies imitator in actum,
 Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.
 Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim:
 Fortunam Priami cantabo, & nobile bellum.
 Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?
 Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.
 Quamò rectius hic, qui nil molitur ineptè:
 Dic mihi Musa virum, capta post tempora Trojæ,
 Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, & urbeis.
 Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
 Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
 Antiphaten, Scyllamq; & cum Cyclope Charybdim:
 Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.
 Semper ad eventum festinat, & in medias res,
 Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: & quæ
 Desperat tractata nitefcere posse, relinquit.
 Atq; ita mentitur, sic veris falsare miscet,
 Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet inum.
 Tu quid ego, & populus mecum desideret, audi.
 Si plausoris eges aulae manentis, & usq;
 Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat,
 Aetatis cuiusq; notandi sunt tibi mores,
 Mobilibusq; decor naturis dandus, & annis.

Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo
 Signat humum, gestis paribus colludere, & iram
 Colligit, ac ponit temerè, & mutatur in horas.
 Imberbis juvenis tandem custode remoto,
 Gaudet equis, canibusq; & aprici gramine campi,
 Cereus in visum flecti, monitoribus asper,

Utilium

'Tis hard, to speake things common, properly:
 And thou maist better bring a *Rhapsody*
 Of *Homers*, forth in acts, then of thine owne;
 First publish things unspoken, and unknowne.
 Yet common matter thou thine owne maist make,
 If thou the vile, broad-troden ring forsake.
 For, being a Poet, thou maist feigne, create,
 Not care, as thou wouldst faithfully translate,
 To render word for word: nor with thy sleight
 Of imitation, leape into a streight,
 From whence thy Modestie, or Poemes law
 Forbids thee forth againe thy foot to draw.
 Nor so begin, as did that Circle late;
 I sing a noble Warre, and *Priam's* Fate.
 What doth this Promiser such gaping worth
 Afford? The Mountaines travail'd, and brought forth
 A scorned Mouse! O, how much better this,
 Who nought assaies unaptly, or amisse?
 Speake to me, Muse, the Man, who after *Troy* was sack't,
 Saw many Townes, and Men, and could their manners tract.
 Hee thinkes not, how to give you smoake from light,
 But light from smoake; that he may draw his bright
 Wonders forth after: As *Antiphates*,
Scylla, *Charybdis*, *Polypheme*, with these.
 Nor from the brand, with which the life did burne
 Of *Meleager*, brings he the returne
 Of *Diomedes*; nor *Troyes* sad Warre begins
 From the two *Egges*, that did disclose the twins,
 He ever hastens to the end, and so
 (As if he knew it) rapps his hearer to
 The middle of his matter: letting goe
 What he despaires, being handled, might not show.
 And so well faines, to mixeth cunningly
 Falshood with truth, as no man can elpic
 Where the midst differs from the first: or where
 The last doth from the midst dis-joyn'd appeare.
 Heare, what it is the People, and I desire:
 If such a ones applause thou dost require,
 That carries till the hangings be ta'en downe,
 And sits, till the *Epilogue* saies Clap, or Crowne:
 The customes of each age thou must observe,
 And give their yeares, and natures, as they swerve,
 Fit rites. The Child, that now knowes how to say,
 And can tread firme, longs with like lads to play;
 Soone angry, and soone pleas'd, is sweet, or lowre,
 He knowes not why, and changeth every houre.
 Th' unbearded Youth, his Guardian once being gone,
 Loves Dogges, and Horses, and is ever one
 I' the open field, Is Waxe like to be wrought
 To every vice, as hardly to be brought

B 2

To

Utilem tardus provisor, prodigus aris,
Sublimis, cupidusq;, & amata relinquere pernix.

Conversis studiis etas, animusq;, virilis
Quærit opes, & amicitias: inservit honori:
Commisisse cavet, quod mox mutare laboret.

Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda, vel quod
Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti:
Vel quod res omnes timide gelideq;, ministrat;
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusq;, futuri,
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero: censor, castigatq;, minorum.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum:
Multa recedentes adimunt. ne forte seniles
Mandenur juveni partes, pueroq;, viriles,
Semper in adjunctis, avoq;, morabimur aptis.

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in scenam: multaq;, tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet:

Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus:
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem
Quodcumq;, ostendit mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Næve minor, quinto, neu sit productior actus
Fabula quæ posci vult, & spectata reponi.
Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: nec quartæ loqui personæ laboret.

Autoris partis chorus, officiumq;, virile
Defendat, neu quid medios intercinat actus
Quod non proposito conducat, & hæreat apud.
Ille bonis faveatq;, & concilietur amicis.
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes.

To endure counsell: A Provider slow
For his owne good, a careless letter-goe
Of money, haughtie, to desire soon mov'd,
And then as swift to leave what he hath lov'd.

These studies alter now, in one, growne man;
His better'd mind seekes wealth, and friendship: than
Lookes after honours, and bewares to act
What straight-way he must labour to retract.

The old man many evils doe girt round;
Either because he seekes, and having found,
Doth wretchedly the use of things forbear,
Or do's all businesse coldly, and with feare;
A great deferrer, long in hope, growne numbe
With sloth, yet greedy still of what's to come:
Froward, complaining, a commender glad
Of the times past, when he was a young lad;
And still correcting youth, and censuring.

Mans coming yeares much good with them doe bring:
At his departing take much thence: lest, then,
The parts of age to youth be given; or men
To children; we must alwayes dwell, and stay
In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.

The businesse either on the Stage is done,
Or acted told. But, ever, things that run
In at the eare, doe stirre the mind more slow
Then those the faithfull eyes take in by show,
And the beholder to himselfe doth render.
Yet, to the Stage, at all thou maist not tender
Things worthy to be done within, but take
Much from the sight, which faire report will make
Present anone: Medea must not kill

Her Sonnes before the people; nor the ill-
Natur'd, and wicked Atreus Cooke, to th' eye,
His Nephews entrails; nor must Progne sic
Into a Swallow there; Nor Cadmus take,
Upon the Stage, the figure of a Snake.
What is shewne, I not beleeve, and hate.

Nor must the Fable, that would hope the Fate
Once leene, to be againe call'd for, and plaid,
Have more or lesse then just five Acts: nor laid,
To have a God come in: except a knot
Worth his untying happen there: And nor
Any fourth man, to speake at all, aspire.

An Actois parts, and Office too, the Quire
Must maintaine manly; not be heard to sing
Betwene the Acts, a quite cleane other thing
Then to the purpose leades, and fitly grees.
It still must favour good men, and to these
Be wonne a friend; It must both sway, and bend
The angry, and lover those that feare to offend.

Praise

Ille dapis laudet mensa brevis: ille salubrem
Iustitiam, legesq; & apertis omnia portis.
Ille tegat commissa, Deosq; precetur, & oret,
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vineta, tubaq;
Æmula, sed tenuis, simplex foramine paucò
Aspirare, & adesse choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia statu.

Quò sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frangi, castusq; verecundusq; coibat.
Postquam cepit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti murus, Vinoq; diurno,
Placari Genius festis impunè diebus,

Accessit numerisq; modisq; licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberq; laborum,
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?
Sic prisca motumq; & luxuriam addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitq; vagus per pulpita vestem.
Siccitiam fidibus voces crevere severis,

Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præcepit:
Utiliumq; sagax rerum, & divina futuri
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

Ignotum Tragica genus invenisse Camæna
Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,
Quæ canerent agerentq; peruncti facibus ora.
Post hunc personæ pallæq; repertor honestæ
Æschylus, & modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnamq; loqui nitiq; cothurno.
Carmine qui Tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agresteis Satyros nudavit, & asper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eò quòd
Illecebris erat, & gratà novitate morandus
Spectator, functusq; sacris, & potus, & exlex.

Verùm ita risores, ita commendare dicaces
Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere seria ludo:
Ne, quicumq; Deus, quicumq; adhibebitur Heros,

Praise the spare diet, wholsome justice, lawes,
Peace, and the open ports, that peace doth cause
Hide faults, pray to the Gods, and wish aloud
Fortune would love the poore, and leave the proud.

The Hau'-boy, not as now with latten bound,
And rivall with the Trumpet for his sound,
But soft, and simple, at few holes breath'd time
And tune too, fitted to the Chorus rime,
As loud enough to fill the seates, not yet
So over-thick, but, where the people met,
They might with ease be numbred, being a few
Chaste, thriftie, modest folke, that came to view.
But, as they conquer'd, and enlarg'd their bound,
That wider Walls embrac'd their Citie round,
And they uncensur'd might at Feasts, and Playes
Steepe the glad Genius in the Wine, whole dayes,
Both in their tunes, the licence greater grew,
And in their numbers, For, alas, what knew
The Ideot, keeping holy-day, or drudge,
Clowne, Towns-man, base, and noble, mix'd, to judge?
Thus, to his antient Art the Piper lent
Gesture, and rior, whilst he swooping went
In his train'd Gowne about the Stage: So grew
In time to Tragedie, a Musicke new.
The rash, and head-long eloquence brought forth
Unwonted language; And that sense of worth
That found out profit, and foretold each thing
Now differ'd not from Delphick riddling.

Theſpis is said to be the first found out
The Tragedie, and carried it about,
Till then unknowne, in Carts, wherein did ride
Those that did sing, and act: their faces dy'd
With lees of Wine. Next Æschylus, more late
Brought in the Visor, and the robe of State,
Built a small timbred Stage, and taught them talke
Loftie, and grave, and in the buskin stalked.
Hee too, that did in Tragick Verse contend,
For the vile Goat, soone after, forth did send
The rough rude Satyres naked, and would try,
Though sower, with safetie of his gravitie.
How he could jest, because he mark'd and saw
The free spectators, subject to no Law,
Having well eat, and drunke: the rites being done,
Were to be staid with softnesses, and wonne
With something that was acceptably new.
Yet so the scoffing Satyres to mens view,
And so their prating to present was best,
And so to turne all earnest into jest,
As neither any God, were brought in there,
Or Semi-god, that late was seene to weare

Regali conspectus in auro nuper, & ostro,
Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernat;
Aut, dum vitas humum, nubes, & inania capiet.

Effutire leueis indigna Tragedia versus:
Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,

Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.

Non ego inornata, & dominantia nomina solum,
Verbaq; Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo:

Nec sic enitar Tragico differre colori

Ut nihil intersit, Davus ne loquatur, an andax

Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum;

An custos, fumutusq; dei Silenus alumni.

Ex noto fictum carmen sequar, ut sibi quisvis

Speret idem: sudet multum frustra, labores

Ausus idem: tantum series juncturaq; pollet:

Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.

Silvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,

Ne velut innati trivis, ac penè forenses,

Aut nimium teneris iuventur veribus unquam,

Aut immunda crepent, ignominiosaq; dicta.

Offendantur enim, quibus est equus, & pater, & res:

Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat, & nucis emptor,

Aequis accipiunt animis, donantur corona.

Succesit vetus his Comædia non sine multa

Laude, sed in vitium libertas excidit, & vira

Dignam lege regi. Lex est accepta, chorusq;

Turpiter obicit, sublato iure nocendi.

Syllaba longa brevi subiecta, vocatur Iambus

Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accrescere iussit

Nomen Iambeis, cum senos redderet ictus,

Primus ad extremum similis sibi: non ita pridem

Tardior ut paulo graviorq; veniret ad aureis,

Spondeos stabiles in iura paterna recepit

Commodus, & patiens: non ut de sede secunda

Cederet, aut quarta socialiter, his & in Acci

Nobilibus trimetris apparet rorsus: & Enni,

A royall Crowne, and purple, be made hop
With poore base termes, through every baser shop:
Or whilst he shuns the Earth, to catch at Aire
And emptie Clowdes. For Tragedie is faire,
And farre unworthy to blurt out light rimes;
But, as a Matrone drawne at solemne times
To Dance, so she should, shamefac'd, differ farre
From what th' obscene, and petulant Satyres are.

Nor I, when I write Satyres, will so love
Plaine phrased, my *Piso's*, as alone t' approve
Meere raigning words: nor will I labour so
Quite from all face of Tragedie to goe,
As not make difference, whether *Davus* speake,
And the bold *Pythias*, having cheated weak
Simo; and, of a talent wip'd his purse;
Or old *Silenus*, *Bacchus* guard, and Nurse.

I can out of knowne geare, a fable frame,
And so, as every man may hope the same;
Yet he that offers at it, may sweat much,
And toile in vaine: the excellence is such
Of Order, and Connexion; so much grace
There comes sometimes to things of meanest place.
But, let the *Fannes*, drawne from their Groves, beware.
Be I their Judge, they doe at no time dare
Like men street borne, and neere the Hall, reherse
Their youthfull tricks in over-wanton verse:
Or crack out bawdie speeches, and uncleane.
The Roman Gentrie, Men of Birth, and Meane
Will take offence, at this: Nor, though it strike
Him that buyes chiches blanch't, or chance to like
The nut-crackers throughout, will they therefore
Receive, or give it an applause, the more.
To these succeeded the old Comædie,
And not without much praise; till libertie
Fell into fault so farre, as now they saw
Her licence fit to be restrain'd by law:
Which law receiv'd, the *Chorus* held his peace,
His power of foulely hurting made to cease.

Two rest's, a short and long, th' *Iambick* frame;
A foot, whose swiftnesse gave the Verse the name
Of *Trimeter*, when yet it was fixe-pac'd,
But meere *Iambicks* all, from first to last.
Nor is 't long since, they did with patience take
Into their birth-right, and for fittnesse sake,
The steadie *Spondees*; so themselves doe beare
More slow, and come more weightie to the care:
Provided, ne're to yeeld, in any case
Of fellowship, the fourth, or second place.
This foot yet, in the famous *Trimeters*
Of *Accius*, and *Ennius*, rare appears:

In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus,
 Aut opera celeris nimium, curaque, carentis,
 Aut ignorata premit artis crimine turpi:
 Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex.
 Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis,
 Idcirco ne vager, scribamque, licenter? an omnes
 Visuros peccata putem mea? tutus, & intra
 Spem venie cautus? vitavi denique, culpam,
 Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Græca
 Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

At nostri proavi Plautinos, & numeros, &
 Laudavere sales: nimium patienter utrumque,
 Ne dicam stultè, mirati, si modo ego, & vos
 Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
 Legitimumque, sonum digitis callemus, & aure.

Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ,
 Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca
 Ausi deserere, & celebrare domestica facta:
 Vel qui Prætextas, vel qui docuere Togatas.

Nec vertute foret, clarisque potentius armis,
 Quam linguâ, Latiam, si non offenderet unum-
 Quemque, poetarum lima labor, & mora. Vos o
 Pompilius sanguis carmen reprehendite, quod non
 Multa dies, & multa litura coercuit, atque
 Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte
 Credit, & excludit sanos Helicone poetæ
 Democritus, bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
 Non barbam, secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
 Nanciscetur enim pretium, nomenque, poetæ,
 Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
 Tonfori Lycino commiserit. O ego lævus,
 Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam.
 Non alius faceret meliora poemata, verum,
 Nil tanti est: ergo fungar vice totis, acutum

Reddere

So rare, as with some tax it doth ingage
 Those heavie Verses sent so to the Stage,
 Of too much haste, and negligence in part,
 Or a worse Crime, the ignorance of art.
 But every Judge hath not the facultie
 To note in Poemes, breach of harmonic;
 And there is given too, unworthy leave
 To Roman Poets. Shall I therefore weave
 My Verse at randome, and licentiouslly?
 Or rather, thinking all my faults may spee,
 Grow a safe Writer, and be warie-driven
 Within the hope of having all forgiven,
 'Tis cleare, this way I have got off from blame,
 But, in conclusion, merited no fame.

Take you the Greeke Examples, for your light,
 In hand, and turne them over day, and night.
 Our Ancestors did *Plautus* numbers praise;
 And jests, and both to admiration raise
 Too patiently, that I not fondly say;
 If either you, or I, know the right way
 To part scurrillie from wit: or can
 A lawfull Verse, by th' eare, or finger scan.

Our Poets, too, left nought unproved here;
 Nor did they merit the lesse Crowne to weare,
 In daring to forsake the *Grecian* tracts,
 And celebrating our owne home-borne facts;
 Whether the guarded *Tragedie* they wrought,
 Or 't were the gown'd *Comedy* they taught.
 Nor had our *Italie* more glorious bin
 In vertue, and renowne of armes, then in
 Her language, if the Stay, and Care t' have mended,
 Had not our every Poet like offended.
 But you, *Pompilius* off-spring, spare you not
 To taxe that Verse, which many a day, and blot
 Have not kept in; and (lest perfection faile)
 Not ten times o're, corrected to the naile.
 Because *Democritus* beleeves a wit
 Happier then wretched art, and doth, by it,
 Exclude all sober Poets, from their share
 In *Helicon*; a great sort will not pare
 Their nailes, nor shave their beards, but to by-paths
 Retire themselves, avoid the publike baths;
 For so, they shall not only gaine the worth,
 But fame of Poets, they thinke, if they come forth,
 And from the Barber *Lycinus* conceale
 Their heads, which three *Anticyra's* cannot heale.
 O I left-witted, that purge every spring
 For choller! If I did not, who could bring
 Out better Poemes? But I cannot buy
 My title, at the rate, I'ad rather, I,

C 2

Be

Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.
 Munus & officium nil scribens ipse docebo;
 Unde parentur opes: quid alat formetq; Poëtam:
 Quid deceat, quid non: quod virtus, quod ferat error.
 Scribendi recte, sapere, est & principium & fons.
 Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ:
 Verbaq; provisa rem non invita sequentur.
 Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis:
 Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hospes:
 Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium: quæ
 Partes in bellum missa ducis: ille profecto
 Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuiq;
 Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumq; iubebo
 Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces.
 Interdum speciosa locis, morataq; recte
 Fabula, nullius Veneris, sine pondere, & arte,
 Valdius oblectat populum, meliusq; moratur,
 Quàm versus inopes verum, nugæq; canore.
 Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
 Musa loqui, præter laudem, nullius avaris.
 Romani pueri longis rationibus assem
 Discunt in partem centum diducere. Dicat
 Filius Albin, Si de quincunce remota est
 Unciæ, quid superat? poterat dixisse triens. en,
 Rem poteris servare tuam. redit unciæ: quid sit
 semis. ad hæc animos ærugo, & cura peculi,
 Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
 Posse linenda cedro, & levi servanda cupresso?
 Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poëta,
 Aut simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.
 Silvestres homines sacer, interpretq; Deorum,
 Cadibus & victu sædo deterruit Orpheus,
 Diffus ob hoc lenire tigres, rapidosq; leones:

Diffus

Be like a Whet-stone, that an edge can put
 On Steele, though 't selfe be dull, and cannot cut,
 I writing nought my selfe, will teach them yet
 Their Charge, and Office, whence their wealth to get,
 What nourisheth, what formed, what begot
 The Poët, what becommeth, and what not:
 Whether truth may, and whether error bring.
 The very root of writing well, and Spring
 Is to be wise; thy matter first to know;
 Which the Socratick writings best can show:
 And, where the matter is provided still,
 There words will follow, not against their will.
 Hee, that hath studied well the debt, and knowes
 What to his Countrey, what his friends he owes,
 What height of love, a Parent will fit best,
 What brethren, what a stranger, and his guest,
 Can tell a States-mans dutie, what the arts
 And office of a Judge are, what the parts
 Of a brave Chiefe sent to the warres: He can,
 Indeed, give fitting dues to every man.
 And I still bid the learned Maker looke,
 On life, and manners, and make those his booke,
 Thence draw forth true expressions. For, sometimes,
 A Poëme, of no grace, weight, art, in rimes
 With specious places, and being humour'd right,
 More strongly takes the people with delight,
 And better stayes them there, then all fine noise
 Of verse meere-matter-lesse, and tinneling toies.
 The Muse not only gave the Greek's a wit
 But a well-compas'd mouth to utter it,
 Being men were covetous of nought, but praise;
 Our Roman Youths they learne the subtle wayes
 How to divide, into a hundred parts,
 A pound, or piece, by their long compting arts:
 There's Albin's sonne will say, Subtract an ounce
 From the five ounces; what remains? pronounce
 A third of twelve, you may: foure ounces. Glad,
 He cries, Good boy, thou'lt keepe thine owne. Now, add
 An ounce, what makes it then? The halfe pound just;
 Sixe ounces. O, whence once the canker'd rust,
 And care of getting, thus, our minds hath stain'd,
 Thinke wee, or hope, there can be Verses fain'd
 In juyce of Cedar, worthy to be steep'd,
 And in smooth Cypress boxes to be keep'd:
 Poëts would either profit, or delight,
 Or mixing sweet, and fit, teach life the right.
 Orpheus, a priest, and speaker for the Gods
 First frighted men, and wildly liv'd, at ods,
 From slaughters, and foule life; and for the same
 Was Tigers, said, and Lyons fierce, to tame.

C 3

Amplion

Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor arcis
Saxo movere sono testudinis, & prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis,
Concubitu prohibere vago: dare jura maritis,
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor, & nomen divinis vatibus, atq;
Carminibus venit. post hos insignis Homerus,
Tyrtæusq; mares animos in tristia bella
Versibus exacuit. dicta per carmina sortes,
Et vitæ monstrata via est, & gratia regum
Piculis tentata modis, ludasq; repertus,
Et longorum operum finis. ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyra solers, & cantor Apollo.

Quicquid præcipies esto brevis: ut citò dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantq; fideles.
Omne super vacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Ficta, voluptatis causâ, sint proxima veris.
Nec quodcunq; volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:
Nec prænse Lamiæ virum puerum extrahat alvo.
Centuria seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætereunt austeræ poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterq; monendo.
Hic meret ara liber Sotius: hic & mare transit,
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.

Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignorasse velimus.
Nam neq; chorda sonum reddit, quem vult manus & mens;
Poscentiq; gravem, persaperemittit acutum:
Nec semper feriet, quodcunq; minabitur arcus.
Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. quid ergo?
Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usq;
Quamvis est monitus, venia caret & citharædus
Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem:

Sic

Amphion, too, that built the Theban towres,
Was said to move the stones, by his Lutes powers,
And lead them with soft songs, where that he would.
This was the wisdom, that they had of old,
Things sacred, from profane to separate;
The publike, from the private; to abate
Wild raging lusts; prescribe the marriage good;
Build Townes, and carve the Lawes in leaves of wood.
And thus at first, an honour, and a name
To divine Poets, and their Verses came.
Next the great Homer and Tyrtæus set
On edge the Masculine spirits, and did whet
Their minds to Warres, with rimes they did rehearse;
The Oracles, too, were given out in Verse;
All way of life was shewen, the grace of Kings
Attempted by the Muses tunes, and strings;
Playes were found out; and rest, the end, and crowne
Of their long labours, was in Verse set downe:
All which I tell, lest when Apollo's nam'd,
Or Muse, upon the Lyre, thou chance b' asham'd.

Be brieve, in what thou wouldst command, that so
The docile mind may soone thy precepts know,
And hold them faithfully; For nothing rests,
But flowes out, that ore-swelleth in full breasts.

Let what thou saist for pleasures sake, be neere
The truth; nor let thy Fable thinke, what e're
It would, must be: lest it alive would draw
The Child, when Lamiæ has din'd, out of her maw,
The Poems void of profit, our grave men
Cast out by voyces; want they pleasure, then
Our Gallants give them none, but passe them by;
But he hath every suffrage can apply
Sweet mix'd with sowre, to his Reader, so
As doctrine, and delight together go.
This booke will get the Sot's money; This
Will passe the Seas, and long as nature is,
With honour make the farre-knownne Author live.

There are yet faults, which we would well forgive,
For, neither doth the String still yeeld that sound
The hand, and mind would, but it will resound
Of times a Sharpe, when we require a Flat:
Nor alwayes doth the loosed Bow, hit that
Which it doth threaten. Therefore, where I see
Much in the Poeme shine, I will not bee
Offended with few spots, which negligence
Hath shed, or humane frailtie not kept thence;
How then? Why, as a Scrivener, if h' offend
Still in the same, and warn'd will not mend,
Deserves no pardon; or who'd play, and sing
Is laugh'd at, that still jarreth on one string:

So

Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, sit Cherilus ille,
Quem bis terq; bonum cum risu miror, & idem
Indignor. quandoq; bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

Ut pictura, poësis erit: quæ, si proprius sles,
Te capiet magis, & quedam, si longius abstes.
Hæc amat obscurum: volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.
Hæc placuit semel: hæc decies repetita placebit.

O major juvenum, quamvis & voce paterna
Fingeris ad rectum, & per te sapis, hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium, & tolerabile rebus
Rectè concedi, consaltus juris, & actor
Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disertis
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cacellius Aulus:
Sed tamen in pretio est. Mediocribus esse poëtis
Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ.

Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver,
Offendunt: poterat duci quia cæna sine istis:
Sic animis natum inventumq; poema juvandis,
Si paulum summo discessit, vergit ad imum.

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
Indoctusq; pila, discive, trochive, quiescit,
Ne spissa risum tollant impune coronæ.
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere: quid ni?
Liber, & ingenius, præsertim census equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioq; remotus ab omni,
Tu nihil invitâ dices, faciesq; Minervâ.
Id tibi iudicium est, cæmens, si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Meti descendat iudicis aures,
Et patris, & nostras, nonumq; prematur in annum.
Membranæ intus positæ delere licebit,
Quod non adideris. Nescit vox missa reverti.
Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est, ego nec studium sine divite vena,

Nec

So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me
A Cherilus, in whom if I but see
Twice, or thrice good, I wonder: but am more
Angry. Sometimes, I heare good Homer snore:
But, I confesse, that, in a long worke, sleepe
May, with some right, upon an Author creepe.

As Painting, so is Poësie. Some mans hand
Will take you more, the neerer that you stand;
As some the farther off: This loves the darke;
This, fearing not the subtlest Judges marke
Will in the light be view'd: This once, the sight
Doth please; this, ten times over, will delight.

You Sir, the elder brother, though you are
Informed rightly, by your Fathers care,
And, of your selfe too, understand; yet mind
This saying: To some things there is assign'd
A meane, and toleration, which does well:
There may a Lawyer be, may nor excell;
Or Pleader at the Barre, that may come short
Of eloquent Messalla's power in Court,
Or knowes not what Cassellius Aulus can;
Yet, there's a value given to this man.
But neither, Men, nor Gods, nor Pillars meant,
Poëts should ever be indifferent.

As jarring Musique doth, at jolly feasts,
Or thick grosse ointment, but offend the Guests:
As Poppie, and Sardan honey; cause without
These, the free meale might have beene well drawne out:
So, any Poëme, fancied, or forth-brought
To bettring of the mind of man, in ought,
If ne're to little it depart the first,
And highest; sinketh to the lowest, and worst.

Hæc, that not knowes the games, nor how to use
His armes in Mars his field, he doth refuse;
Or, who's unskilfull at the Coit, or Ball,
Or trundling Wheele, he can sit still, from all;
Lest the throng'd heapes should on a laughter take:
Yet who's most ignorant, dares Verses make.
Why not? I'm gentle, and free-borne, doe hate
Vice, and, am knowne to have a Knights estate.
Thou, such thy judgement is, thy knowledge too,
Wilt nothing against nature speake, or doe:
But, if hereafter thou shalt write, not feare
To send it to be judg'd by Metius care,
And, to your Fathers, and to mine; though't be
Nine yeares kept in, your papers by, yo' are free
To change, and mend, what you not forth doe set.
The Wit, once out, never returned yet.

'Tis now inquir'd, which makes the nobler Verse,
Nature, or Art. My Judgement will not pierce

D

Into

Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium; alterius sumus, ut regit istud, et
Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amice.

Qui studet aptam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitq; puer: sudavit, & alsit,
Abstulit Venere, & vino, qui Pythica cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitq; magistrum.
Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mihi Poemata parva
Occupet extremum scabies, mihi turpe relinquitur est,
Et quod non didici, sanè nescire, scire.

Ut praeo ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,
Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire Poeta.
Dives agris, dives positus in faenore nummis,
Si verò est, unctum qui recte ponere possit,
Et spondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atriis,
Litibus implicitum, mirabor, si seles inter.
Noscere mendacem verumq; beatius amicum,
Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
Latitiae, clamabit enim, Pulchre bene, recte;
Palleat super his: etiam stillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem, saliet, tunderet pede terram.
Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt,
Et faciunt prope plura, dolentibus ex animo: sic
Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.

Reges dicuntur nullis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant,
An sit amicitia digna, si carmina condas,
Nunquam te fallant animi subreptae latentes.

Quintilio, si quid recitares, corrige, sodes,
Hoc aiebat, & hoc, melius te posse negares,
His, terq; expertum, sinistra, scelere jubebat,
Et male tornatos in gremio, reddere versus,
Si defendere delictum, quam urere malle,
Nulla ultra verbum, aut operam sumebat inanem,
Quin sui rivalesq; & tua solus amicos.

vii

Into the Profits, what a meere rude braine
Can, or all toyle, without a wealthie veine:
So doth the one, the others helpe require,
And friendly should unto one end conspire.

Hee, that's ambitious in the race to touch
The wished goale, both did, and suffer'd much
While he was young, he sweat, and freez'd againe:
And both from Wine, and Women did abstaine.
Who, since, to sing the Pythian rites is heard,
Did learne them first, and once a Master fear'd.

But, now, it is enough to say, I make
An admirable Verse. The great Scurfetake
Him that is last, I scorne to come behind,
Or, of the things, that ne're came in my mind
To say, I'm ignorant. Just as a Crier
That to the sale of Wares calls every Buyer,
So doth the Poet, who is rich in land,
Or great in money's out at use, command
His flatterers to their gaine. But say, he can
Make a great Supper, or for some poore man
Will be a suretie, or can helpe him out
Of an entangling suit, and bring 't about:
I wonder how this happie man should know,
Whether his soothing friend speake truth, or no:
But you, my *Piso*, carefully beware,
(Whether yo' are given to, or giver are.)
You doe not bring, to judge your Verses, one,
With joy of what is given him, over-gone:
For hee'll cry, *Good, brave, better, excellent!*
Looke pale, distill a showre (was never meant)
Out at his friendly eyes, leape, beat the groun:
As those that hir'd to weepe at Funeralls, swoune,
Cry, and doe more then the true Mourners: so
The Scoffer, the true Praiser doth out-goe.

Rich men are said with many cups to plie,
And rack, with Wine, the man whom they would fry,
If of their friendship he be worthy, or no:
When you write Verses, with your judge do so:
Looke through him, and be sure, you take not mocks
For praises, where the mind conceales a foxe.

If to *Quintilius*, you recited ought:
Hee'd say, Mend this, good friend, and this; 'T is naught.
If you denied, you had no better straine,
And twice, or thrice had 'slayd it, still in vaine:
Hee'd bid, blot all: and to the anvil bring
Those ill-torn'd Verses, to new hammering.
Then: If your fault you rather had defend
Then change. No word, or worke, more would he spend
In vaine, but you, and yours, you should love still
Alone, without a rivall, by his will.

D 2

A wise,

*Vir bonus & prudens, versus reprehendit inertis,
 Culpabit duros, incomptis allinet atrum
 Transverso calamo signum, ambitiosa recidet
 Ornamenta, parum claris lucem dare coget:
 Arguet ambiguum dictum, mutanda notabit:
 Fiet Aristarchus, nec dicet, Cur ego amicum
 Offendam in nugis? he nuge seria ducent
 In mala, semel derisum, exceptumq; sinistrè.
 Ut mala quam scabies, aut morbus regius urget,
 Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana,
 Vesantum tetigisse timent fugiantq; Poetam
 Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautiq; sequuntur.
 Hic, dum sublimeis versus ructatur, & errat,
 Si veluti merulis intentus decedit auceps.
 In puteum, forvèamve, licet succurrere longum
 Clamet Iô cives, non sit qui tollere curet.
 Si quis curet opem ferre, & demittere funem,
 Quis scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit, atq;
 Servari nolit? dicam, Siculiq; Poeta
 Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi
 Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
 Infilavit. Sit jus, liceatq; perire Poetis,
 Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
 Nec semel hoc fecit: nec si retractus erit, jam
 Fiet homo: & ponet fumosa mortis amorem.
 Nec satis apparet, cur versus faceret: utrum
 Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
 Moverit incestus: certè furit, ac, velut ursus,
 Obiectos cavea valuit si frangere clathros
 Indoctum, doctumq; fugat recitator acerbus.
 Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditq; legendo,
 Non missurâ cutem nisi plena crurâ hirudo.*

FINIS.

A wise, and honest man will cry out shame
 On artlesse Verse; the hard ones he will blame;
 Blot out the carelesse, with his turned pen;
 Cut off superfluous ornaments; and when
 They're darke, bid cleare this: all that's doubtfull wrote
 Reprove; and, what is to be changed, note:
 Become an *Aristarchus*. And, not say,
 Why should I grieve my friend, this trifling way?
 These trifles into serious mischiefs lead
 The man once mock'd, and suffer'd wrong to tread.
 Wise, sober folke, a frantick Poet feare,
 And shun to touch him, as a man that were
 Infectèd with the leprosie, or had
 The yellow Jaundies, or were furious mad
 According to the Moone. But, then the boyes
 They vex, and follow him with shouts, and noise,
 The while he belcherh loftie Verses out,
 And stalketh, like a Fowler, round about,
 Busie to catch a Black-bird; if he fall
 Into a pit, or hole; although he call,
 And cry aloud, Helpe gentle Countrey-men,
 There's none will take the care, to helpe him then;
 For, if one should, and with a rope make haste
 To let it downe, who knowes, if he did cast
 Himselfe there purposely, or no; and would
 Not thence be sav'd, although indeed he could?
 I'll tell you but the death, and the disease
 Of the Sicilian Poët *Empedocles*,
 Hee, while he labour'd to be thought a God
 Immortall, tooke a melancholique, odde
 Concept, and into burning *Aetna* leap'd.
 Let Poëts perish, that will not be kept.
 Hee that preserves a man, against his will,
 Doth the same thing with him, that would him kill.
 Nor did he doe this once; for if you can
 Recall him yet, hee 'ld be no more a man:
 Or love of this so famous death lay by.
 His cause of making Verses none knowes why
 Whether he piss'd upon his Fathers grave;
 Or the sad thunder-stricken thing he have
 Defiled, touch'd; but certaine he was mad,
 And, as a Beare, if he the strength but had
 To force the grates, that hold him in, would fright
 All; So this grievous Writer puts to flight
 Learn'd and unlearn'd; holding, whom once he takes;
 And, there an end of him, reciting makes:
 Not letting goe his hold, where he drawes food,
 Till he drop off, a Horse-leech, full of blood.

FINIS.

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

MADE

BY

BEN. JOHNSON.

For the benefit of all Strangers, out of his obser-
vation of the English Language now
spoken, and in use.

*Consuetudo, certissima loquendi Magistra, utendumq;
plane sermone, ut nummo, cui publica
forma est. Quinte, lib. x. de inst. orat.*

Printed M.DC.XL.

THE
ENGLISH
GRAMMAR

MADE

BY

W. B. YOUNG

For the benefit of all Strangers, and of his own
Nation of the English Language.

*Non obstant hæ disciplina per illas, eumque sed circa illas
hærentibus. Quint.*

*Major adhuc restat labor, sed sanè sit cum venià, si gratià
carebit: Boni enim artificis partes sunt, quàm paucissi-
ma possit omittere.*

Scalig. lib. 1. c. 25.

Neq. enim optimi artificis est, omnia persequi.
Gallenus.

Expedire Grammatico, etiam, si quædam nesciat.
Quintil.

THE
PREFACE

THe profit of *Grammar* is great to Strangers,
who are to live in communion, and com-
merce with us; and, it is honourable to
our selves. For, by it we communicate all our la-
bours, studies, profits, without an Interpreter.

Wee free our Language from the opinion of
Rudeness, and Barbarisme, wherewith it is mista-
ken to be diseas'd; We shew the Copie of it, and
Matchableness, with other tongues; we ripen the
wits of our owne Children, and Youth sooner by
it, and advance their knowledge.

Confusion of Language, a Curse.

Experience breedeth Art: Lacke of Experience, Chance.

Experience, Observation, Sense, Induction, are
the fower Tryers of Arts. It is ridiculous to teach
any thing for undoubted Truth, that Sense, and
Experience, can confute. So *Zeno* disputing of
Quies, was confuted by *Diogenes*, rising up and
walking.

In Grammer, not so much the Invention, as the
Disposition is to be commended: Yet we must re-
member, that the most excellent creatures are not
ever borne perfect; to leave Beares, and Whelps,
and other failings of Nature.

E

Iul. Cæsar Scaliger, de cat. ling. Lat.

Grammatici unus finis est rectè loqui. Neq; necesse habet scribere. Accidit enim Scriptura vocè, neq; aliud scribere debemus, quam loquamur.

Ramus in definit. pag. 30.

Grammatica est ars bene loquendi.

(b) Petrus, ut Varro, Cicero, Quintilianus, Etymologiam in notatione vocum statuere.

(c) Dictionis natura prior est, posterior orationis. Ex usu veterum Latinorum, Vox, pro dictione scripta accipitur: quoniam vox esse possit. Est articulata, quæ scripto excipit, atq; expressi valeat: inarticulata, quæ non. Articulata vox dicitur, quæ genus humanum utitur distinctim, à ceteris animalibus, quæ muta vocantur: non, quod sonum non edant, sed quia soni eorum nullis exprimantur propriè Literarum notis.

Smithus de recta, & amenda. L. Latin. script.

(d) Syllaba est elementum sub accentu. Scalig. lib. 2.

(e) Littera est pars dictionis indivisibilis. Nam, quamquam sunt litteræ quædam duplices, una tamen tantum littera est, sibi quæq; sonum unum certum servant. Scalig.

Et Smithus, ibid. Littera pars minima vocis articulata.

(f) Natura litteræ tribus modis intelligitur: nomine, quo pronuncietur; potestate, quæ valet; figura, quæ scribitur. At potestas est sonus ille, quo pronuncietur, quem etiam figura debet imitari; ut hinc Prosodiam, Orthographiam sequatur. Asper.

(g) Prosodia autem, & Orthographia partes non sunt, sed, ut sanguis, & spiritus per corpus universum fusa. Scal. ut supra. Ramus, pag. 31.

(h) Littera, à lineando, unde, linere, lineatura, littera, & littera. Neq; enim à litteris littera quia deferuntur, prius enim facta, quam delicta sunt. At forma potius, atq; vera rationem, quam interitus, habeamus. Scal. ibid.

(i) Littera genus quoddam est, cuius species primariæ duæ, vocalis, & Consonantis, quarum natura, & constitutio non potest percipi, nisi prius cognoscantur differentia formales, quibus factum est, ut inter se non convenirent. Scal. ibid.

Littera differentia generica est potestas, quam nimis rudi consilio veteres, Accidens appellarunt. Est enim forma quadam ipse flexus in voce, quasi in materia, propter quem flexum sit, ut vocalis per se possit pronunciar: Muta, non possit. Figura autem est accidens ab arte institutum; potestq; attributa mutari. Iul. Cæs. Scal. ibidem. De va, ac potestate litterarum tum accurate scripserunt Antiqui, quàm de quibus alià sua professionis parte. Elaborarunt in hoc argumento Varro, Priscianus, Appian, ille, qui cymbalum dicebatur mundi: & inter rhetores non ultimi Iulius, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Caius quoq; Casar, & Octavius Augustus. Smith, ibid.

(l) Litteræ quæ per se ipsas possint pronunciar, vocales sunt; quæ non nisi cum aliis, consonantes.

Vocales sunt quæ simpliciter sero, nec differente, à potestate proferantur.

Consonantes, addantur vocalibus, quibusdam præpositis, aliis postpositis.

(m) Ex consonantibus, quorum nomen incipit à Consonante, Muta sunt; quarum à vocali, semivocales: Mutas non inde appellatas, quod parum sonarent, sed quod nihil.

(n) Omnes

CHAPTER I.

Of Grammar, and the Parts.

(a) Grammar is the art of true, and well speaking a Language: the writing is but an Accident.

The parts of Grammar are

(b) Etymologie, which is the true notation of words.
Syntaxe, which is the right ordering of them.

(c) A Word, is a part of speech, or note, whereby a thing is knowne, or called: and consisteth of one, or more Syllables.

(d) A Syllable is a perfect sound in a word, and consisteth of one, or more Letters.

(e) A Letter is an indivisible part of a Syllable, (f) whose Prosody, or right sounding is perceiv'd by the power; the Orthography, or right writing by the forme.

(g) Prosodie, and Orthography, are not parts of Grammar, but diffus'd, like the blood, and spirits through the whole.

CHAPTER II.

(h) Of Letters, and their powers.

IN our Language we use these twentie, and foure Letters. A.B.C.D. E.F.G.H.I.K.L.M.N.O.P.Q.R.S.T.V.W.X.Y.Z. a.b.c.d.e.f.g. h.i.k.l.m.n.o.p.q.r.s.t.v.w.x.y.z. The great Letters serve to begin Sentences, with us, to lead proper names, and expresse numbers. The lesse make the fabrick of speech.

Our numerall Letters are,

I.	1.
V.	5.
X.	10.
L.	50.
C.	100.
D.	500.
M.	1000.

(i) All Letters are either Vowells, or Consonants: and, (k) are principally knowne by their powers. The Figure is an Accident.

(l) A Vowell will be pronounced by it selfe: A Consonant, not without the helpe of a Vowell, either before, or after.

The received Vowells in our tongue, are

a. e. i. o. u.

Consonants be either Mutes, and close the sound, as b.c.d.g.k.p.q.t. Or, false Vowells, and open it, as f.l.m.n.r.s.x.z.

H. is rarely other then an aspiration in power, though a Letter in forme. W. and Y. have shifting, and uncertaine seates, as shall bee shovne in their places.

E 2

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

of the Vowels.

ALL our (n) Vowels are founded doubtfully. In quantitie, (which is Time) long, or short. Or, in accent, (which is Tune) sharp, or, flat. Long in these words, and their like:

Debating. congeling. expiring. opposing. enduring.

Short, in these: *Stomaching. severing. vanquishing. ransoming. picturing.*

Sharpe, in these: *Hâte. mête. bite. note. pûle.*

Flat, in these: *Hât. mêt. bit. nôr. pûl.*

(o)

A,

With us, in most words is pronounced lesse, then the French *a*, as in,

art. act. apple. ancient.

But, when it comes before *l*, in the end of a Syllable, it obtaineth the full French (*p*) sound, and is utter'd with the mouth, and throat wide open'd, the tongue bent backe from the teeth, as in

al. smal. gal. fal. tal. cal.

So in the Syllables, where a Consonant followeth the *l*, as in

Salt. malt. balme. calme.

(q)

E,

Is pronounced with a meane opening the mouth, the tongue turn'd to the inner rooffe of the palate, and softly striking the upper great teeth. It is a Letter of divers note and use: and either soundeth, or is silent. When it is the last letter, and soundeth, the sound is sharp, as in the French *i*. Example in *mê. sê. agré. jê. shê*, in all, saving the Article, *thê*.

Where it endeth, and soundeth obscure, and faintly, it serves as an accent, to produce the Vowel preceding: as in *mâde. stême. stripe. ôre. cûre*, which else would sound, *mâd. stêm. strip. ôr. cûr*.

It altereth the power of *e. g. s.* so plac'd, as in *hence*, which else would sound *henc*. *Swinge*, to make it differ from *swing*. *Use*, to distinguish it from *us*.

It is meere silent in words, where *l* is coupled with a Consonant in the end; as *Whistle. gristle. brittle. fickle. thimble, &c.*

Or after *v* Consonant, or double *ß*, as in

love. glove. move. redresse. crosse. losse.

Where it endeth a former Syllable, it soundeth longish, but flat: as in *dêrive. prêpare. résoudre.*

Except in Derivatives, or Compounds of the sharp *e*, and then it answers the primitive, or simple in the first sound; as

Agreeing, or agree: fore-seeing, of fore-see: being, of bee.

Where it endeth a last Syllable, with one, or mo Consonants after it, it either soundeth flat, and full: as in *Descent. intent. amend. offend. rest. best.* Or, it passeth away obscur'd, like the faint *i*, as in these,

Written. gotten. open. saith. diavel, &c.

(r) Which two letters *e* and *i* have such a neere-ness in our tongue, as often times they interchange places: as in

enduce, for induce: endite, for indite: her, for hir.

(s) Is

(n) Omnes Vocales ancipites sunt (i.e.) modo longa; modo breves: eodem tamen modo semper depictæ, (nam scriptura est imitatio sermonis, ut pictura corporis. Scriptio vocum pictura. (Smithus) & eodem sono pronuntiata. Nisi, quod vocalis longa bis tantum temporis in effando retinet, quam brevis. Ut rectè cecinit ille de Vocalibus.

Temporis unius brevis est, ut longa duorum.

A,

(o) Littera hujus sonus est omnium Gentium ferè communis. Nomen autem, & figura multis nationibus est diversa. Scalig. & Ramus, Dionysius ait a. esse euphoratorem ex plenitudine vocis.

(p)

Terent. Maurus.

A, prima locum littera sic ab ore sumit,

Immunia, rictu patulo, tenere labra;

Linguamq; necesse est ita pandulam reduci;

Ut nixus in illam valeat subire vocis,

Nec partibus ullis aliquos ferire dentes.

(q)

E,

Triplicem differentiam habet: primam, mediocris rictus: secundam, lingua, eamq; duplicem; alteram, interioris, nempe inflexæ ad interioris cælum palati; alteram genuinos prementis. Tertia est labri inferioris.

Ramus, lib. 2,

Duas primas Terentianus notavit; tertiam tacuit.

Terentianus 1.

E, quæ sequitur, vocula dissona est priori: quia deprimit alium modico renore rictum, & remotos premit hinc, & hinc molares.

(r) Apud Latinos, *e* latius sonat in Adverbio benè, quàm in Adverbio herè: hujus enim posteriorem vocalem exilius pronuntiabant; ita, ut etiam in maxime exilem sonum transierit heri. Id, quod latius in multis quoq; patet: Ut ab Eo, verbo, deductum, ire: iis, & eis: Diis, & Deis: Febrem, febri: Turrim, turrim: Priore, & priori. Ram. & Scalig.

Et propter hanc vicinitatem (ait Quinçf.) *e* quoq; loco *i* fuit: ut Minerva, leber. Magister: pro Minerva, liber, Magister.

(s) I. por-

(s)

I.

Porrigit ictum genuino propè ad ipsos
Minimūq; renidet supero tenuis labello.

Terent.

I. *Spicalis sonas habet tres: suum, exilem: alterum, latiorē proprioremq; ipsi e, & tertium, obscuriorē ipsius u, inter quæ duo Y græcæ vocalis sonus continetur: ut non inconsulto Victorinus ambigam illam quam adduximus vocem, per Y scribendam esse putarit, Optimus.*

Scalig.

Ante Consonantem I. semper est Vocalis.

(t) Ante Vocale ejsdem syllabæ Consonans.

(u) Apud Hebræos I. perpetuū est Consonans, ut apud Græcos Vocalis.

(w) Ut in Giacente. Giesu. Gioconda. Giustitia.

O.

(x) O Pronunciatur rotundo ore, lingua ad radices Hypoglossis reducta. & mixta, & u mixta, unica tantum nota, sono differenti.

(y) Proferitur, ut a.

(z) Ut oo. vel ou. Gallicum.

Una quoniam sit habitum est notare forma,
Pro temporibus quæ gremium ministrat usum.
Igitur sonitum reddere voles minori,
Retrorsus adactam modicè teneto linguam,
Rictu neq; magno sat erit patere labra,
At longior alto tragicum sub oris antro
Molita, rotundis acuit sonum labellis.

Terent.

Differentiam O. parvi valde distinctam Franci tenent: sed scripturâ valde confundunt. O. scribunt perinde ut proferunt. At u scribunt modò per au. modò per 20. quæ sonum talem minime sonant, qui simplici, & rotundo motu oris proferri debet.

(a) Quanta sit affinitas (o.) cum (u.) ex Quint. Plinio, Papyriano notum est. Quid enim O. & u. permutata invicem, ut Hecobe, & Notrix, Culchides, & Pulixena, scriberentur? sic nostri præceptores, Cervoni, Servomq; u. & o. litteris scripserunt; Sic dederunt, probaverunt, Romanis olim fuisse. Quint. lib. 1.

Deniq; O. teste Plinio, apud Priscianum aliquot Italia Civitates non habebant; sed locò ejus ponebant u. & maxime Umbri, & Tusci. Atq; u. contra, teste apud eundem Papyriano, multis Italiae populis, in usu non erat; sed utebantur o. unde Romanorum quoq; vestigiis in multis dictionibus, loco ejus o. posuerunt: ut publicum, pro publicum; polerum, pro pulcrum; colpam, pro culpam.

Quam

(s)

I,

Is of a narrower sound then e, and uttered with a less opening of the mouth; the tongue brought back to the palate, and striking the teeth next the cheek-teeth.

It is a Letter of a double power.

As a *Powell* in the former, or single Syllables, it hath sometimes the sharpe accent, as in

binding. minding. pining. whining. wiving. thriving. mine. thine.

Or, all words of one Syllable qualified by e. But, the flat in more, as in these, *bill. bitter. giddy. little. incident.* and the like.

In the Derivatives of sharpe *P* primitives, it keepeth the sound, though it deliver over the Primitive Consonant to the next Syllable, as in

divi-ning. requi-ring. repi-ning.

For, a Consonant falling between two *Vowels* in the word, will bee spell'd with the latter. In Syllables, and words, compos'd of the same Elements, it varieth the sound, now sharpe, now flat: as in

give, give. alive, live. drive, driven. title, file.

But these, use of speaking, and acquaintance in reading, will teach, rather then rule.

(t) *I*, in the other power is meere another Letter, and would aske to enjoy an other Character. For, where it leads the founding *Powell*, and beginneth the Syllable, it is ever a Consonant: as in

Fames. Fohn. jest. jump. conjurer. perjur'd.

And before *Diptongs*: as *Fay. joy. juyce.* as, having the force of the Hebrewes (u) *Fod*, and the Italians (w) *Gi*.

O,

(x) Is pronounced with a round mouth, the tongue drawne back to the root: and is a Letter of much change, and uncertaintie with us.

In the long time it naturally foundeth sharp, and high: as in

(y) *chosen. hosen. holy. folly.*

open. over. note. throre.

In the short time more flat, and a kin to u. as

(z) *cosen. dosen. mother.*

brother. love. prove.

In the *Diphthong*, sometimes it foundeth out: as

ought. sought. nought.

wrought. now. son.

But oftner upon the u: as in *sonnd. bōnd. hōw. nōw. thōu. cōw.*

In the last Syllables before n. and w. it frequently looseth: as in

persōn. actiōn. willow. billow.

It holds up, and is sharpe, when it ends the word, or Syllable: as in

gō. frō. sō. nō.

except in *to*, the Preposition. *Two*, the numerall. *Do*, the Verbe, and the compounds of it; as *undo*: and the Derivatives; as *Doing*.

It varieth the sound in Syllables of the same Character, and proportion: as in

shove. shōve. glōve. grōve.

Which double sound it hath from the Latine: as

(a) *Voltus, vultus. vultis, vultis.*

B

(g) Nobis cum Latinis communis. Smith.

Nam muta jubet comprimi labella,

Vocalis at intus locus exitum ministrat. Terent.

B. Labris per spiritus impetum reclusis edicimus. Mart. cap.

C

(h) Litera Androgynæ, naturâ nec mas, nec femina, & utrumq; est neutrum. Monstrum litera, non litera; Ignorantia specimen, non artis. Smithus.

Quomodo nunc utimur vulgò, aut nullas, aut nimias habet vires: nam, modo k. sonat, modo s. At si litera sit à k. & s. diversa, suum debet habere sonum. Sed nescio quod monstrum, aut Empulsa sit, quæ modo mas, modo femina, modo serpens, modo cornix, appareat; & per ejusmodi imposturas, pro suo arbitrio, tam s. quàm k. exigat edibui, & fundis suis: ut jure possint hæc duæ literæ contenderet cum c. per edictum, unde vi. Neq; dubito quin, ubi sit Prætor æquus facile c. cadet causa.

(i) Apud Latinos c. eandem habuit formam, & Characterem; quem Σίγμα apud Græcos veteres.

An hæc sit occasio, quod ignorantia, confusioq; eundem, quod imperitos dederit sonum C. quem S. nolo affirmare.

(k) Petusta illius Anglo-Saxonice lingue, & scriptiois peritiores continent, apud illos atavos nostros Anglo-Saxones, C. literam, maxime ante c. & i. cum habuisse sonum, quem, & pro tenui rē Chi. sono agnoscimus: & Itali, maxime Hetrusci, ante c. & i. hodiè usurpant. Idem ibidem.

(l) C. molaribus super lingue extrema appulsis exprimitur.

Mart. Cap.

Terentianus.

C. pressus urget; sed, & hinc, hincq; remittit,
Qua vocis adharrens sonus explicetur ore.

D

D Appulsu lingue circa dentes superiores innascitur.

Terentianus.

(m) At portio dentes quotiens suprema lingua
Pulsaverit imos, modiceq; curva summas
Tunc D. sonitum perficit, explicatq; vocem.

F

(n) Litera à gracà φ. recedit lenis, & hebes sonus.

Idem.

(o) Vau consona Varrone, & Dydimò, testibus, nominata est A. figura à Claudio Casare facta etiam est. Vis ejus, & potestas est eadem, quæ Digamma Atolici, ut ostendit Terentianus in v. consona.

V. vade, veni, refer, teneto vultum:

Crevisse sonum perspicis, & coisse crassum,

Unde Atolici litera fingitur Digammos.

A. quasi φ. contrarium F. quæ sonat φ.

Spiritus

CHAP. III.

of the Consonants.

B

Hath the same sound with us, as it hath with the Latine, alwayes one, and is utter'd with (g) closing of the lips.

C

Is a letter, which our Fore-fathers might very well have spar'd in our tongue: but since it hath obtained place, both in our Writing, and Language, we are not now to quarrell Orthographie, or Custome; but to note the powers.

Before a. u. and o. it plainly sounds k. Chi. or Kappa, as in

cable. coble. cudgell.

Or before the Liquids. l. and r. as in

clod. crust.

Or, when it ends a former Syllabe before a Consonant: as in

acquaintance. acknowledgement. action.

In all which it sounds strong.

(r) Before e. and i. it hath a weake sound, and hisseth, like s. as in

certaine. center. civill. citizen. whence.

Or, before the Diphthongs: as in

cease. deceive.

(k) Among the English-Saxons it obtain'd the weaker force of Chi, or the Italians C. as in

Capel. cane. cild. cyrce.

Which were pronounced

Chapel. chance. child. church.

(l) It is founded with the top of the tongue, striking the upper teeth, and rebounding against the Palate.

D

Hath the same sound, both before, and after a Vowel with us, as it hath with the Latines: and is pronounc'd softly, (m) the tongue a little affecting the teeth, but the nether teeth most.

F

Is a Letter of two forces with us: and in them both founded with the nether-lip rounded, and a kind of blowing out: but gentler in the one, then the other.

The more generall sound is the softest, (u) and expresseth the Greeke φ as in Faith. field. feight. force.

Where it sounds ef.

(o) The other is φ, or van, the Digamma of Claudius: as in

cleft. of cleave. left. of leave.

The difference will best be found in the word of. which as a preposition sounds

or. of. him.

As the Adverbe of Distance.

off. farre off.

F 2

(p) Is

G.

(p) Is likewise of double force in our tongue, and is founded with an impression made on the mid't of the palate.

Before *a, e, and u*, strong, as in these,

gate, get, gut.

Or, before the *Aspirate h*, or, *Liquids l, and r*, as in

ghost, glad, grant.

Or in the ends of words: as in

long, song, ring, swing.

eg. leg, lug, dug.

Except the qualifying *e*, follow; and then the sound is ever weak; as in

age, stage, hedge.

sledge, judge, drudge.

Before *u*, the force is double: as in

guile, guide, quest, guise.

Where it soundeth like the *French gu*. And in

guin, guerdon, languish, anguish.

Where it speaks the *Italian gu*.

Likewise, before *e*, and *i*, the powers are confus'd; and utter'd, now strong, now weak: as in

get, geld, give. } long.

Gutterne, finger. }

In

genet, gentle, gin. } weak.

gibe, ginger. }

But this use must teach: the one sound being warranted to our Letter, from the *Greeke*: the other from the *Latine* throughout.

Wee will leave *H*. in this place, and come to

K.

(q) Which is a Letter the *Latines* never acknowledged, but only borrow'd in the word *Kalendæ*. They used *qu*. for it. Wee found it as the *Greeke x*, and as a necessarie Letter it precedes, and follows all *Vowells* with us.

It goes before no *Consonants* but *n*, as in

knave, knel, knor, &c.

And *l*, with the quiet *e*, after: as in

mickle, pickle, trickle, fickle.

Which were better written without the *e*, if that which wee have received for *Orthographie*, would yet be contented to be altered. But that is an *emendation*, rather to be wished, then hoped for, after so long a raigne of ill-custome amongst us.

It followeth the *s*, in many words: as in

skape, skoure, skirt.

skismish, skrape, skulley.

Which doe better so sound, then if written with *e*.

L

(r) Is a Letter *half-vowellish*: which, though the *Italians* (especially the *Florentines*) abhorre, we keepe entire with the *Latines*, and so pronounce.

It

G.

(p)

Spiritus cum palato. Mart. Cap.

De sono quidem huius literæ satis constat: sed distinctionis causâ Characterem illi dederunt aliqui hunc 3. ut seceretur a G. Nam ut Græci in secundâ Conjugatione tres habent literas, γ γ. tenuem, mediam, densam, Angli quatuor habent, ratâ proportionē sibi respondentes, ka. ga. ce. 3. Illa simplices, & apertæ: hæc stridula, & compressæ: illa mediâ lingua officio sonatur, hæc summâ linguâ ad interiores illis, superiorum dentium gingivâs efflantur. Quodq; est ka, ad ga. idem est ce. ad 3. Smithus, ibid.

Voces tamen plerâq; quas Meridionales Angli per hunc sonum 3. pronuntiant in fine: Boreales, per G. proferunt: ut in voce Pons, nos bri3: illi brig. Inrupturâ, bree: illi brek. Maturam ævem ad volandum, nos fli3: illi fig. ibid.

Apud Latinos proximum ipsi C. est G. Itaq; Cneum, & Gneum, dicebant: Sic Curculionem, & Gurgulionem: appulsâ enim ad palatum linguâ, modicello relicto intervallo, spiritu tota pronuntiatur.

Scal. de causâ. L. L.

Et Terentianus.

Sic amurca, quæ vetustè sæpè per c. scribitur,

Esse per g. proferendum crediderunt plurimi

Quando ἀμύρκα Græca vox est; γάρμα origo præferat.

Apud Germanos semper proferitur γ.

K.

(q) Cùm Kalendæ, Græcam habebant disductionem & sonum, vetera Græcam sunt mutuati literam Romanam, ut eas exprimerent. Et, credo tamen, fecerunt eâ formâ, ut, & C. Romanum efformarent, quod haberet adjunctum, quasi retrâ bacillum, ut robur ei adderent istâ formâ K. nam C. Romanum stridulum quiddam, & mollius sonat, quàm K. Græcum.

Est & hæc litera Gallicis planè supervacanea, aut cerè quæ est. Nam, qui quæ, quod, quid, nullâ pronuntiant differentia, ne minimâ quidem à ki. ke. kod. kid. fancibus, palatoq; formatur. Capel.

Romani in suâ seriè non habebunt.

L

(r) Linguâ palatoq; dulcescit. M. Cap.

Et sic Dionysius γλοσσάρον, dulcissimam literam nominat.

Qui nescit, quid sit esse Semi-vocalem, ex nostrâ linguâ facile poterit discere: ipsa enim litera L. quandam, quasi Vocale, in se videtur continere.

beginning of words it hath the sound of weake *e*. before *Vowels*, *Diphthongs*, or *Consonant*: as,

Salt. say. small. sell.
shrik shifi. soft. &c.

Sometime it inclineth to *z*. as in these,

Muse. use. rose.
nose. wise.

And the like: where the latter *Vowel* serves for the marke, or accent of the formers production.

So, after the *Halfe-Vowels*, or the obscure *e*. as in

Bels. gems. wens. burs.
Chimes. rimes. games.

Where the *Vowel* sits hard, it is commonly doubled.

T,

(*x*) Is founded with the tongue striking the upper teeth, and hath one constant power, save where it precedeth; and that followed by a *Vowel*, as in

Faction. action. generation. corruption.

Where it hath the force of *s*. or *c*.

X,

(*y*) Is rather an abbreviation, or way of short writing with us, then a Letter. For, it hath the sound of *k*. and *s*. It begins no word, with us, that I know, but ends many: as

Ax. kex. fix. fox. box.

Which sound the same with these,

Backs. knacks. knocks. locks. &c.

Z,

(*z*) Is a Letter often heard amongst us, but seldome scene: borrow'd of the *Greeks* at first, being the same with *z*. and soundeth a double *ss*. with us it hath obtained another sound; but in the end of words: as

Muse. maze. nose.
Hose. gaze. &c.

Never in the beginning, save with rustick people, that have,

zed. zay. zit. zo. zome.

And the like, for

Said. say. sit. so. some.

Or in the body of words indenison'd; as

azure. zeale. zephyre. &c.

H,

(*a*) Whether it be a Letter or no, hath beene much examined by the Ancients, and by some, too much, of the *Greeke* partie condemned, and throwne out of the *Alphabet*, as an *Aspirate* meerely, and in request only before *Vowels* in the beginning of words, and after *x*. where it added a strong Spirit, which the *Welsh* retain after many *Consonants*. But, be it a Letter, or Spirit, we have great use of it in our tongue, both before, and after *Vowels*. And though I dare not say, she is, (as I have heard one call her) the *Queene mother of Consonants*: yet she is the life, and quickening of them.

What

Quare non est merita, ut à Pindaro diceretur τανλβδωδν. Dionysius quod, cum ipsum expellit, rejicitq; ad Serpentes, maluit canem irritatum imitari, quam arbores naturales susurros sequi. Scal.

Ram. Est Consonantium prima, & fortissima hac litera, ut agnoscat Terentianus.

Vivida est hac inter omnes, atq; densa litera.

Sibilum facit dentibus verberatis. M. Cap.

Quoties litera media Vocalium longarum, vel subjecta longis esset, geminabitur, ut *Causa. Cassus. Quintil.*

T.

(*x*) *T* quâ superis dentibus intima est origo
Summa satis est ad sonitum ferire linguâ.

Terent.

T appulsu linguâ, dentibusq; appulsis excutitur.

M. Cap.

Latine factio. actio. generatio. corruptio. vitium. otium. &c.

X.

(*y*) *X* potestatem habet *cs.* & *gs.* ut
ex. crux. & frux, appareat.

Quorum obliqui casus sunt

Crucis & Frugis.

Ram. in Gram. ex Varrone.

X quicquid *c.* & *s.* formavit, exhibilat. *Capell.*

Neque Latini, neq; Nos illâ multum utimur.

Z.

(*z*) *Z* verò idcirco Appius Claudius detestabatur; quòd dentes mortui, dum exprimitur, imitatur. *M. Capel.*

z compendium duarum literarum est *o. d.* in unâ notâ, & compendium Orthographiæ, non Profodiæ; quia hic in voce non una litera effertur, sed dua distinguuntur. Compendium in eleganter, & fallaciter inventum. Sonus enim, notâ illâ significatus, in unam Syllabam non perpetuò concluditur, sed dividitur, aliquando. Ut in illo Plauti loco: Non Atticicissat, sed Sicilissat, pro attixet, oxixet, Gracis; & ubi initium facit, est *da. non os. sicuti* *zeds. non ozds. sed doids.* *Ram. in lib. 2.*

H,

(*a*)

Nulli dubium est, faucibus emicet quod ipsi

H litera, sive est nota, quæ spiret anhelum. *Ter.*

H, contractis paulum faucibus, ventus exhalat.

Mar. Cap.

Vocalibus apud, sed & anteposta cunctis

Hallas, Hedetas, quum loquor, Hister. Hospes. Hujus.

Solum patitur quatuor ante Consonantes,

Græcis quoties nominibus Latina forma est,

Si quando Choros. Phillida. Rhamnes. Thyma. dicit.

G

R. 171

Recte quidem in hac parte Gracillane nostri Walli,
Smithus.

H. verò *ἥ* aspiratio vocatur. Est enim omnium litterarum spiritus
sensus, vel spiritus potius ipse. Nullius, aut quam minimum egens officii eorum,
quæ modo nominavimus instrumenta litterarum formandarum.

H. extrinsecus ascribitur Vocalibus, ut minimum sonet, Consonantibus
autem intrinsecus, ut plurimum.

Ch.

(b) Omnis littera, sive vox, plus sonat ipsa sese, cum postponitur, quam cum
anteponitur. Quod Vocalibus accidens esse videtur: nec si tollatur ea, perit citam
vis significationis: ut, si dicam Erennius, absq. aspiratione, quamvis vitium vi-
dear facere, intellectus tamen integer permanet. Consonantibus autem, si co-
hæret, ut ejusdem penitus substantia sit, & si auferatur, significationis vim mi-
nuat prorsus: ut, si dicam Cremos, pro Chremos. Unde hac considerata ra-
tione, Græcorum doctissimi singulas fecerunt eas quodq. litteras, ut pro
th. & pro ph. p. pro chi. x. Ram.

Gh.

(c) Sonum illius g. querant, quibus ita libet scribere: aures profecto meæ
nunquam in his vocibus sonitum g. poterant haurire.

Smithus de rect. & emend.

Ph. & Rh.

(d) Littera q. apud Græcos P. aspirata.

Sh.

(e) Si quis error in literis ferendus est, cum corrigi queat, nusquam in ullo
sono tolerabilior est, quam in hoc, si scribatur Sh. & in p. si scribatur per th.
Nam haec duæ quandam violentiam grandiorē spiritus in proferendo requirunt,
quam cætera litteræ. ibid.

Th.

(f) Hæc littera sive caractere, quam spinam, id est, porne, nostri Proavi
appellabant: Avi nostri, & qui proxime ante librorum impressionem vixerunt,
sunt abusi, ad omnia ea scribenda, quæ nunc magno Magistrorum errore per th.
scribimus: ut,

þ. þ^u. þ^a. þ^m. pectē. pick.

Sed ubi mollior exprimebatur sonus, superne scribebant; ubi durior, in eodem
sulco: molliorem appello illum, quem Anglo-Saxones per *þ*. Duriorē, quem
per *p*. exprimebant. Nam illud Saxonum *þ*. respondet illi sono, quem vulgaris
Græca lingua facit, quando pronunciant suum *ð*. aut Hispani *d*. litteram suam
molliorem, ut cum veritatem, verdad appellant. Spina autem illa *p*. videtur re-
ferre prius Græcorum *θ*. At th. sonum *ð*. non recte dat. Nam si *θ*. non esset
alia deflectio vocis, nisi aspirationis addita, æquē facile fuit Græcis *θ*. & aspira-
tionem adungere, quam *θ*. p.

What

What her powers are before Vowells and Diphthongs, will appear in
hal. heale. hill. hot. how. hew. holiday. &c.

In some it is written, but founded without power: as
host. honest. humble.

Where the Vowell is heard without the Aspiration, oft. onest. umble.
After the Vowell it sounds: as in ah, and oh.

Beside, it is coupled with divers Consonants, where the force varies,
and is particularly to be examin'd.

Wee will begin with Ch.

Ch

(b) Hath the force of the Greeke *χ*. or *κ*. in many words derived from
the Greeke: as in Charect. Christian. Chronicle.

Archangel. Monarch.

In meere English words, or fetch'd from the Latine the force of the
Italian c. Chaplaine. chaf. cheft. chops.

chin. chuf. churle.

Gh

(c) Is only a piece of ill writing with us: if we could obtaine of Custom
to mend it, it were not the worse for our Language, or us: for the g.
sounds just nothing in troug. cough.

might. night. &c.

Only, the writer was at leisure, to adde a superfluous Letter, as there
are too many in our Pseudographie.

Ph. & Rh

(d) Are used only in Greeke infranchis'd words: as

Philip. Physick. Rhetorick. Rhodes. &c.

Sh

(e) Is meere English, and hath the force of the Hebrew *ש*. shin, or
the French *ch*. as in

shake. shed. shine. show.

shrinke. rush. blush.

Th

(f) Hath a double, and doubtfull sound, which must be found out by
use of speaking, sometimes like the Greeke *θ*. as in

thief. thing. lengthen. strengthen. loveth. &c.

In others, like their *ð*. or the Spanish *d*. as

this. that. then. thence.

those. bathe. bequeath.

And in this consists the greatest difficultie of our Alphabet, and true
writing: since wee have lost the Saxon Characters *þ*. and *p*. that distin-
guished the

<i>þ</i> e.	pick.
<i>þ</i> ou.	pin.
<i>þ</i> ine.	pred.
<i>þ</i> o.	prive.

wh

Hath beene inquir'd of in w. and this for the Letters.

G 2

CHAR.

CHAPTER V.

Of the Diphthongs.

(5) **D**iphthongs are the complexions, or couplings of Vowels, when the two Letters send forth a joynt sound, so as in one Syllable both sounds be heard: as in

Ai. or Ay.
Aide. maide. said. pay. day. way.
Aw. or Aw.
audience. author. aunt. law. saw. draw.
Ea.
Eare. Pearle. meate. seate. sea. flea.

To which adde *Tea*, and *plea*, and you have at one view all our words of this termination.

Ei.
sleight. streight. weight.
theirs. point. feint.

Ew.
Few. strew. dew.
new.

Oi. or, Oy.
Point. joynt. soile. koile.
joy. toy. boy.

Oo.
good. food. moude. brood. &c.

Ou. or, Ow.
vout. stout. how.
now. bow. low.

Vi. or, Vy.
buye. or buie. juice. or juyce.

These nine are all I would observe: for to mention more, were but to perplexe the Reader. The *Oa.* and *Ee.* will be better supplied in our Orthographie by the accenting *e.* in the end: as in

brude. lode. cote.
bote. quene. sene.

Neither is the double *ee.* to be thought on, but in derivatives; as *trees*, *les*, and the like: where it is as two Syllables. And for *eo.* it is found but in three words in our tongue.

Teoman. people. jeopard.

Which were truer written

Te-man. piple. jepard.

And thus much shall suffice for the Diphthongs.

The Triphthong is of a complexion, rather to be fear'd then lov'd: and would fright the young Grammarian to see him. I therefore let him passe, and make haste to the next.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the Syllables.

A Syllable is a part of a word, that may of it selfe make a perfect sound, and is sometimes of one only letter, sometimes of more. Of one, as in every first Vowel in these words:

a. abated.
e. eclipsed.
i. imagin'd.
o. omitted.
u. usurped.

A Syllable of more letters is made, either of Vowels only, or of Consonants joynd with Vowels.

Of Vowels only, as the Diphthongs

Ai. in *Ailon. Ayding.*

Aw. in *Austere. Audients.*

Ea. in *Easy. Eating.*

Ei. in *Eerie of Hawkes.*

Ew. in *Ewer. &c.* and in the

Triphthong *Yea.*

Of the Vowels mixt, sometimes but with one Consonant, as *to*: sometimes two, as *try*: sometimes three, as *best*: or foure, as *ness*: or five, as *stumps*: other while fixe, as the latter Syllable in *restraints*. At the most they can have but seven, as *strengths*.

Some Syllables, as

The. then. there. that.
wish. and. which.

Are often compendiously, and shortly written: as

e. en. er. i.
j. j. j. j.
ib. ib.
w. & w.

Which, whoso list may use: but Orthographie commands it not. A man may forbear it, without danger of falling into *Premature*.

Here order would require to speake of the Quantitie of Syllables, their speciall Prerogative among the Latines and Greekes: whereof so much as is constant, and derived from Nature, hath bene handled already. The other which growes by Position, and placing of letters, as yet (not through default of our Tongue, being able enough to receive it, but our owne carelesnesse, being negligent to give it) is ruled by no Art. The principall cause whereof seemeth to be this, because our Verses and Rhythmes (as it is almost with all other people, whose Language is spoken at this day) are naturall, and such whereof Aristotle speaketh, *ἐκ τῆς ἀπορυθμικῆς*, that is, made of a naturall, and voluntarie composition, without regard to the Quantitie of Syllables.

This would aske a larger time and field, then is here given, for the examination: but since I am assigned to this Province, that it is the lot of my

age, after thirty yeares conversation with men, to be *elementarius Senex*: I will promise, and obtaine so much of my selfe, as to give, in the heele of the booke, some spurre and incitement to that which I so reasonably seeke. Nor that I would have the *vulgar*, and *practis'd* way of making, abolish'd and abdicat, (being both sweet and delightfull, and much taking the care) but, to the end our *Tongue* may be made equall to those of the renowned Countries, *Italy*, and *Greece*, touching this particular. And, as for the difficultie, that shall never withdraw, or put me off, from the Attempt: For, neither is any excellent thing done with ease, nor the compassing of this any whit to be despaired: Especially, when *Quintilian* hath observ'd to me, by this *naturall Rythme*, that we have the other *Artificiall*, as it were by certaine *Markes*, and *footing*, was first traced, and found out. And the *Grecians* themselves before *Homer*, as the *Romans* likewise before *Livius Andronicus*, had no other *Meters*. Thus much therefore shall serve to have spoken concerning the *Parts* of a *Word*, in a *Letter*, and a *Syllabe*.

It followeth to speake of the common *affections*, which unto the *Latines*, *Greekes*, and *Hebrewes*, are two; the *Accent*, and *Notation*. And first

CHAPTER VII.

Of the Accent

THe *Accent* (which unto them was a *tuning* of the voyce, in lifting it up, or letting it downe) hath not yet obtained with us any signe; which notwithstanding were most needfull to be added; nor wheresoever the force of an *Accent* lieth, but where for want of one, the word is in danger to be *mif-tuned*: as in

abased. excessive. besotted,
obtaine. ungodly. surrender.

But the use of it will be seene much better by collation of words, that according unto the divers place of their *Accent*, are diversly pronounc'd, and have divers significations. Such are the words following, with their like; as

differ, differ. desert, desert. present, present.
refuse, refuse. object, object. incense, incense.
convert, convert. torment, torment. &c.

In originall *Nounes* *Adjective*, or *Substantive*, derived according to the rule of the writer of *Analogie*, the *Accent* is intreated to the first; as in

fatherlinesse. motherlinesse.
peremptory. haberdasher.

Likewise, in the *Adverbs*:

brotherly. sisterly.

All *Nounes* *Dissyllabick*, simple in the first; as

beleefe. honor. credit.
silver. surety.

All *Nounes* *trisyllabick*, in the first:

countenance. jeopardy. &c.

All *Nounes* compounded in the first, of how many *Syllables* soever they be: as

Tennis-court-keeper. Chimney-sweeper.

Words

Words simple in *able*, draw the *Accent* to the first, though they be of foure *Syllables*: as

Sociable. tolerable.

When they be compounded, they keepe the same *Accent*: as

insociable. intolerable.

But in the way of comparison, it altereth thus: Some men are *sociable*, some *insociable*; some *tolerable*, some *intolerable*. For, the *Accent* sits on the *Syllabe* that puts difference: as

Sincerity. insincerity.

Nounes ending in *tion*, or *sion*, are accented in *antepenultimâ*: as

conditio. infusio. &c.

In *ty*, à *Latinis*, in *antepenultimâ*: as

verity. charity. simplicity.

In *ence*, in *antepenultimâ*: as

pestilence. abstinence.

sustenance. consequence.

All *Verbes* *dissyllabes*, ending in *er. el. ry.* and *ish*, accent in *prima*: as

cover. cancel. carry. bury.

levy. ravish. &c.

Verbes made of *Nounes*, follow the *Accent* of the *Nounes*: as

to blanke. to basquet.

All *Verbes* comming from the *Latine*, either of the *Supine*, or otherwise; hold the *Accent*, as it is found in the first person present of those *Latine* *Verbes*: as from

animus. animate.

celebro. celebrate.

Except words compound of *fac. o*: as

liquefacio. liquefi.

And of *statuo*. *constituo. constituto.*

All variations of *Verbes* hold the *Accent* in the same place, as the *Theme*,

I animate: thou animatest. &c.

And thus much shall serve to have opened the fountaine of *Orthographie*. Now let us come to the *notation* of a word.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Notation of a Word

IS, when the originall thereof is sought out, and consisteth in two things; the *Kind*, and the *Figure*.

The *Kind* is to know, whether the word bee a *Primitive*, or *Derivative*, as

Man. love

Are *Primitives*:

Manly. lover

Are *Derivatives*.

The *Figure* is to know, whether the word bee *simple*, or *compounded*; as,

learned. say

Are *simple*: *unlearned. gain-say* are *compounded*.

10

Composition.

Hand-measuringment Noun.
A round-bell-plater.
A Tennis-court-keeper.
Sapientia dicitur Substantivum
Hand-kercher Noun
By force Table-napkin.
Head-ach, xiphalaxia.
Substantivum dicitur
Wood-lund.
Pronomen cum Substantivo
as Self-love, philanthia.
Self-freedom dicitur
Verbum cum Substantivo
as Pull-checke, quereyda.
Draw well, Draw-bridge.
Adjectivum cum Substantivo
as
New-ton hydrolic.
Handicraft, xipocopia.
Adverbium cum Substantivo
as
Downfall.
Adverbium cum Participio
as
Vp-rising, Down-lying.

In which kind of composition, our English tongue is above all other very hardy, and happy; joyning together, after a most eloquent manner, sundry words of every kind of Speech:

As
Hil-horse, lip-wife, self-love,
my light, there about,
not-with-standing, by cause,
cut-purse, never-the-lesse.

These are the common affections of a word: His divers sorts now follow. A word is of *Number*, or *without Number*. Of *Number*, that word is termed to be, which signifieth a number *singular*, or *plural*.

Singular, which expresseth one only thing: as
tree, booke, teachers.

Again, a word of number is *finite*, or *infinite*. *Finite*, which varieth his number with certaine ends: as

man, run, horse.

Infinite, which varieth not: as

true, strong running.

Moreover, a word of number is a *Noun*, or a *Verbe*. But, here it were fit, we did first number our Words, or parts of Speech, of which our Language consists.

CHAP. IX.

Of the Parts of Speech.

IN our English speech, we number the same parts with the Latines.

Noun.	Adverbe.
Pronoun.	Conjunction.
Verbe.	Preposition.
Participle.	Interjection.

Only, we adde a ninth, which is the *Article*: And that is two-fold,

Finite, as *The*.

Infinite, as *A*.

The *finite* is set before *Nounes Appellatives*: as

The Horse. The Tree.

The Earth, or specially

The nature of the Earth.

Proper Names, and *Pronounes* refuse *Articles*, but for *Emphasis* sake: as

The Henry of Henries.

The only Hee of the Towne.

Where *Hee* stands for a *Noun*, and signifies *Man*.

The *Infinite* hath a power of declaring, and designing uncertaine, or infinite things: as

A man. A house.

This *Article A*, answers to the Germane *Ein*, or the French, or Italian *Article*, deriv'd from one, not *Numerall*, but *Prepositive*: as

A House. Ein Hause.

Un Maison. Una Casa.

The is put to both numbers, and answers to the Dutch *Article*

Der, die, dat.

Save, that it admits no inflexion.

CHAP. X.

Of the Noun.

ALL Nounes are words of *Number*, *Singular*, or *Plural*.

They are $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{common.} \\ \text{proper.} \\ \text{personall.} \end{array} \right\}$ And are all $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Substantive.} \\ \text{or,} \\ \text{Adjective.} \end{array} \right\}$

Their Accidents are,

Gender, *Case*, *Declension*.

Of the *Genders* there are sixe. First, the *Masculine*, which comprehendeth all *Males*, or what is understood under a *Masculine species*: as *Angels*, *Men*, *Starrs*: and (by *Prosopæia*) the *Month's*, *winds*, almost all the *Planets*. Second, the *Feminine*, which compriseth *Women*, and *femal species*: as *Islands*, *Countries*, *Cities*.

And some *Rivers* with us: as

Severne, *Avon*, &c.

Third, the *Neuter*, or *feined Gender*: whose notion conceives neither *Sexe*; under which are compriz'd all *inanimate things*; a *ship* excepted: of whom we say, *shee sayles well*, though the name be *Hercules*, or *Henry*, the *Prince*. As *Terence* call'd his Comedie *Eunuchus*, per vocabulum *Artus*.

Fourth, the *Promiscuous*, or *Epicene*, which understands both kinds: especially, when we cannot make the difference; as, when we call them *Horses*, and *Dogges*, in the *Masculine*, though there be *Bitches*, and *Mares* amongst them. So to *Fowles* for the most part, we use the *Feminine*, as of *Eagles*, *Hawkes*; we say, *shee flies well*; and call them *Geese*, *Ducks*, and *Doves*, which they flye at.

Fift, the *Common*, or rather *Doubtfull gender*, wee use often, and with elegance: as in

Cosin, *Gossip*, *friend*, *Neighbour*,
Enemy, *Servant*, *Thiefe*, &c.

When they may be of either *Sexe*.

Sixt, is the *Common of three Genders*: by which a *Noun* is divided into *Substantive*, and *Adjective*. For a *Substantive* is a *Noun* of one only *Gender*, or (at the most) of two. And an *Adjective* is a *Noun* of three *Genders*, being alwayes infinite.

CHAP. XI.
Of the Diminution of Nounes.

THE common Affection of Nounes is *Diminution*. A *Diminutive* is a Noun, noting the *diminution* of his *Primitive*.

The *diminution* of *Substantives* hath these foure divers terminations:

Ell, part, parcell. cocke, cockrell.
Et, capon, caponet. poke, poket. Baron, Baronet.
Ock, Hill, hillock. Bull, bullock.
Ing, Goose, gosling. Duck, duckling.

So from the *Adjective*, Deare, darling.

Many *Diminutives* there are, which rather be abusions of speech, then any proper English words. And such for the most part are *Mens*, and *Womens Names*: Names, which are spoken in a kind of flatterie, especially among familiar friends and lovers: as

Richard, Dick. William, Will.
Margery, Madge. Mary, Mal.

Diminution of *Adjectives* is in this one end, *ish*: as
White, Whitish. Greene, greenish.

After which manner certain *Adjectives* of *likenesse* are also formed from their *Substantives*: as

Diuel, diuclish. Theefe, theefish.
Coult, coultish. Elf, elvish.

Some Nounes steale the forme of *Diminution*, which neither in signification shew it, nor can derive it from a *Primitive*: as

Gibbet. Doublet, peevisish.

CHAP. XII.

Of Comparisons.

THEse then are the common Affections, both of *Substantives*, and *Adjectives*: there follow certaine other, not generall to them both, but proper and peculiar to each one. The proper affection therefore of *Adjectives* is *Comparison*; of which, after the *Positive*, there be two degrees reckoned, namely, the *Comparative*, and the *Superlative*.

The *Comparative* is a degree declared by the *Positive*, with this Adverbe *more*; as

Wiser, more wise.

The *Superlative* is declared by the *Positive* with this Adverbe *most*: as

Wiseſt, most wise.

Both which degrees are formed of the *Positive*: the *Comparative*, by putting to *er*: the *Superlative* by putting to *est*: as in these examples:

Learned, learned^r, learned^{est}.
Simple, simpl^r, simpl^{est}.
Trew, trew^r, trew^{est}.
Black, black^r, black^{est}.

From

From this generall rule a few speciall words are excepted: as

Good, better, best.
Ill, worse, worst.
Little, lesse, least.
Much, more, most.

Many Words have no comparison; as

Reverend. Puissant.
Victorious. Renowned.

Other have both degrees; but lacke the *Positive*: as *former*, *formost*.

Some are formed of *Adverbs*: as

Wisely, wiselier, wiseliest.
Justly, justlier, justliest.

Certaine Comparisons, forme out of themselves: as

Lesse, lesser.
Worse, worser.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the First Declension.

AND thus much concerning the proper Affection of *Adjectives*: The proper Affection of *Substantives* followeth: And that consisteth in *Declining*.

A *Declension* is the varying of a Noun *Substantive* into divers terminations. Where besides the *Absolute*, there is, as it were a *Genitive Case*, made in the Singular number by putting to *s*.

Of *Declensions* there be two kindes: the first maketh the Plurall of the Singular, by adding thereunto *s*, as

Tree, Trees.
Thing, things.
Steeple, Steeples.

So with *s*, by reason of the neere affinity of these two Letters, whereof we have spoken before:

Parke, Parkes. Bucke, Buckes.
Dwarfe, Dwarfes. Path, pathes.

And in this first Declension, the *Genitive plurall* is all one with the plurall absolute.

Singular { Father. } Plur. { Fathers.
 { Father. }

Generall exceptions: Nounes ending in *z*, *s*, *sh*, *g*, and *ch*, in the declining take to the genitive singular *i*, and to the plurall *e*, as

Sing. { Prince, } Plur. { Princes.
 { Princes. }

So, rose, bush, age, breech, &c. Which distinctions, not observed, brought in first the monstrous Syntaxe of the Pronoun, *his*, joyning with a Noun, betokening a Possessor; as, the Prince his house; for, the Princes house.

Many words ending in *Diphthongs*, or *Vowells*, take neither *z*, nor *s*, but only change their *Diphthongs* or *Vowells*, retaining their last Consonant: as

H 2

Monſe.

*Mouſe. Mice, or Meese.
Louſe. Lyce, or Lecce.
Goofe, Geese. Foot, Feet.
Tooth. Teeth.*

Exception of number: Some Nounes of the first Declension lacke the Plurall: as

Rest. Gold. Silver. Bread.

Other the Singular: as

Riches. Goods.

Many being in their principall signification Adjectives are here declined, and in the Plurall stand in stead of Substantives: as

Other, others. One, ones.

Hundred, hundreds. Thousand, thousands.

Necessarie, necessaries: and such like.

CHAPTER XIII. of the second Declension.

The second Declension formeth the Plurall from the Singular, by putting to *n*. which notwithstanding it have not so many Nounes, as hath the former, yet lacketh not his difficultie, by reason of sundry exceptions, that cannot easily be reduced to one generall head. Of this former are,

Oxe, Oxen. Hofs, Hofen.

Exceptions. *Man*, and *Woman*, by a contraction make *men* and *women*, or *women*, in stead of *manen* and *womenen*. *Cow*, makes *Kine*, or *keene*: *Brother*, for *Bretheren*, hath *Brithren*, and *Brethern*. *Child* formeth the plurall by adding *r*. besides the root; for we say not *children*, which according to the Rule given before, is the right formation, but *childern*, because that sound is more pleasant to the eares.

Here the genitive plurall is made by adding *s*. unto the Absolute: as

Sing. { *childe* } Plur. { *childern.* }
 { *childes.* } { *childerns.* }

Exceptions from both Declensions: Some Nounes have the plurall of both Declensions: as

*House. houses. housen.
Eye. eyes. eyen.
Shoe. shoes. shoem.*

CHAPTER XV. Of Pronounes.

A Few irregular Nounes, varying from the generall precepts, are commonly termed *Pronounes*: whereof the first foure in stead of the Genitive have an Accusative case: as.

I.

I. } Plur. { *We. Thou.* } Plur. { *You.*
Me. } { *Us. Thee.* } { *or*
 { *Ice.*

Hee. shee. That. All three make in the Plurall, *They. Them.*

Four Possessives: *My*, or *Myne*. Plurall: *Our*, *ours*. *Thy*, *thine*. Plurall, *Your*, *yours*. *His*, *Hers*, both in the plurall making, *Their*, *theirs*: As many Demonstratives. *This*, plurall, *These*. *That*, plurall *Those*: *yonne*, or *yonder* same.

Three Interrogatives, whereof one requiring both Genitive, and Accusative, and taken for a Substantive: *who?* *whose?* *whom?* The other two Infinite, and Adjectively used, *what*. *whether*.

Two Articles in gender, and number infinite, which the Latines lacke: *A. The.*

One Relative, *which*: One other signifying a Reciprocation, *self*. pl. *selves*: Composition of *Pronounes* is more common:

My-self. our-selves.

Thy-self. your-selves.

Him-self.

Her-self.

It-self.

Plurall: *Them-selves.*

This-same, that-same. yonne-same, yonder-same, self-same.

CHAP. XVI. Of a Verbe.

Hitherto we have declared the whole Etymologie of Nounes: which in easinesse, and shortnesse, is much to be preferred before the Latines, and the Grecians. It remaineth with like brevitic, if it may be, to prosecute the Etymologie of a Verbe. A Verbe is a word of number, which hath both Tyme, and Person. Tyme is the difference of a Verbe, by the present, past, and future, orto come. A Verbe finite therefore hath three only Tymes, and those alwayes imperfect.

The first is the present: as

Amo, Love.

The second is the Tyme past: as

Amabam, loved.

The third is the Future: as

Amo, amato: Love, love.

The other Tymes both imperfect: as

Amem, amarem, amabo.

And also perfect: as

Amavi, amaverim, amaveram,

Amavissim, amavero.

Wee use to expresse by a Syntaxe, as shall be scene in the proper place.

The future is made of the present, and is the same alwayes with it.

Of this future ariseth a Verbe infinite, keeping the same termination:

as likewise of the *present*, and the *Time past*, are formed the *Participle present* by adding of *ing*: as

Love, loving.

The other is all one with the *Time past*.

The *Passive* is expressed by a *Syntaxe*, like the *times* going before, as hereafter shall appeare.

A *Person* is the speciall difference of a *verball* number, whereof the *present*, and the *Time past*, have in every number three.

The second, and third person singular of the *present* are made of the first, by adding *est*, and *eth*; which last is sometime shortened into *s*, or *r*.

The *time past* is varied, by adding in like manner in the second person singular *est*: and making the third like unto the first.

The *future* hath but only two *persons*; the second, and the third, ending both alike.

The *persons* Plurall, keepe the termination of the first person Singular. In former times, till about the reigne of King Henry the eighth, they were wont to be formed, by adding *en*: thus,

Love, sayen, complainen.

But now (whatsoever is the cause) it hath quite growne out of use, and that other so generally prevailed, that I dare not presume to set this a-foot againe. Albeit, (to tell you my opinion) I am perswaded, that the lacke hereof well considered, will be found a great blemish to our tongue. For, seeing *time*, and *person* be, as it were, the right, and left hand of a *Verbe*; what can the mayning bring else, but a lameness to the whole body?

And by reason of these two differences, a *Verbe* is divided two manner of wayes. First, in respect of *persons*, it is called *personall*, or *impersonall*. *Personall*, which is varied by three persons: as

Love, lovest, loveth.

Impersonall, which onely hath the third person: as

be loveth, yr loveth.

Secondly, in consideration of the *times*, we terme it *active*, or *neuter*: *Active*, whose *Participle past* may be joyned with the *Verbe am*: as,

I am loved. Thou art hated.

Neuter, which cannot be so coupled: as

Pertaine. Dye. Live.

This therefore is the generall forming of a *Verbe*, which must to every speciall one hereafter be applied.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the first Conjugation.

The varying of a *Verbe* by *persons*, and *times*, both *finite*, and *infinite*, is termed a *Conjugation*. Whereof there bee two sorts. The first fetcheth the *time past* from the *present*, by adding *ed*: and is thus varied

Pr. *Love, lovest, loveth.*

Pa. *Loved, loved'st, loved.*

Fu. *Love, love.*

Pl. *Love, love, love.*

Pl. *Loved, loved, loved.*

Pl. *Love, love.*

Id.

Inf. *Love.*

Part. pr. *Loving.*

Part. past. *Loved.*

Verbes are oft-times shortened: as

Sayest, sest. would, woud.

Should, shoud. holpe, hope.

But, this is more common in the leaving out of *s*, as

Loved'st, for lovedest.

Rubbed, rub'd. tookest, took'st.

Exception of the *time past*, for *ed*, have *s*, as

Licked, lick't. leaved, left.

Gaped, gap't. Blushed, blush't.

Where *Verbes* ending with *d*, for avoyding the concurrence of two many Consonants, doe cast it away: as

Lend, lent. Spend, spent. Gyrd, gyrt.

Make by a rare contraction is here turned into *Made*. Many *Verbes* in the *time past* vary not at all from the *present*: such are

Cast, hurt, cost, burst, &c.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the second Conjugation.

And so much for the *first Conjugation*; being indeed the most usuall forming of a *Verbe*, and thereby also the common Inne to lodge every strange, and foraine guest. That which followeth for any thing, I can find (though I have with some diligence searched after it,) intertaineth none, but naturall, and home-borne words, which though in number they be not many, a hundred and twenty, or thereabouts; yet in variation are so divers, and uncertaine, that they need much the stampe of some good *Logick*, to beat them into proportion. We have set downe that, that in our judgement agreeth best with reason, and good order. Which, notwithstanding, if it seeme to any to be too rough hewed, let him plane it out more smoothly, and I shall not only not envy it, but, in the behalfe of my Countrey, most heartily thanke him for so great a benefit; hoping that I shall be thought sufficiently to have done my part, if in towling this Bell, I may draw others to a deeper consideration of the matter: for touching my selfe, I must needs confesse, that after much painfull churning, this only would come, which here we have devised.

The *second Conjugation* therefore turneth the *present* into the *time past*, by the only change of his Letter; namely of *Vowells* alone, for *Consonants* also.

Verbes changing *Vowells* only, have no certaine termination of the *Participle past*, but derive it as well from the *present*, as the *time past*, and that otherwhile differing from either, as the examples following do declare.

The change of *Vowells* is, either of *simple Vowells*, or of *Diphthongs*; whereof the first goeth by the order of *Vowells*, which we also will observe.

An *a*, is turned into *oo*.

Pres

Pres.	Shake, shakest, shaketh.	Plur. Shake, shake, shake.
Past.	Shooke, shookest, shooke.	Pl. Shooke, shooke, shooke.
Fut.	Shake, shake.	Plur. Shake, shake.
Inf.	Shake.	
Part. pres.	Shaking.	
Part. pa.	Shaken.	

This forme doe the Verbes, take, wake, forsake, and hang, follow, but hang, in the time past maketh hung, nor, hangen.

Hereof the Verb, am, is a speciall exception, being thus varied:

Pr. Am, art, is. Pl. are, are, are; or, Be, be, be, of the unused word, Bee, beest, beeth, in the singular.

Past. Was, wast, was. or, Were, wert, were. Pl. Were, were, were.

Fut. Be, be. Plur. Be, be.

Inf. Be.

Part. pr. Being.

Part. past. Bene.

Ea. maketh first e. short:

Pr. Leade. Past. Ledde. Part. pa. Ledde.

The rest of the times and persons, both singular, and plurall in this, and the other Verbs that follow, because they jumpe with the former examples, and rules, in every point, we have chosen rather to omit, then to thrust in needlesse words.

Such are the Verbs, eate, beate, (both making Participles past: besides este, and beste; eaten, and beaten) spread, shead, dreade, sweate, shreade, treade.

Then a, or o. indifferently;

Pr. Brake.

Past. Brake, or broke.

Part. pa. Broke, or broken.

Hither belong, speake, sweare, tear, cleave, weare, scale, beare, sheare, weare. So, gett, and helpe: but halpe, is seldome used, save with the Poets. i. is changed into a.

Pr. give.

Past. gave.

Part. pa. given.

So, bid, and sit.

And here sometimes i. is turned into a. and o. both.

Pr. Winne.

Past. Wanne, or Wonne.

Part. pa. Wonne.

Of this sort are sling, ring, wring, sing, sting, stick, spinne, strick, drinke, sinke, spring, begin, sinke, shrink, swing, swimme.

Secondly, long i. into e.

Pr. reede.

Pa. read.

Par. pa. read.

Also feed, meet, breed, bleed, speed.

Then into o.

Pr. Seeth.

Pa. sodde.

Par. pa. sodde, or sodden.

Lastly,

Lastly, it makes, aw.

Pr. see.

Pa. saw.

Par. Pa. scene.

O. hath a.

Pr. come.

Pa. came.

Par. Pa. come.

And here it may besides keepe his proper Vowel.

Pr. runne.

Pa. ranne, or runne.

Par. pa. runne.

oo. maketh o.

Pr. choose.

Pa. chose.

Par. pa. chosen.

And one more, shoote, shotte, in the Participle.

past. shot, or shotten.

Some pronounce the Verbs by the Diphthong, ew. chewse, shewie, and that is Scottish-like.

CHAP. XIX.

of the third Conjugation.

The change of Diphthongs is of ai. and y. or aw. and ow. All which are changed into ew.

ai. } Pr. Slay.

Pa. flew.

Par. pa. slaine.

y. } Pr. Fly.

Pa. flew.

Par. pa. flyne, or flowne.

aw. } Pr. draw.

Pa. drew.

Par. pa. drawne.

ow. } Pr. know.

Pa. knew.

Par. pa. knowne.

This forme commeth oftener, then the three former: snow, grow, throw, blow, crow.

Secondly, y. is particularly turned, sometimes into the Vowells i. and o.

i. } Pr. Byle.

Pa. Bitte.

Par. pa. Bitte, or bitten.

Likewise, hyde, quyte, chyde, stride, slyde.

o. } Pr. Hyght.

Pa. Hoght.

Par. pa. Hoght.

So,

So, *Shine, strive, thrive.*

And, as *r*. severally frameth either, so may it joyntly have them both:

Pr. *Ryse.*

Past. *Rise, or rose.*

Par. pa. *Rise, or risen.*

To this kind pertain: *Smyte, wryte, byde, ryde, clyme, dryve, clyve.*

Sometimes, into the *Diphthongs, ai, and ou.*

Pr. *Lye.*

ai. Pa. *lay.*

Par. pa. *lyne, or layne.*

Pr. *Fynd.*

ou. Pa. *found.*

Par. pa. *found.*

So, *bynde, grynde, wynde, fyght.*

Last of all; *av, and ov*; doe both make *e*.

Pr. *Fall.*

av. Pa. *fell.*

Par. pa. *fallen.*

Such is the *Verbe, fraught*: which *Chaucer* in the *Man of Lawes tale*:

This Merchants have done, freight their ships new.

Pr. *Howld.*

ou. Pa. *Held.*

Par. pa. *Held, or howlden.*

Exceptions of the *Time past*.

Some that are of the *first Conjugation*, only have in the *Participle past*, besides their owne, the forme of the second, and the third; as

Hew, hewed, and hewne.

Mow, mowed, and mowen.

Load, loaded, and loaden.

CHAP. XX.

Of the fourth Conjugation.

Verbs that convey the *Time past* for the *present*, by the change both of Vowells and Consonants, following the terminations of the first Conjugation, end in *d*, or *t*.

Pr. *Stand.*

Pa. *Stood.*

Such are these words,

Pr. *Wolte, wolt, wolle.*

Pa. *wolde, or woulde, wouldest, would.*

Fut. *wolle, wolt.*

The *infinit* Times are not used:

Pr. *Can, canst, can.*

Pa. ** Cande, or could.*

Pr. *Sholte, sholt, shall.*

Pa. ** Sholde, or shoulde.*

* As old Eng-
lish word, like
which now
we comen-
ly use, *shall*,
or *should*.

The

The other Times of either *Verbe* are lacking.

Pr. *Heare.*

Pa. *Heard.*

Pr. *Sell.*

Pa. *Sold.*

So, *Tell, told.*

Of the other sort are these, and such like:

Pr. *Feele.*

Pa. *Felt.*

So, *creepe, sleepe, weepe, keepe, sweepe, meene.*

Pr. *Teach.*

Pa. *Taught.*

To this forme belong: *thinke, vetch, seake, reach, catch, bring, worke, and buy, and owe*, which make, *bought, and ought.*

Pr. *Dare, darest, are.*

Pa. *Durst, durst, durst.*

Pr. *May, mayst, may.*

Pa. *Might, mightest, might.*

These two *Verbs* want the other Times.

A generall exception from the former Conjugations. Certaine *Verbs* have the forme of either Conjugation: as

Hang, hanged, and hung.

Reach, reach't, and rough't.

So, *cleave, sheare, sting, clyme, cetch, &c.*

CHAP. XXI.

Of Adverbs.

Thus much shall suffice for the *Etymologie* of Words, that have number, both in a *Noun*, and a *Verbe*: whereof the former is but short, and easie: the other longer, and wrapped with a great deale more difficultie. Let us now proceed to the *Etymologie* of words without number.

A Word without number is that, which without his principall signification noteth not any number. Whereof there be two kindes, an *Adverbe*, and a *Conjunction*.

An *Adverbe* is a word without number, that is joyned to another word: as

Well learned.

Hee fighteth valiantly.

Hee disputeth very subtilly.

So that an *Adverbe* is as it were an *Adjective* of *Nounes, Verbes, yea, and Adverbs* also themselves.

Adverbs are either of *Quantitie*, or *Qualitie*. Of *Quantitie*: as

Enough, too-much, altogether.

Adverbs of *Qualitie* be of divers sorts:

First of *Number*: as *Once, twice, thrice.*

Secondly, of *Time*: as *To day, yesterday, then.*

By, and by, ever, when.

Thirdly of *Place*: as *Here, there, where, yonder.*

I 2

Fourthly,

Fourthly, in affirmation, or negation: as

I, yes, indeed, no, not, nay.

Fifthly, in wishing, calling, and exhorting: wishing, as

O, If.

Calling, as, *Ho, firrah.* Exhorting: as *so, so, there, there.*

Sixthly in similitude, and likeness: as

So, even so. Likewise, even as.

To this place pertain *Adverbs* of *qualitie* whatsoever, being formed from Nounes, for the most part, by adding *ly*: as

Just, justly. True, truly.

Strong, strongly. Name, namely.

Here also *Adjectives*, as well *positive*, as compared stand for *Adverbs*:

When he least weneeth, soonest shall he fall.

Interjections, commonly so termed, are in right *Adverbs*, and therefore may justly lay title to this roome. Such are these, that follow, with their like: as

Ah, alas, wo, fie, tush, ha, ha, he.

st. a note of silence. *Rr.* that serveth to set dogges together by the eares. *Hrr,* to chase birds away.

Prepositions are also a peculiar kind of *Adverbs*, and ought to be referred hither. *Prepositions* are separable, or inseparable. *Separable* are for the most part of *Time*, and *Place*: as

Among, according, without.

Afore, after, before, behind.

Under, upon, beneath, over.

Against, besides, neere.

Inseparable Prepositions are they, which signifie nothing, if they be not compounded with some other word: as.

re, un, in Release, unlearned.

CHAP. XXII.

Of Conjunctions.

A *Conjunction* is a word without number, knitting divers speeches together: and is *declaring*, or *reasoning*. *Declaring*, which uttereth the parts of a Sentence: And that againe is *gathering*, or *separating*. *Gathering*, whereby the parts are affirmed to be true together, which is *coupling*, or *conditioning*. *Coupling*, when the parts are severally affirmed: as

And, also, neither.

Conditioning, by which the part following dependeth, as true, upon the part going before; as *If, unlesse, except.*

A *separating conjunction* is that, whereby the parts (as being not true together) are separated; and is

Severing,

or,

sundring.

Severing, when the parts are separated only in a certaine respect, or reason: as

But, although, notwithstanding.

Sundring,

Sundring, when the parts are separated indeed, and truly, so as more then one cannot be true: as

Either, whither, or.

Reasoning Conjunctions are those which conclude one of the parts by the other, whereof some render a reason, and some doe inferre.

Reasoning are such, as yeeld the cause of a thing going before: as

For, because.

Infering, by which a thing that commeth after, is concluded by the former: as

Therefore, Wherefore.

So that, inasmuch that.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE, OF THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

Of Syntaxe.

CHAP. I.

Of Apostrophus.

The Latines
and Hebrewes
have none.

AS yet we have handled *Etymologie*, and all the parts thereof. Let us come to the consideration of the *Syntaxe*.

Syntaxe is the second part of *Grammar*, that teacheth the Construction of words, whereunto *Apostrophus*, an affection of words coupled, and joyned together, doth belong.

Apostrophus is the rejecting of a Vowell from the beginning, or ending of a Word. The note whereof, though it many times, through the negligence of Writers and Printers, is quite omitted, yet by right should, and of the learner for hath his signe and marke, which is such a *Semicircle* placed in the top.

In the end a Vowell may be cast away, when the word next following beginneth with another: as

Th' outward man decayeth:

So th' inward man getteth strength.

*If ye utter such words of pure love, and friendship,
What then may wee looke for, if ye once begin to hate?*

Gower, lib. 1. de confess. Amant.

If thou art of his company, tell forth, my sonne.

It is time to awake from sleepe.

Vowells suffer also this *Apostrophus* before the Consonant *b*.

Chaucer in the 3. Booke of *Troilus*.

For of Fortunes sharpe adversitie,

The worst kind of infortune is this:

A man to have bene in prosperitie,

And it to remember when it passed is:

The first kind then is common with the *Greekes*; but that which followeth, is proper to us, which though it bee not of any, that I know, either

either in Writing, or Printing, usually express'd: Yet considering that in our common speech, nothing is more familiar, (upon the which all Precepts are grounded, and to the which they ought to be referred) who can justly blame me, if, as neere as I can, I follow Nature's call.

This rejecting therefore, is both in Vowells, and Consonants, going before,

Gower, lib. 4. *There is no fire, there is no sparke,
There is no dore, which may charke.*

Who answered, that he was not privy to it, and in excuse seem'd to be very sore displeased with the matter, that his men of Warre had done it without his commandement, or consent.

CHAP. II.

Of the Syntaxe of one Noun with another.

S*yntaxe* appertaineth, both to words of number, and without number, where the want, and superfluity of any part of speech are two generall, and common exceptions. Of the former kind of *Syntaxe* is that of a Noun, and Verbe.

The *Syntaxe* of a Noun, with a Noun, is in number, and gender: as

*Esau could not obtaine his fathers blessing, though he sought it with
teares.*

Jesabel was a wicked woman, for she slew the Lords Prophets.

An Idol is no god, for it is made with hands.

In all these examples yee see *Esau*, and *hee*; *Jesabel*, and *shee*; *Idol*, and *it*, to agree in the singular number. The first example also in the Masculine gender: the second in the Feminine: the third, in the Neuter. And in this Construction (as also throughout the whole English *Syntaxe*) order, and the placing of words is one especiall thing to be observed. So that when a Substantive, and an Adjective, are immediatly joyned together, the Adjective must goe before: as

Plato shut Poets out of his Common-wealth, as effeminate Writers, unprofitable members, and enemies to vertue.

When two Substantives come together, whereof one is the name of a Possessor, the other of a thing possessed, then hath the name of a Possessor the former place, and that in the *Gentive*:

All mans righteousness is like a defiled cloth.

Gower, lib. 1.

An Owle flieth by night,

Out of all other birds sight.

But if the thing possess'd goe before, then doth the Preposition of, come betweene:

Ignorance is the mother of error.

Gower, lib.

So that it proveth well therefore

The strength of man is sene here.

Which

Which Preposition may be coupled with the thing possessed, being in the Genitive.

Nort. in Arsan.

A road made into Scanderbech's Countrey by the Duke of Mysia's men, for the Dukes men of Mysia.

Here the absolute serveth sometimes in stead of a Genitive:

All trouble is light, which is endured for righteousness sake.

Otherwise, two Substantives are joyned together by apposition; Sir Thomas More in King Richards storie: *George Duke of Clarence, was a Prince at all points fortunate.* Where it both be the names of Possessors, the latter shall be in the Genitive.

Foxe in the 2. Volume of Acts and Monuments:

King Henry the Eight, married with the Lady Katherine his Brother, Prince Arthurs wife.

The generall exceptions:

The Substantive is often lacking: *Sir Thomas More.*

Sometime without small things, greater cannot stand.

Chaucer. *For some folke woll be wonne for riches,*

And some folke for strokes, and some folke for gentleness.

Likewise the Adjective:

It is hard in prosperitie to preserve true Religion, true godlinesse, and true humilitie.

Lidgate, lib. 8. speaking of Constantine,

That whilome had the divination

As chiefe Monarch, chiefe Prince, and chiefe President

Over all the world, from East to Occident.

In Greek, and Latine this want were barbarous: the Hebrewes notwithstanding use it.

But the more notable lacke of the Adjectives is in the want of the relative;

In the things, which we least mistrust, the greatest danger doth often lurke.

Gower, lib. 2.

For thy the wise-men ne demen

The things after that their they semen.

But, after that, which they know, and finde.

Pl. 118. 22. *The stone, the builders refused, for, which the builders refused.*

And here besides the common wanting of a Substantive, whereof we spake before; there is another more speciall, and proper to the Absolute, and the Genitive.

Chaucer in the 3. booke of Fame.

This is the mother of tydings,

As the Sea is mother of Wells, and is mother of Springs.

Rebecca clothed Jacob with garments of his brothers

Superfluity also of Nounes is much used:

Sir Tho. More, whose death King Edward (although he commanded it) when he wist it was done, piteously bewailed it, and sorrowfully repented it.

Chaucer in his Prologue to the Man of Lawes tale.

Such law, as a man yeveth another wight,
He should himself use it by right.

Gower.

Gower, l. 1. *For, whose woll another blame,*
Hee seeketh oft his owne shame.

Speciall exceptions, and first of Number. Two Singulars are put for our Plurall:

All Authority, and Custome of men, exalted against the word of God, must yeeld themselves prisoners.

Gower. *In thine aspect are all alich,*

The poore man, and eke the rich.

The second Person plurall is for reverence sake to one singular thing:

Gower, lib. 1. *O good Father deare,*

Why make ye this heavie cheare.

Where also after a Verbe plurall, the singular of the Noun is retained: *I know you are a discreet, and faithfull man, and therefore am come to aske your advice.*

Exceptions of Genders.

The Articles *hee*, and *it*, are used in each others Gender.

Sir Tho. More. The south wind sometime swelleth of himselfe before a tempest.

Gower of the earth.

And for thymen it delve, and ditch,

And caren it, with strength of plough:

Where it hath of himselfe enough,

So that his need is least.

It, also followeth for the Feminine: Gower, lib. 4.

He swore it should nought be let,

That, if she have a daughter bore,

That it ne should be forlore.

CHAP. III.

Of the Syntaxe of a Pronoun with a Noun.

The Articles *a*, and *the*, are joyned to Substantives common never to proper names of men: *William Lambert in the Perambulation of Kent.*

The cause only, and not the death maketh a Martyr.

Yet, with a proper name used by a Metaphor, or borrowed manner of speech, both Articles may be coupled:

Who so woucheth the manifest, and knowne truth, ought not therefore to be called a Goliath, that is a monster, and impudent fellow, as he was.

Jewell against Harding:

You have adventured your selfe to be the noble David, to conquer this Giant.

Nort. in Arsan. *And if ever it were necessarie, now it is, when many an Athanasius, many an Atticus, many a noble Prince, and godly Personage lyeth prostrate at your feet for succour.*

Where this Metaphor is expounded. So, when the proper name is used to note ones parentage, which kind of Nounes the Grammarians call Patronimicks: Nort. in Gabriells Oration to Scanderbech.

K

F

For you know well enough the wiles of the Ottomans.
Perkin Warbeck, a stranger borne, fained himselfe to
be a Plantaginet.

When a Substantive, and an Adjective are joyned together, these Articles are put before the Adjective:

A good conscience is a continuall feast.
Gower, lib. 1. For false semblant hath evermore
Of his counsell in companie,
The darke untrue Hypocrisie.

Which Construction in the Article, *A*, notwithstanding some Adjectives will not admit:

Sir Tho: More. Such a Serpent is ambition, and desire of vain-glory.
Chaucer. Under a Shepherd false, and negligent,
The Wolfe hath many a Sheepe, and Lamb to rent.

Moreover, both these Articles are joyned to any cases of the Latines, the Vocative only excepted: as,

A man saith. The strength of a man.
I sent to a man. I hurt a man.
I was sued by a man.

Likewise, the Apostle testifieth: The zeale of the Apostle; Give care to the Apostle: Follow the Apostle: Depart not from the Apostle.

So that in these two Pronounes the whole Construction almost of the Latines is contained. *The*, agreeth to any number: *A*, only to the singular, save when it is joyned with those Adjectives, which doe of necessity require a Plurall:

The Conscience is a thousand witnesses.
Lidgate, lib. 1.

Though for a season they sit in high cheares,
Their fame shall fade within a few yeares.

A, goeth before words beginning with Consonants, and before all Vowells, (Diphongs, whose first letter is *y*, or *w*, excepted) it is turn'd into *An*:

Sir Tho: More:

For men use to write an evil turne in marble stone, but a good
turne they write in the dust.

Gower, lib. 1.

For all shall dye, and all shall passe
As well a Lyon, as an Asse.

So may it be also before *h*.

Sir Tho: More. What mischief worketh the proud enterprize of an high
heart.

A, hath also the force of governing before a Noun:

Sir Tho: More:

And the Protector had layd to her for manner sake, that she was a
Councell with the Lord Hastings to destroy him.

Chaucer, 2. booke of Troilus:

And on his way fast homeward he sped,
And Troilus he found alone in bed.

Likewise,

Likewise, before the Participle present, *An*, hath the force of a *Gerund*:
Noun in Arsan.

But there is some great tempest brewing towards us.

Lidgate, lib. 7.

The King was slaine, and ye did assent

In a Forrest an hunting, when that he went.

The Article, *The*, joyned with the Adjective of a Noun proper may follow, after the Substantive:

Chaucer.

Their Chaunticleer the faire

Was wont, and ke his Wives to repaire.

Otherwise it varieth from the common Rule. Again, this Article by a Synecdoche doth restraints a generall, and common name to some certaine and speciall one:

Gower in his Prologue:

The Apostle writeth unto us all,

And saith, that upon us his fall,

Th' end of the world, for Paul.

So by the Philosopher, Aristotle. By the Poet, among the Grecians, Homer: with the Latines, Virgil, is understood.

This, and *that*, being Demonstratives; and *what*, the Interrogative, are taken for Substantives:

Sir John Cheeke, in his Oration to the Rebels:

Ye rise for Religion: What Religion taught you that?

Chaucer, in the reves tale:

And this is very sooth, as I you tell.

Ascham, in his Discourse of the Affaires of Germanie. A wonderfull folly in a great man himselfe, and some peece of miserie in a whole Common-wealth, where fooles chiefly, and flatterers, may speake freely what they will; and good men shall commonly be silent, if they speake what they should.

What, also for an Adverbe of Partition:

Lambert. But now, in our memorie, what by decay of the haven, and what by overthrow of Religious Houses, and losse of Calice, it is brought in manner to miserable nakednesse, and decay.

Chaucer, 3. booke of Troilus:

Then wot I well, shee might never faile

For to beene holpen, what at your instance?

What at your other friends governance.

That, is used for a Relative:

Sir John Cheeke. Sedition is an Aposteame, which, when it breaketh inwardly, putteth the State in great danger of Recovery; and corrupteth the whole Common-wealth, with the rotten furie, that it hath putrefied with. For, with which

They, and *those*, are sometimes taken, as it were, for Articles:

For, 2. Volume of Acts:

That no kind of disquietnesse should be procured against them of Bern, and Zurich.

Gower, lib. 2.

My brother hath us all sold

To them of Rome.

R 2

The

The Pronoun, *These*, hath a rare use being taken for an Adjective of similitude: *It is, neither the part of an honest man to tell these tales: nor if a wise man to receive them.*

Lidgate, lib. 5. *Lo, how these Princes proud, and retchlesse,
Have shamefull ends, which cannot live in peace.*

Him, and *Them*, be used reciprocally for the Compounds, *himselfe*, *themselves*:

Fox. *The Garrison desired, that they might depart with bagge,
and baggage.*

Chaucer in the Squires tale:
*So deepe in graine he dyed his colours,
Right, as a Serpent hideth him under flowers.*

His, *their*, and *theirs*, have also a strange use; that is to say, being Possessives, they serve instead of Primitives:

Chaucer: *And shortly so farre forth this thing went,
That my wilk, was his wills instrument.*

Which in Latine were a solecisme; for there we should not say, *sua voluntatis*, but *voluntatis ipsius*.

Pronouns have not the Articles *a*, and *the*, going before which, the Relative, *selfe*, and *same*, only excepted: The *same* lewd cankered Carle, practiseth nothing, but how he may overcome, and oppresse the Faith of Christ, for the which, you, as you know, have determined to labour and travell continually.

The Possessives, *My*, *thy*, *our*, *your*, and *their*, goe before words: as, *my land: thy goods*; and so in the rest: *Myne*, *thyne*, *ours*, *yours*, *hers*, and *theirs*, follow, as it were, in the Genitive case: as *these lands are mine, thine, &c.*

His, doth indifferently goe before, or follow after: as, *his house is a faire one*; and, *this house is his*.

CHAP. III.

Of the Syntaxe of Adjectives.

Adjectives of Qualitie are coupled with Pronouns Accusative cases: Chaucer. *And he was wise, hardy, secret, and rich,
Of these three points, nas none him lych.*

Certaine Adjectives include a Partition: *From the head doth life and motion flow to the rest of the members.*

The Comparative agreeth to the parts compared, by adding this Preposition, *than*: Chaucer, 3. booke of Fame.

*What did this Aeolus, but he
Tooke out his blacke trumpe of brasse,
That blacker than the Drivell was.*

The Superlative is joyned to the parts compared by this Preposition, *of*:

Gower, lib. 1. *Pride is of every misse the prick:*

Pride is the worst vice of all wick.

Jewell. *The friendship of truth is best of all.*

Sometimes both Degrees are expressed by these two Adverbs, *more*, and

The Latines
Comparative
governeth an
Ablative;
their Superlative
a Genitive
plural.
The Greekes,
both Comparative,
and Superlative
both a Genitive;
but in neither
tongue is a
signe going
betweene.

and *most*: as, *more excellent, most excellent*. Whereof the latter seemeth to have his proper place in those that are spoken in a certaine kind of excellencie, but yet without Comparison: *Hector was a most valiant man*; that is, *inter fortissimos*.

Furthermore, these Adverbs, *more*, and *most*, are added to the Comparative, and Superlative degrees themselves, which should before the Positive:

Sir Tho. More. *Forasmuch as she saw the Cardinall more ready to depart,
then the remnant: For, not only the high dignitie of the Ci-
vill Magistrate, but the most basest handicrafts are holy,
when they are directed to the honour of God.*

And, this is a certaine kind of English Atticisme, or eloquent Phrase of speech, imitating the manner of the most ancientest and finest Grecians, who, for more emphasis, and vehemencies sake used to speake.

Positives are also joyned with the Preposition, *of*, like the Superlative:

Elias was the only man of all the Prophets that was left alive.

Gower, lib. 4. *The first point of slouth I call
Lachesse, and is the chiefe of all.*

CHAPTER. V.

Of the Syntaxe of a Verbe with a Noun.

Hitherto we have declared the Syntaxe of a Noun: The Syntaxe of a Verbe followeth, being either of Verbe with a Noun; or, of one Verbe with another.

The Syntaxe of a Verbe with a Noun is in number, and person: as

I am content. You are mis-inform'd.

Chaucer 2. booke of Fame.

*For, as flame is but lighted smoke;
Right so is sound ayr ybroke.*

I my selfe, and *your selves*, agree unto the first person: *Thou*, *thou*, *it*, *thy selfe*, *your selves*, to the second: All other Nounes and Pronounes (that are of any person) to the third: *Againe, I, we, thou, he, she, they, who*, doe ever governe: unlesse it be in the Verbe, *am*, that requireth the like case after it, as is before it, *Mee, us, thee, her, them, him, whom*, are govern'd of the Verbe. The rest, which are Absolute, may either governe, or bee governed.

A Verbe impersonall in Latine is here expressed by an English impersonall, with this Article, *it*, going before: as, *oportet, it behoveth: decet, it becommeth*. Generall Exceptions:

The person governing is oft understood by that went before: *True Religion glorifieth them that honour it*; and is a target unto them that are a buckler against.

Chaucer. *Womens counsells brought us first to woe,
And made Adam from Paradise to goe.*

But this is more notable, and also more common in the future; where-

in for the most part wenever expresse any person, not so much as at the full:

Fear God. Honour the King.

Likewise the Verbe is understood by some other going before:
Nort. in Arsan.

*When the danger is most great, naturall strength most feeble,
and divine ayde most needfull.*

Certaine Pronounes, governed of the Verbe, doe here abound. Sir Thomas More. *And this I say, although they were not abused, as now they be, and so long have beene, that I feare me ever they will be.*

Chaucer, 3. booke of Fame:

*And as I wondred me, ywis
Upon this house.*

Idem in Thisbe:

*She rist her up with a full dreary heart:
And in cave with dreadfull fate she start.*

Speciall Exceptions.

Nounes signifying a multitude, though they be of the Singular number, require a Verbe plurall.

Lidgate, lib. 2. *And wise men rehearse in sentence*

Where folke be drunken, there is no resistance.

This exception is in other Nounes also very common; especially when the Verbe is joynd to an Adverbe, or Conjunction: It is prepositional to execute a man, before he have beene condemned.

Gower, lib. 1.

*Although a man be wise himselfe,
Yet is the wisdom more of twelve.*

Chaucer:

*Therefore I read you this counsell take,
For sake sinne, ere sinne you forsake.*

In this exception of number, the Verbe sometime agreeth not with the governing Noun of the plurall number, as it should, but with the Noun governed: as, *Riches is a thing oft-times more hurtfull, then profitable to the owners.* After which manner the Latines also speake: *omnia potius erat.* The other speciall * exception is not in use.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Syntaxe of a Verbe, with a Verbe.

When two Verbes meet together, whereof one is governed by the other, the latter is put in the infinite, and that with this signe to, coming betweene; as *Good men ought to joyne together in good things.*

But, will, doe, may, can, shall, dare, (when it is in Transitive) must, and lett, when it signifieth a sufferance, receive not the signe:

Gower. *To God no man may be fellow.*

This signe set before an infinite, nor govern'd of a Verbe, changeth it into the nature of a Noun.

Nort. in Arsan. *To winne is the benefit of Fortune: but to keepe is the power of wisdom.*

Generall

* Which notwithstanding the Hebrews use very strangely, Kullain is a book of 10. All they receive ye and come now.

Generall Exceptions.

The Verbe governing is understood: Nort. in Arsan. *For if the head, which is the life, and stay of the body, betray the members, must not the members also needs betray one another; and so the whole body, and head goe altogether to utter wreck, and destruction?*

The other generall exception is * wanting.

The Speciall exception. Two Verbes, have, and am, require alwayes a Participle past without any signe: as, *I am pleased. Thou art hated. Save* when they importa necessitie, or conveniencie of doing any thing: In which case they are very * eloquently joynd to the infinite, the signe coming betweene: By the example of Herod, all Princes are to take heed how they give care to flatterers.

Lidgate, lib. 1.

*Truth, and falsnesse in what they have done,
May no while asseble in one person.*

And herethose Times, which in Etymologie we remembred to be wanting, are set forth by the Syntaxe of Verbes joynd together. The Syntaxe of imperfect Times in this manner:

The Presents by the infinite, and the Verbe, may, or can, as for, *Amem, Amarem: I may love: I might love.* And againe, *I can love: I could love.*

The futures are declared by the infinite, and the Verbe, shall, or will: as *Amabo: I shall, or, will love.*

Amavero addeth therunto, have, taking the nature of two divers Times; that is, of the future, and the Time past:

*I shall have loved: or,
I will have loved.*

The perfect Times are expressed by the Verbe, have: as,

*Amavi. Amaveram.
I have loved. I had loved.*

Amaverim, and Amavissem adde might unto the former Verbe: as,

I might have loved.

The infinite past, is also made by adding, have: as,

Amavisse, to have loved.

Verbes Passive are made of the Participle past, and, am, the Verbe. *Amor, and Amabar, by the only putting to of the Verbe: as,*

Amor, I am loved.

Amabar, I was loved.

Amor, and Amarer, have it governed of the Verbe may, or can: as,

Amor, I may be loved: or, I can be loved.

Amarer, I might be loved, or, I could be loved.

In *Amabor*, it is governed of shall, or, will: as,

I shall, or, will be loved.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Syntaxe of Adverbs.

This therefore is the Syntaxe of words, having number, there remaineth that of words without number, which standeth in Adverbs, or Conjunctions. Adverbs are taken one for the other; that is to say, Adverbs of likenesse, for Adverbs of Time. As he spake those words, he gave up the ghost.

Gower,

Sir John Cheeke. Either by ambition you seeke Lordlinesse, much unfit for you, or by covetousnesse, ye be unsatiable, at hing likely enough in you: or else by folly, ye be not content with your estate, a fancie to be plucked out of you.

Lidgate, lib. 2. Wrong, clyning up of states, and degrees,
Either by murder, or by false treasons
Aske a fall, for their finall gnerdons.

Here, for *nor* in the latter member, *ne* is sometime used: Lambert.
But the Archbishop set himselfe against it, affirming plainly, that hee neither could, ne would suffer it.

The like *Syntaxe* is also to be marked in *so*, and *as*, used comparatively: for, when the comparison is in quantitie, then *so* goeth before, and *as* followeth. Ascham. He hateth himselfe, and hasteth his owne hurt, that is content to beare none so gladly, as either a foole, or a flatterer.

Gower, lib. 1. Men wist in thilk time none

So faire a wight, as she was one.

Sometime for *so*, *as* cometh in. Chaucer, lib. 5. Troil.

And said, I am, albeit to you no joy,

As gentle a man, as any wight in Troy.

But if the Comparison be in qualitie, then it is contrary: Gower;

For, as the fish, if it be dry

Mote in default of water dye:

Right so, without ayre, or live,

No man, ne beast, might thrive.

And, in the beginning of a sentence, serveth in stead of an Admirati-
on: And, what a notable signe of patience was it in Job, not to murmur against
the Lord?

Chaucer 3. booke of Fame.

What, quoth shee, and be ye wood!

And, wene ye for to doe good,

And, for to have of that no fame?

Conjunctions of divers sorts are taken one for another: as, But, a sever-
ing Conjunction, for a conditioning: Chaucer in the man of lawes tale.

But it were with the ilk eye of his minde,

With which men seen after they ben blinde.

Sir Thomas More. Which, neither can they have, but you give it: neither
can you give it, if ye agree not.

The selfe-same *Syntaxe* as in *And*, the coupling Conjunction; The Lord
Berners in the Preface to his translation of Froisart: What knowledge should
we have of ancient things past, and historie were not.

Sir John Cheeke. Iee have waxed greedie now upon Cities, and have attempt-
ed mightie spoiles to glut up, and you could your wasting hunger.

On the other side, for, a cause-renderer, hath sometime the force of a
severing one.

Lidgate, lib. 3. But it may fall a Drewry in his right,

To outrage a Giant for all his great might.

Here the two generall exceptions are termed, *Asyndeton*, and *Polyssynde-
ton*. *Asyndeton*, when the Conjunction wanteth: The Universities of Christen-
dome are the eyes, the lights, the leaven, the salt, the seasoning of the world.

Gower. To whom her heart cannot heale,

Turne it to woe, turne it to weale.

Here

Here the *sundring Conjunction*, or, is lacking; and in the former exam-
ple, and, the coupler.

Polyssyndeton is in doubling the Conjunction more then it need to be.

Gower, lib. 4. So, whether that be frieze, or sweate,
Or tie be in, or tie be out,
Hee will be idle all about.

CHAPTER IX.

Of the Distinction of Sentences.

ALL the parts of *Syntaxe* have already beene declared. There resteth
one generall Affection of the whole, disperfed thorow every
member thereof, as the blood is thorow the body, and consisteth in the
breathing, when we pronounce any Sentence; For, whereas our breath is
by nature so short, that we cannot continue without a stay to speake long
together; it was thought necessarie, as well for the speakers ease, as for
the plainer deliverance of the things spoken, to invent this meane,
whereby men pausing a pretty while, the whole speech might never the
worser be understood.

These Distinctions are, either of a perfect, or imperfect Sentence. The
distinctions of an imperfect Sentence are two, a sub-distinction, and a
comma.

A Sub-distinction is a meane breathing, when the word serveth indiffe-
rently, both to the parts of the Sentence going before, and following af-
ter, and is marked thus (,).

A Comma is a distinction of an imperfect Sentence, wherein with some-
what a longer breath, the Sentence following; and is noted with this
shorter semicircle (,).

Hither pertaineth a * Parenthesis, wherein two Comma's include a Sen-
tence:

Jewell. Certaine falsehoods (by meane of good utterance) have sometime
more likely-hood of truth, then truth it selfe.

Gower, lib. 1. Division. (the Gospel saith)

One house upon another laish.

Chaucer 3. booke of Fame.

Fortune, ylost (this know ye)

By no way may recovered be.

These imperfect distinctions in the *Syntaxe* of a Substantive, and an
Adjective give the former place to the Substantive: Ascham. Thus the
poore Gentleman suffered griefe; great for the paine, but greater for the spite.

Gower, lib. 2. Speaking of the envious person:

Though he a man see vertuous,

And full of good condition,

Thereof maketh he no mention.

The Distinction of a perfect Sentence hath a more full stay, and doth
rest the spirit, which is a Pause, or a Period.

A Pause is a Distinction of a Sentence, though perfect in it selfe, yet
joynd to another, being marked with two pricks. (:))

A period is the Distinction of a Sentence, in all respects perfect, and is
marked

L 2

marked

* The He-
brews have
no peculiar
note to dis-
cuss this
Parenthesis
by, nor the
Interrogation,
and Adiristi-
es following.

marked with one full prick, over against the lower part of the last letter, thus (-)

If a Sentence be with an Interrogation, we use this note (?)

Sir John Cheeke. *Who can persuade, where treason is above reason; and might rule right; and it is had for lawfull, whatsoever is lawfull; and Commissioners are better then Commissioners; and common woe is named Common-wealth?*

Chaucer, 2. booke of Fame.

*Let, is it not a great mischance,
To let a foole have governance,
Of things, that be cannot demayne?*

Lidgate, lib. 1.

*For, if wives be found variable,
Where shall husbands find other stable?*

If it be pronounced with an Admiration, then thus (!) Sir Tho. More.

O Lord God, the blindnesse of our mortall nature!

Chaucer, 1. booke of Fame.

*Alas! what harme doth apparence,
When it is false in existence!*

These Distinctions (whereof the first is commonly neglected) as they best agree with nature: so come they neere to the ancient staies of Sentences among the Romans, and the Grecians. An example of all foure to make the matter plaine, let us take out of that excellent Oration of Sir John Cheeke, against the Rebels, whereof before we have made so often mention: *When common order of the law can take no place in unruly, and disobedient subjects: and all men will of wilfulnesse resist with rage, and thinke their owne violence, to be the best justice: then be wise Magistrates compelled by necessitie, to seeke an extreme remedy, where meane salves helpe not, and bring in the Marshall Law, where none other law serveth.*

The End,

TIMBER:

OR,

DISCOVERIES;

MADE VPON MEN
AND MATTER: AS THEY
have flow'd out of his daily Read-
ings; or had their reflexe to his
peculiar Notion of the Times.

By

BEN: JOHNSON.

Tecum habita, ut novis quam sit tibi curta supellex.
Pers. sat. 4.

LONDON,

Printed M.D.C.XLI.

SYLVA.

Rerum, & sententiarum, quasi Y^m dicta à multiplici materia, & varietate, in iis contenta. Quemadmodum enim vulgò solemus infinitam arborum nascentium indiscriminatim multitudinem Sylvam dicere: Ita etiam libros suos in quibus varia, & diversa materia opuscula temerè congesa erant, Sylvas appellabant Antiqui: Tymber-trees.

EX

EXPLORATA:
OR,
DISCOVERIES.

Ill Fortune never crush't that man, whom good Fortune deceived not. *Fortuna.*
I therefore have counselled my friends, never to trust to her fairest side, though she seem'd to make peace with them: But to place all things she gave them so, as she might aske them againe without their trouble; she might take them from them, not pull them: to keepe alwayes a distance betwene her, and themselves. He knowes not his own strength, that hath not met Adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses; but no ill can happen to a good man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet, that which happens to any man, may to every man. But it is in his reason what hee accounts it, and will make it.

Change into extremity is very frequent, and easie. As when a beggar suddenly growes rich, he commonly becomes a Prodigall; for, to obscure his former obscurity, he puts on riot and excessse. *Casus.*

No man is so foolish, but may give an other good counsell some times; and no man is so wise, but may easily erre, if hee will take no others counsell, but his owne. But very few men are wise by their owne counsell, or learned by their owne teaching. For hee that was onely taught by himselfe, had a foole to his Master. *Consilia.*

A Fame that is wounded to the world, would bee better cured by anothers Apologie, then its owne: For few can apply medicines well themselves. Besides, the man that is once hated, both his good, and his evill deeds oppresse him: Hee is not easily emergent. *Abrochizator.*

In great Affaires it is a worke of difficulty to please all. And oft times wee lose the occasion of carrying a business well, and thoroughly, by our too much haste. For Factions are spirituall Rebels, and raile sedition against the understanding. *Fama.*

There is a Necessity all men should love their countrey. He that professeth the contrary, may be delighted with his words, but his heart is there. Natures that are hardened to evill, you shall sooner breake, then make straight; they are like poles that are crooked, and dry: there is no attempting them. *Amor Patrie.*

Wee praise the things wee heare, with much more willingnesse, then those wee see: because wee envy the present, and reverence the past; thinking our selves instructed by the one, and over-laid by the other. *Applausus.*

Opinion is a light, vaine, crude, and imperfect thing, settled in the Imagination; but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtaine the tincture of Reason. Wee labour with it more then Truth. There is much more holds us, then presseth us. An ill fact is one thing, an ill fortune is another: Yet both often times sway us alike, by the error of our thinking. *Opinio.*

Many men beleeve not themselves, what they would perswade others: and lesse doe the things, which they would impose on others; but least of all, know what they themselves most confidently boast. Only they set the signe of the Crosse over their outer doores, and sacrifice to their gut, and their groyne in their inner Closets. *Impositura.*

At a

What

Lettera
ad What a deale of cold busines doth a man mis-spent the better part of life in! In scattering complements, tending visits, gathering and venting news, following Feasts and Playes, making a little winter-love in a darke corner.

Hypocrita *Paritans* Hypocrita est Harencus, quem opinio propria perspicacia, quâ sibi videtur, cum paucis in Ecclesiâ dogmatibus, errores quosdam animadvertisse, de flam mentis deturbavit: unde sacro furore percitus, phreneticè pugnat contra Magistratus, sic ratis, obedientiam prastare Deo.

Matur
auxilia Learning needs rest: Sovereignty gives it. Sovereignty needs counsell: Learning affords it. There is such a Conlocution of offices, betweene the Prince, and whom his favour breeds, that they may helpe to sustaine his power, as hee their knowledge. It is the greatest part of his Liberality, his Favour: And from whom doth he heare discipline more willingly, or the Arts discours'd more gladly, then from thole, whom his owne bounty, and benefits have made able and faithfull?

Cognit. uni-
versâ In being able to counsell others, a Man must be furnis'd with an universall store in himselfe, to the knowledge of all Nature: That is the matter, and seed-plot: There are the seats of all Argument, and Invention. But especially, you must be cunning in the nature of Man: There is the variety of things, which are as the Elements, and Letters, which his art and wisdom must ranke, and order to the present occasion. For wee see not all letters in single words, nor all places in particular discourses. That cause seldome happens, wherein a man will use all Arguments.

Confiliari
ad The two chiefe things that give a man reputation in counsell, are the opinion of his Honesty, and the opinion of his Wisdom: The authority of those two will perswade, when the same Counsels utter'd by other persons lesse qualified, are of no efficacy, or working.

Probitas
sapientia Wisdom without Honesty is meere craft, and coosnage. And therefore the reputation of Honesty must first be gotten, which cannot be, but by living well. A good life is a maine Argument.

Vita recta
Obsequen-
tia Next a good life, to beget love in the persons wee counsell, by dissembing our knowledge of ability in our selves, and avoyding all suspicion of arrogance, ascribing all to their instruction, as an Ambassadour to his Master, or a Subject to his Sovereign, seasoning all with humanity and sweetness, onely expressing care and sollicitude. And not to counsell rashly, or on the suddaine, but with advice and meditation: (Dat nos consilium.) For many foolish things fall from wise men, if they speake in haste, or be extemporall. It therefore behooves the giver of counsell to be circumspect, especially to beware of those, with whom hee is not thoroughly acquainted, lest any spice of rashnesse, folly, or selfe-love appeare, which will be mark'd by new persons, and men of experience in affaires.

Modestia
Paritas And to the Prince, or his Superiour, to behave himselfe modestly, and with respect. Yet free from Flattery, or Empire. Not with insolence, or precept, but as the Prince were already furnished with the parts hee should have, especially in affaires of State. For in other things they will more easily suffer themselves to be taught, or reprehended: They will not willingly contend. But heare (with Alexander) the answer the Musician gave him, Absit & Rex, ut in melius hac scias, quam ego.

A man

A man should so deliver himselfe to the nature of the subject, whereof hee speakes, that his hearer may take knowledge of his discipline with some delight: and so apparell faire, and good matter, that the studious of elegancy be not defrauded, redeeme Arts from their rough and braky seats, where they lay hid, and over-growne with thornes, to a pure, open, and flowry light: where they may take the eye, and be taken by the hand.

I cannot thinke Nature is so spent, and decay'd, that she can bring forth nothing worth her former yeares. She is alwayes the same, like her selfe: And when she collects her strength, is abler still. Men are decay'd, and studies: Shee is not.

I know Nothing can conduce more to letters, then to examine the writings of the Ancients, and not to rest in their sole Authority, or take all upon trust from them, provided the plagues of Judging, and Pronouncing against them, be away, such as are envy, bitterness, precipitation, impudence, and scurrile scoffing. For to all the observations of the Ancients, wee have our owne experience: which, if wee will use, and apply, wee have better meanes to pronounce. It is true they open'd the gates, and made the way that went before us, but as Guides, not Commanders: Non Domini nostri, sed Duces sumus. Truth lyes open to all; it is no mans severall. Patet omnibus veritas, nondum est occupata. Multum ex illâ, etiam futuris relicta est.

If in some things I dissent from others, whole Wit, Industry, Diligence, and Iudgement I looke up at, and admire: let me not therefore heare presently of Ingratitude, and Rashnesse. For I thanke those, that have taught me, and will ever: but yet dare not thinke the scope of their labour, and enquiry, was to envy their posterity, what they also could adde, and find out.

If I erre, pardon me: Nulla ars simul & inventa est, & absoluta. I doe not desire to be equall to those that went before, but to have my reason examin'd with theirs, and so much faith to be given them, or me, as those shall evict. I am neither Author, or Fautor of any sect. I will have no man addict himselfe to mee, but if I have any thing right, defend it as Truth's, not mine (save as it conduceth to a common good.) It profits not me to have any man fence, or fight for me, to flourish, or take a side. Stand for Truth, and 'tis enough.

Arts that respect the mind, were ever reputed nobler, then those that serve the body: though wee lesse can bee without them. As Tillage, Spinning, Weaving, Building, &c. without which, wee could scarce sustaine life a day. But these were the workes of every hand, the other of the braine only, and those the most generous, and exalted wits, and spirits that cannot rest, or acquiesce. The mind of man is still fed with labour: Opere pascitur.

There is a more secret Cause: and the power of liberall studies lyes more hid, then that it can bee wrought out by profane wits. It is not every mans way to hit. They are mea (I confesse) that set the Caraff, and Value upon things, as they love them; but Science is not every mans Mistress. It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done to a noble nature.

If divers men seeke Fame, or Honour, by divers wayes, so both bee honest,

honest, neither is to be blam'd: But they that seeke *Immortality*, are not onely worthy of leave, but of praise.

Hee hath a delicate Wife, a faire fortune, and family to goe to be well-cone; yet hee had rather be drunke with mine Host, and the Fiddlers of such a Towne, then goe home.

Affliction teacheth a wicked person sometime to pray: *Prosperity* never.

Many might goe to heaven with halfe the labour they goe to hell, if they would venture their industry the right way: But the Divell take all (quoth he) that was choak'd iⁿ the Mill-dam, with his foure last words in his mouth.

A Cripple in the way out-travels a Foot-man, or a Post out of the way.

Baggs of money to a prodigall person, are the same that Cherry-stones are with some boyes, and so throwne away.

A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more carelesse about her house.

Of this *Spilt water*, there is little to bee gathered up: it is a desperate debt.

The *Thiefe* that had a longing at the Gallowes to commit one Robbery more, before hee was hang'd.

And like the *German-Lord*, when hee went out of *New-gate* into the Cart, tooke order to have his *Armes* set up in his last Herborough: Said he was taken, and committed upon suspicion of Treason; no witness appearing against him: But the Judges intertain'd him most civilly, discourt'sd with him, offer'd him the court'sie of the racke; but he confessed, &c.

I am beholden to *Calumny*, that shee hath so endeavor'd, and taken paines to bely mee. It shall make mee set a surer Guard on my selfe, and keepe a better watch upon my *Actions*.

A *tedious* person is one a man would leape a steeple from; gallop down any steepe Hill to avoid him; forsake his meat, sleepe, nature it selfe, with all her benefits to shun him. A meere *Impertinent*: one that touch'd neither heaven nor earth in his discourse. Hee open'd an entry into a faire roome; but shut it againe presently. I spake to him of *Garlicke*, hee answered *Asparagus*: consulted him of marriage, hee tels mee of hanging; as if they went by one, and the same *Destiny*.

What a sight it is, to see *Writers* committed together by the eares, for *Ceremonies*, *Syllables*, *Points*, *Colons*, *Comma's*, *Hyphens*, and the like? fighting, as for their fires, and their Altars; and angry that none are frighted at their noyles, and loud brayings under their asses skins?

There is hope of getting a fortune without digging in these quarries. *Sed meliore in omne ingenio, animoq; quam fortuna, sum usus.*

Panque solum dasset: sed juvat ipse labor.

Was made out their severall expeditions then, for the discovery of *Truth*, to find out great and profitable *Knowledges*, had their severall instruments for the disquisition of Arts. Now there are certaine *Schools*, or *seminaries*, that are busie in the skirts, and out-sides of Learning, and

and have scarce any thing of solide literature to commend them. They may have some edging, or trimming of a Scholler, a welt, or so, but it is no more.

Imposture is a specious thing; yet never worse, then when it shines to *Imposture* be best, and to none discover'd sooner, then the simplest. For *Truth* and *Justice* are plaine, and open: but *Imposture* is ever sham'd of the light.

A *Puppet-play* must be liadow'd, and scene in the darke: For draw the Curtaine, *Et sordet gesticulatio.*

There is a great difference in the understanding of some Princes, as in the quality of their Ministers about them. Some would dresse their Masters in gold, pearle, and all true Jewels of Majesty: Others furnish them with feathers, bells, and ribbands; and are therefore esteem'd the fitter servants. But they are ever good men, that must make good the times: if the men be naught, the times will be such. *Finis expectandus est in unoquoq; hominum, animalium, ad mutationem promptissimo.*

It is a quick saying with the Spaniards: *Aries inter heredes non dividi.* Yet these have inherited their fathers lying, and they brag of it. Hee is an narrow-minded man, that affects a Triumph in any glorious study: but to triumph in a lye, and a lye themselves have forg'd, is frontlesse. *Folly* often goes beyond her bounds; but *Impudence* knows none.

Envy is no new thing, nor was it borne onely in our times. The Ages past have brought it forth, and the coming Ages will. So long as there are men fit for it, *quorum odium virtute relinquitur*, it will never be wanting. It is a barbarous envy, to rake from those mens virtues, which because thou canst not arrive at, thou impotently despaisest to imitate. Is it a crime in me that I know that, which others had not yet knowne, but from me? or that I am the Author of many things, which never would have come in thy thought, but that I taught them? It is a new, but a foolish way you have found out, that whom you cannot equall, or come neere in doing, you would destroy, or mine with evill speaking: As if you had bound both your wits, and natures prentises to slander, and then came forth the best Artificers, when you could forme the foulest calumnies.

Indeed, nothing is of more credit, or request now, then a petulant paper, or scolding verses; and it is but convenient to the times and manners wee live with; to have then the worst writings, and studies flourish, when the best begin to be despis'd. *Ill Arts* begin, where good end.

The time was, when men would learne, and study good things; not envie those that had them. Then men were had in price for learning: now, letters onely make men vile. Hee is upbraydingly call'd a *Poet*, as if it were a most contemptible *Nick-name*. But the *Professors* (indeed) have made the learning cheape. Rayling, and tynckling *Rimers*, whose Writings the vulgar more greedily reade; as being taken with the scurrility, and petulancie of such wits. Hee shall not have a Reader now, unlesse hee seere and lye. It is the food of mens natures: the diet of the times! *Gallants* cannot sleepe else. The Writer must lye, and the gentle Reader rests happy, to heare the worthiest workes mis-interpreted; the clearest actions obscured: the innocent'st life traduc'd. And in such a licence of lying, a field so fruitfull of slanders, how can there be matter wanting to his laughter? Hence comes the *Epidemicall* Infection. For how

how can they escape the contagion of the Writings, whom the virulency of the calumnies hath not stay'd off from reading.

*Sed nonnulli
malicia.*

Nothing doth more invire a greedy Reader, than an unlook'd for subject. And what more unlook'd for, than to see a person of an unblam'd life, made ridiculous, or odious, by the Artifice of lying: but it is the disease of the Age: and no wonder if the world, growing old, begin to be infirm: Old age it selfe is a disease. It is long since the sick world began to doate, and talk idly: Would she had but doated still; but her dotage is now broke forth into a madnesse, and become a meere phrensy.

*Alastor
malicia.*

This *Alastor*, who hath left nothing unsearch'd, or unassay'd, by his impudent, and licentious lying in his aguish writings (for he was in his cold quaking fit all the while:) what hath he done more, then a troublesome base curre: bark'd, and made a noyse a farre off: had a foole, or two to spie in his mouth, and cherish him with a musty bone: But they are rather enemies of my fame, then me, these Barkers.

*Adulter
discre.*

It is an Art to have so much judgement, as to apparel a Lye well, to give it a good dressing, that though the nakednesse would shew deform'd and odious, the suiting of it might draw their Readers. Some love any Strumpet (be she never so shop-like, or meritorious) in good clothes. But these nature could not have form'd them better, to destroy their owne testimony; and over-throw their calumny.

*Here say
newes.*

That an *Elephant*, 630. came hisher Ambassadour from the great *Mogull*, (who could both write and reade) and was every day allow'd twelve cast of bread, twenty Quarts of *Canary Sack*; besides Nuts and Almonds the Citizens wives sent him. That hee had a *Spanish Boy* to his Interpreter, and his chiefe negotiation was, to conferre or practise with *Archie*, the principall foole of *State*, about stealing hence *Windsor Castle*, and carrying it away on his back if he can.

*Lingua
pennit.*

A wise tongue should not be licentious, and wandring; but mov'd, and (as it were) govern'd with certaine raines from the heart, and bottome of the brest: and it was excellently said of that Philosopher, that there was a Wall, or Parapet of teeth set in our mouth, to restrain the petulancy of our words: that the rashnesse of talking should not only be retarded by the guard, and watch of our heart, but be fenced in, and defended by certaine strengths, placed in the mouth it selfe, and within the lips. But you shall see some, so abound with words without any seasoning or taste of matter, in so profound a security, as while they are speaking, for the most part, they confesse to speake they know not what.

*Potius
quam lo-
quentis.*

Of the two (if either were to bee wisht) I would rather have a plaine downe right wisdom, then a foolish and affected eloquence. For what is so furious, and *Bel'lem* like, as a vaine sound of chosen and excellent words, without any subject of sentence, or science mix'd?

Optanda.

Whom the disease of talking still once possesseth, hee can never hold his peace. Nay, rather then hee will nor discourse, hee will hire men to heare him. And so heard, nor hearken'd unto, hee comes off most times like a *Mountebanke*, that when hee hath prais'd his med'cines, finds none will take them, or trust him. Hee is like *Homer's Theristes*.

*Theristes
Homeri.*

A'p'ur

Ἀμετρονίως Ἀκριβομένως: speaking without judgement, or measure.

Loquax magis, quam facundus.

Satis loquentia, sapientia parum.

Πλούσιος τῶν ῥημάτων ἢ ἀκριβοῦς τῶν ἁριστῶν.

Ποικίλος πλεῖον ἢ χάρις κατὰ μέτρον ἰσότης.

Optimus est homini lingua thesaurus, & ingens.

Gratia, quæ parca mensura singula verbis.

Salust.

Hesiodus.

Ulysses in *Homer*, is made a long thinking man, before hee speaks; and *Homer's Epaminondas* is celebrated by *Pindar*, to be a man, that though he knew *Ulysses* much, yet hee spoke but little. *Democritus*, when on the Bench he was long silent, and said nothing; one asking him, if it were folly in him, or want of language: hee answer'd: *A foole could never hold his peace.* For too much talking is ever the *Indice* of a foole.

Dum tacet indoctus, poterit cordatus haberi;

Is morbos animi namq; tacendo tegit.

tarchi.

Vid. Zenxi-

dis p'it.

form. ad

Megobizum

Plutarch.

Nor is that worthy speech of *Zeno* the Philosopher to be past over, without the note of ignorance: who being invited to a feast in *Athens*, where a great Princes Ambassadors were entertain'd, and was the onely person had said nothing at the table; one of them with courtesie asked him, What shall we returne from thee, *Zeno*, to the Prince our Master, if hee aske us of thee? Nothing, he replyed, more, but that you found an old man in *Athens*, that knew to be silent amongst his cups. It was nere a Miracle, to see an old man silent, since talking is the disease of Age: but amongst cups makes it fully a wonder.

It was wittily said upon one that was taken for a great, and grave man, so long as hee held his peace: This man might have beene a Counsellor of *State* till he spoke: But having spoken, not the Beadle of the Ward *Ἐφημερία*. *Pythag. quam laudabilis!* *ἡλικιωτὴς ἀπὸ τῶν ἀλλοτρῶν κρατεῖ, τοιοῦτος ἐπιμεινός.* *Lingua cohibe, præ aliis omnibus, ad Deorum exemplum, * Digito edmo-*

Argute d.

clamo.

Vide Apo-

leium.

** Juvenal.*

Acutius

cernuntur

vitia, quam

virtutes.

Plantus.

Trin. All.

2. Scen. 6.

Sim. Mart.

lib. 1. ep. 85.

There is almost no man, but hee sees clearer, and sharper, the vices in a speaker, then the virtues. And there are many, that with more ease, will find fault with what is spoken foolishly, then that can give allowance to wherein you are wise silently. The treasure of a foole is alwayes in his tongue (said the witty comick Poet) and it appears not in any thing more, then in that nation; whereof one when hee had got the inheritance of an unlucky old *Grange*, would needs sell it; and to draw buyers, proclaim'd, the virtues of it. *Nothing* ever thriv'd on it (saith he.) *No owner* of it, ever dyed in his bed; some hung, some drown'd themselves; some were banisht, some starv'd; the trees were all blasted; the Swyne dyed of the *Measles*, the Cattell of the *Murren*, the Sheepe of the *Rot*; they that stood, were ragg'd, bare, and bald as your hand; nothing was ever rear'd there; not a Duckling, or a Goose. *Hospitium fuerat calamitatis.* Was not this man like to sell it?

Expectation of the *Vulgar* is more drawne, and held with newnesse, then goodnesse; wee see it in *Fencers*, in *Players*, in *Poets*, in *Preachers*, in all; where *Fame* promisseth any thing; so it be new, though never so naught; and depraved, they run to it, and are taken. Which shewes, that the only decay, or hurt of the best mens reputation with the people, is, their wis-

Vulgi expe-

ctatio.

hæve

N

have out-liv'd the peoples palats. They have beene too much, or too long a feast.

*Chelae
Pavida.*

Greatnesse of name in the Father, oft times helpe not forth, but o'rewhelmes the Sonne: they stand too neere one another. The shadow kills the growth, so much, that wee see the Grand-child come more, and oftner to be the heire of the first, then doth the second: He dies betwene, the Possession is the third.

*Eloquens
via.*

Eloquence is a great, and diverse thing: Nor did he yet ever favour any man so much, as to become wholly his. Hee is happy, that can arrive to any degree of her grace. Yet there are, who prove themselves Masters of her, and absolute Lords: but I beleeve, they may mistake their evidence: For it is one thing to be eloquent in the Schooles, or in the Hall; another at the Barre, or in the Pulpit. There is a difference betwene Mooting, and Pleading; betwene Fencing, and Fighting. To make Arguments in my Study, and confute them is easie; where I answer my selfe, not an Adversary. So, I can see whole volumes dispatch'd by the umbraticall Doctors on all sides: But draw these forth into the just lists, let them appeare *sub dia*, and they are chang'd with the place, like bodies bred in the shade; they cannot suffer the Sunne, or a Showre; nor beare the open Ayre: they scarce can find themselves, that they were wont to domineere so among their Auditors: but indeed I would no more chuse a Rhetorician, for reigning in a Schoole, then I would a Pilot, for rowing in a Pond.

*Amor, et
odium.*

Love, that is ignorant, and Hatred have almost the same ends: many foolish Lovers with the same to their friends, which their enemies would: As to with a friend banish'd, that they might accompany him in exile: or some great want, that they might relieve him: or a disease, that they might sit by him. They make a *Causway* to their countrey by Injury; as if it were not honest to do nothing, then to seek a way to doe good by a *Mischief*.

Injuria.

Injuries doe not extinguish courtesies: they only suffer them not to appeare faire. For a man that doth me an injury after a courtesie, takes not away the courtesie, but defaces it: As he that writes other verses upon my verses, takes not away the first Letters, but hides them.

Beneficia.

Nothing is a courtesie, unlesse it be meant us; and that friendly, and lovingly. Wee owe no thanks to Rivers, that they carry our boats; or Winds, that they be favouring, and fill our sayles; or meats, that they be nourishing. For these are, what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, Trees shade us; but they know it not. It is true, some man may receive a Courtesie, and not know it; but never any man received it from him, that knew it not. Many men have beene cur'd of diseases by Accidents; but they were not Remedies. I my selfe have knowne one help'd of an Ague, by falling into a water; another whip'd out of a Fever: but no man would ever use these for med'cines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguisheth the courtesie from wrong. My Adversary may offend the Judge with his pride, and impertinences, and I win my cause: but he meant it not me, as a Courtesie. I scap'd Pyrexia, by being ship-wrack'd, was the wrack a benefit therefore? No: The doing of Courtesies aright, is the mixing of the respects for his owne sake, and for mine. He that doth them meerly for his owne sake, is like one that seeth his Catell to sell them: he hath his Horse well dress'd for Smithfield. The

The price of many things is farre above, what they are bought and sold for. Life, and Health, which are both inestimable, we have of the Physician: As Learning, and Knowledge, the true tillage of the mind, from our Schoole-masters. But the fees of the one, or the salary of the other, never answer the value of what we received; but serv'd to gratifie their labours.

Memory of all the powers of the mind, is the most delicate, and fraile: it is the first of our faculties, that Age invades. Seneca, the father, the Rhetorician, confesseth of himselfe, hee had a miraculous one; not only to receive, but to hold. I my selfe could in my youth, have repeated all, that ever I had made; and so continued, till I was past fortie: Since, it is much decay'd in me. Yet I can repeat whole books that I have read, and Poems, of some selected friends. which I have lik'd to charge my memory with. It was wont to be faithfull to me, but shaken with age now, and sloath (which weakens the strongest abilities) it may performe somewhat, but cannot promise much. By exercise it is to be made better, and serviceable. Whatsoever I pawn'd with it, while I was young, and a boy, it offers me readily, and without stops: but what I trust to it now, or have done of later years, it layes up more negligently, and often times loses; so that I receive mine owne (though frequently call'd for) as if it were new; and borrow'd. Nor doe I alwayes find presently from it, what I doe seek; but while I am doing another thing, that I labour'd for, will come: And what I sought with trouble, will offer it selfe, when I am quiet. Now in some men I have found it as happy as nature, who, whatsoever they read, or pen, they can say without booke presently, as if they did then write in their mind. And it is more a wonder in such, as have a swift stile, for their memories are commonly slowest; such as torture their writings, and go into counsell for every word, must needs fixe somewhat, and make it their owne at last, though but through their owne vexation.

Suffrages in Parliament are numbred, not weigh'd: nor can it be otherwise in those publike Councils, where nothing is so unequall, as the equality: for there, how odde soever mens braines, or wisdomes are, their power is alwayes even, and the same.

Some Actions be they never so beautifull, and generous, are often obscured by base, and vile mis-constructions; either out of envy, or ill nature, that judgeth of others, as of it selfe. Nay, the times are so wholly growne, to be either partiall, or malicious, that, if hee be a friend, all fits well about him; his very vices shall be vertues: if an enemy, or of the contrary faction; nothing is good, or tolerable in him: insomuch, that wee care not to discredit, and shame our judgements, to sooth our passions.

Man is read in his face: God in his creatures; but not as the Philosopher, the creature of glory reads him: But, as the Divine, the servant of humilitie: yet even hee must take care, not to be too curious. For to utter Truth of God (but as hee thinkes onely) may be dangerous; who is best knowne, by our not knowing. Some things of him, so much as hee hath revealed, or commanded, it is not only lawfull, but necessary for us to know: for therein our ignorance was the first cause of our wickednesse.

Truth is mans proper good; and the onely immortal thing, was given to our mortality to use. No good Christian, or Ethnick, if he be honest, can use.

can misse it: no *States-man*, or *Patriot* should. For without truth all the Actions of man-kind, are craft, malice, or what you will, rather than *Wisdom*. *Homer* sayes, hee hates him worse then hell-mouth, that utters one thing with his tongue, and keepes another in his brest. Which high expression was grounded on divine Reason. For a lying mouth is a sinking pit, and murders with the contagion it venteth. Beside, nothing is lasting that is fain'd; it will have another face then it had, ere long: As *Euripides* saith, *No lye ever grows old*.

*Nullum
in unum sine
persecutione.*

It is strange, there should be no vice without his patronage, that (when wee have no other excuse) wee will say, wee love it; wee cannot forsake it: as if that made it not more a fault. Wee cannot, because wee thinke wee cannot: and wee love it, because wee will defend it. Wee will rather excuse it, then be rid of it. That wee cannot, is pretended, but that wee will not, is the true reason. How many have I knowne, that would not have their vices hid? Nay, and to bee noted, live like *Antipodes*, to others in the same *Citie*; never see the Sunne rise, or set, in so many yeares; but be as they were watching a Corps by Torch-light, would not sinne the common way; but held that a kind of *Rusticity*; they would doe it new, or contrary, for the infamy? They were ambitious of living backward, and at last arrived at that, as they would love nothing but the vices, not the virtuous customes. It was impossible to reforme these natures; they were dry'd, and hardned in their ill. They may say, they desir'd to leave it, but doe not trust them: and they may thinke they desir'd it, but they may lye for all that; they are a little angry with their follies, now and then, marry they come into grace with them againe quickly. They will confesse, they are offended with their manner of living: like enough, who is not? When they can put me in security, that they are more then offended; that they hate it: then Ile hearken to them; and, perhaps, beleevethem: But many now a dayes, love and hate their ill together.

*De viti
Argutia.*

I doe heare them say often: Some men are not witty; because they are not every where witty; then which nothing is more foolish. If an eye or a nose be an excellent part in the face, therefore be all eye or nose? I thinke the eye-brow, the fore-head, the cheek, chyn, lip, or any part else, are as necessary, and naturall in the place. But now nothing is good that is naturall: Right and naturall language seeme to have least of the wit in it, that which is writh'd and tortur'd, is counted the more exquisite. Cloath of Bodkin, or Tissue, must be imbroidered; as if no face were faire, that were not pouldred, or painted: No beauty to be had, but in wrestling, and writhing our owne tongue: Nothing is fashionable, till it be deform'd; and this is to write like a *Gentleman*. All must bee as affected, and preposterous as our Gallants clothes, sweet bags, and night-dressings: in which you would thinke our men lay in, like *Ladies*: it is so curious.

*Confutatio
Patrii.*

Nothing in our Age, I have observ'd, is more preposterous, then the running Judgements upon Poetry, and Poets; when wee shall heare those things commended, and cry'd up for the best writings, which a man would scarce vouchsafe, to wrap any wholesome drug in; hee would never light his Tobacco with them. And those men almost nam'd for *Miracles*, who yet are so vile, that if a man should goe about, to examine, and correct

correct them, hee must make all they have done, but one blot. Their good is so intangled with their bad, as forcibly one must draw on the others death with it. A Sponge dipt in lake will doe all:

Comitatus punica librum

Spongia.

Et paulo post,

Non possum multa, una litura potest.

*Moria
epig. 10.*

Yet their vices have not hurt them: Nay, a great many they have profited; for they have beene lov'd for nothing else. And this false opinion growes strong against the best men: if once it take root with the *Ignorant*. *Cestius* in his time, was preferr'd to *Cicero*; so farre, as the *Ignorant* durst. They learn'd him without booke, and had him often in their mouths: But a man cannot imagine that thing so foolish, or rude, but will find, and enjoy an Admirer; at least, a Reader, or *Spectator*. The Puppets are scene now in despite of the Players: *Heath's Epigrams*, and *Heath's Skullers Poems* have their applause. There are never wanting, that dare *Taylor*, preferre the worst *Preachers*, the worst *Pleaders*, the worst *Poets*: not that the better have left to write, or speake better, but that they that heare them judge worse; *Non illi prius dicunt, sed hi corruptius judicant*. Nay, if it were put to the question of the Water-rimers workes, against *Spencers*, I doubt not, but they would find more *Suffrages*; because *Spencer*, the most favour common vices, out of a Prerogative the vulgar have, to lose their judgements; and like that which is naught.

Poetry in this latter Age, hath prov'd but a meane *Mistresse*, to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her; or given their names up to her family. They who have but saluted her on the by; and now and then tendred their visits, shee hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their owne professions (both the *Law*, and the *Gospel*) beyond all they could have hoped, or done for themselves, without her favour. Wherein she doth emulate the judicious, but preposterous bounty of the times *Grandes*: who accumulate all they can upon the *Parasite*, or *Fresh-man* in their friendship; but thinke an old Client, or honest servant, bound by his place to write, and starve.

Indeed, the multitude commend Writers, as they doe Fencers; or Wrestlers; who if they come in robustiously, and put for it, with a deale of violence, are received for the *braver-fellows*: when many times their owne rudenesse is a cause of their disgrace; and a slight touch of their Adversary, gives all that boisterous force the foyle. But in these things, the unskilfull are naturally deceiv'd, and judging wholly by the bulke, thinke rude things greater then polish'd; and scatter'd more numerous, then compos'd: Nor thinke this only to be true in the sordid multitude but the neater sort of our *Gallants*: for all are the multitude; only they differ in cloaths, not in judgement or understanding.

I remember, the Players have often mentioned it as an honour to *Shakespeare*, that in his writing, (whatsoever he penn'd) hee never blotted out a line. My answer hath beene, would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by,

De Shake-

peare

line

My answer

they thought

their friend

by,

by, wherein he most faulted. And to justifie mine owne candor; (for I lov'd the man, and doe honour his memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any.) Hee was (indeed) honest, and of an open, and free nature: had an excellent Phantasie; brave notions, and gentle expressions: wherein hee flow'd with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd: *Suffraginandus erat*; as *Augustus* said of *Haterius*. His wit was in his owne power; would the rule of it had beene so too. Many times hee fell into those things, could not escape laughter: As when hee said in the person of *Caesar*, one speaking to him; *Caesar thou dost me wrong*. Hee replyed: *Caesar did never wrong, but with just cause*: and such like, which were ridiculous. But hee redeemed his vices, with his vertues. There was ever more in him to be prayd, then to be pardoned.

Ingenium discriminat.
Not. 1. In the difference of wits, I have observ'd, there are many notes: And it is a little Maistry to know them: to discern, what every nature, every disposition will beare: For, before wee sow our land, we should plough it. There are no fewer formes of minds, then of bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible; and therefore wee must search. Some are fit to make *Divines*, some *Poets*, some *Lawyers*, some *Physicians*; some to be sent to the plough, and trades.

There is no doctrine will doe good, where nature is wanting. Some wits are swelling, and high; others low and still: Some hot and fiery; others cold and dull: One must have a bridle, the other a spur.

Not. 2. There be some that are forward, and bold; and these will doe every little thing easily: I meane that is hard by, and next them; which they will utter, unretarded without any shamefastnesse. These never performe much, but quickly. They are, what they are on the sudden; they shew presently like *Graine*, that scatter'd on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the eare empty. They are wits of good promise at first, but there is an *Ingeni-stium*: They stand still at sixtene, they get no higher.

* A wit-stand.
Not. 3. You have others, that labour onely to ostentation; and are ever more busie about the colours, and surface of a worke, then in the matter, and foundation: For that is hid, the other is seene.

Not. 4. Others, that in composition are nothing, but what is rough, and broken: *Qua per salebras, altaq; saxa cadunt*. And if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that stile were more strong and manly, that stroke the eare with a kind of unevenesse. These men erre not by chance, but knowingly, and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves, have some singularity in a Ruffe, Cloake, or Hat-band; or their beards, specially cut to provoke beholders, and set a marke upon themselves. They would be reprehended, while they are look'd on. And this vice, one that is in authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to be imitated: so that oft-times the faults which he fell into, the others seeke for: This is the danger, when vice becomes a *Precedent*.

Not. 5. Others there are, that have no composition at all; but a kind of tuncing, and riming fall, in what they vwrite. It runs and slides, and onely makes a sound. *Womens-Poets* they are call'd: as you have *womens-Taylers*.

They

*They write averse, as smooth, as soft, as creame;
In which there is no torrent, nor scarce streame.*

You may sound these wits, and find the depth of them, with your middle finger. They are *Cream-bowls*, or but puddle deepe.

Some that turne over all bookes, and are equally searching in all papers, that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice; by which meanes it happens, that what they have discredited, and impugned in one worke, they have before, or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the *Essayists*, even their Master *Montaigne*. These in all they write, confesse still what bookes they have read last; and therein their owne folly, so much, that they bring it to the *Stake raw*, and undigested: not that the place did need it neither; but that they thought themselves furnished, and would vent it.

Some againe, who (after they have got authority, or, which is lesse, opinion, by their writings, to have read much) dare presently to faine whole bookes, and Authors, and lye safely. For what never was, will not easily be found; not by the most curious.

And some, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false veneration of their owne *naturals*, thinke to divert the sagacity of their Readers from themselves, and coole the sent of their owne fox-like thefts; when yet they are so ranke, as a man may find whole pages together usurp'd from one Author. Their necessities compelling them to read for present use, which could not be in many books, and so come forth more ridiculously, and palpably guilty, then those, who because they cannot trace, they yet would slander their industry.

But the Wretcheder are the obstinate contempters of all helpe, and Arts: such as presuming on their owne *Naturals* (which perhaps are excellent) dare deride all diligence, and seeme to mock at the termes, when they understand not the things; thinking that way to get off wittily, with their Ignorance. These are imitated often by such, as are their Peeres in negligence, though they cannot be in nature: And they utter all they can thinke, with a kind of violence, and indisposition; unexamind, without relation, either to person, place, or any fitnessse else; and the more wilfull, and stubborne, they are in it, the more learned they are esteem'd of the multitude, through their excellent vice of Judgement: Who thinke those things the stronger, that have no Art: as if to breake, were better then to open; or to rent asunder, gentler then to loose.

It cannot but come to passe, that these men, who commonly seeke to doe more then enough, may sometimes happen on some thing that is good, and great; but very seldome: And when it comes, it doth not recompence the rest of their ill. For their jests, and their sentences (which they onely, and ambitiously seeke for) sticke out, and are more eminent; because all is (ordid, and vile about them; as lights are more discern'd in a thick darkenesse, then a faint shadow. Now because they speake all they can (how ever unfitly) they are thought to have the greater copy; Where the learned use ever election, and a meane; they looke back to what they intended at first, and make all an even, and proportion'd body. The true Artificer will not run away from nature, as these were

were afraid of her; or depart from life, and the likeness of Truth; but speake to the capacity of his hearers. And though his language differ from the vulgar somewhat; it shall not fly from all humanity; with the *Tamerlanes*, and *Tamer-Chams* of the late Age, which had nothing in them but the *senicall* strutting, and furious vociferation; to warrane them to the ignorant gapers. Hee knowes it is his onely Art, so to carry it, as none but Artificers perceive it. In the meane time perhaps hee is call'd barren, dull, leane, a poore Writer (or by what contumelious word can come in their cheeks) by these men, who without labour, judgement, knowledge, or almost sense, are received, or prefer'd before him. He gratulates them, and their fortune. An other Age, or juster men, will acknowledge the vertues of his studies; his wisdom, in dividing; his subtilty, in arguing: with what strength hee doth inspire his Readers, with what sweetness hee strokes them: in inveighing, what sharpenesse; in jest, what urbanity hee uses. How he doth raigine in mens affections; how invade, and breake in upon them; and makes their minds like the thing he writes. Then in his Elocution to behold, what word is proper: which hath ornament: which height: what is beautifully translated: where figures are fit: which gentle, which strong to shew the composition *Manly*. And how hee hath avoyded faint, obscure, obscene, sordid, humble, improper, or effeminate *Phrase*; which is not only prais'd of the most, but commended, (which is worse) especially for that it is naught.

*Ignorantia
emiga.*

I know no disease of the *Soule*, but *Ignorance*; not of the Arts, and Sciences, but of it selfe: Yet relating to those, it is a pernicious *evill*: the darkner of mans life: the disturber of his *Reason*, and common Confounder of *Truth*: with which a man goes groping in the darke, no otherwise, then if hee were blind. Great understandings are most wrack'd and troubled with it: Nay, sometimes they will rather choose to dye, then not to know the things they study for. Thinke then what an *evill* it is; and what good the contrary.

Scientia.

Knowledge is the action of the *Soule*; and is perfect without the *senses*, as having the seeds of all *Science*, and *Vertue* in its selfe; but not without the service of the *senses*: by those Organs, the *Soule* works: She is a perpetuall Agent, prompt and subtile; but often flexible; and erring; intangling her selfe like a *Silke-worme*: But her *Reason* is a weapon with two edges, and cuts through. In her Indagations oft-times new Sents put her by; and shee takes in errors into her; by the same conduits she doth *Truths*.

Otium.

Ease, and relaxation, are profitable to all studies. The mind is like a Bow, the stronger by being unbent. But the temper in Spirits is all, when to command a mans wit; when to favour it. I have knowne a man vehement on both sides; that knew no meane, either to intermit his studies, or call upon them againe. When hee hath set himselfe to writing, hee would joyne night to day; presse upon himselfe without release, nor minding it, till hee fainted: and when hee left off, resolve himselfe into all sports, and loosenesse againe; that it was almost a despair to draw him to his booke: But once got to it, hee grew stronger, and more earnest by the ease. His whole Powers were renew'd: he would worke out of himselfe, what hee desired; but with such excessse, as his study

Studium.

study could not bee iuld: hee knew not how to dispose his owne *Abili-Sunderum*. ties, or husband them, hee was of that immoderate power against himselfe. Nor was hee only a strong, but an absolute *Speaker*, and *Writer*: but his subtilty did not shew it selfe; his judgement thought that a vice. For the ambush hunts more that is hid. Hee never forc'd his language, nor went out of the high way of *speaking*; but for some great necessity, or apparent profit. For hee denied *Figures* to be invented for ornament, but for ayde; and still thought it an extreme madnesse to bend, or wrest that which ought to be right.

It is no *Wonder*, mens eminence appeares but in their owne way. *Et scilicet* *Virgils* felicity left him in prose, as *Tullies* forsooke him in verse. *Salustius* *novus* *Vir*. Orations are read in the honour of *Story*: yet the most eloquent *Plato's* *gil* *Tally*. speech, which he made for *Socrates*, is neither worthy or the *Patron*, or the *Salust*. *Person* defended. Nay, in the same kind of *Oratory*, and where the matter *Plato*. is one, you shall have him that reasons strongly, open negligently; another that prepares well, not fit so well: and this happens, not onely to braines, but to bodies. One can wrastle well; another runne well; a third leape, or throw the barre; a fourth lift, or stop a Cart going: Each hath his way of strength. So in other creatures, some dogs are for the Deere: some for the wild Boare: some are Fox-hounds: some Otter-hounds. Nor are all horses for the Coach, or Saddle; some are for the Cart, and Panniers.

I have knowne many excellent men, that would speake suddenly, to the *De claris* admiration of their hearers; who upon study, and premeditation have *Oratoribus* beene forsaken by their owne wits; and no way answered their fame: Their eloquence was greater, then their reading: and the things they uttered, better then those they knew. Their fortune deserved better of them, then their care. For men of present spirits, and of greater wits, then study, doe please more in the things they invent, then in those they bring. And I have heard some of them compell'd to speake, out of necessity, that have so infinitely exceeded themselves, as it was better, both for them, and their Auditory, that they were so surpriz'd, not prepar'd. Nor was it safe then to crosse them, for their adversary, their anger made them more eloquent. Yet these men I could not but love, and admire, that they return'd to their studies. They left not diligence (as many doe) when their rashnesse prosper'd. For diligence is a great ayde, even to an indifferent wit; when wee are not contented with the examples of our owne Age, but would know the face of the former. Indeed, the more wee conferre with, the more wee profit by, if the persons be chosen.

One, though hee be excellent, and the chiefe, is not to be imitated *Dominus* alone. For never no Imitator, ever grew up to his *Author*; likeness is *Verulamius* alwayes on this side *Truth*: Yet there hapn'd, in my time, one noble *Speaker*, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, (where hee could spare, or passe by a jest) was nobly *ensorious*. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffer'd lesse emptinesse, lesse idlenesse, in what hee utter'd. No member of his speech, but consisted of the owne graces: His hearers could not cough, or looke aside from him, without losse. Hee commanded where hee spoke; and had his Judges angry, and pleased at his devotion. No man had their

affections more in his power. The feare of every man that heard him, was, lest hee should make an end.

Cicero is said to be the only wit, that the people of *Rome* had equall'd to their Empire, *Ingenium par imperio*. We have had many, and in their severall Ages, (to take in but the former *Seculum*.) *Sir Thomas Moore*, the elder *Wiat*, *Henry*, Earle of *Surrey*, *Chaloner*, *Smith*, *Cliot*, *B. Gardiner*, were for their times admirable: and the more, because they began Eloquence with us. *Sir Nico. Bacon*, was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of *Queene Elizabeths* times. *Sir Philip Sidney*, and *Mr. Hooker* (in different matter) grew great Masters of wit, and language, and in whom all vigour of Invention, and strength of judgement met. The Earle of *Essex*, noble and high; and *Sir Walter Rawleigh*, nor to be contented, either for judgement, or stile. *Sir Henry Savile* grave, and truly letter'd; *Sir Edwin Sander*, excellent in both: *Lo: Egerton*, the Chancellor, a grave, and great Orator; and best, when hee was provok'd. But his learned, and able (though unfortunate) Successor is he, who hath fill'd up all numbers; and perform'd that in our tongue, which may be compar'd, or prefer'd, either to insolent *Greece*, or haughty *Rome*. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits borne, that could honour a language, or helpe study. Now things daily fall: wits grow downe-ward, and Eloquence growes back-ward: So that hee may be nam'd, and stand as the mark, and axis of our language.

I have ever observ'd it, to have beene the office of a wise Patriot, among the greatest affaires of the State, to take care of the Common-wealth of Learning. For Schooles, they are the Seminaries of State: and nothing is worthier the study of a Statel-man, then that part of the Republicke, which wee call the advancement of Letters. Witness the care of *Julius Caesar*, who in the heat of the civill warre, writ his bookes of *Analogue*, and dedicated them to *Tully*. This made the late Lord *S. Albane*, entitle his worke, *novum Organum*. Which though by the most of superficial men, who cannot get beyond the Title of *Nominals*, it is not penetrated, nor understood: it really openeth all defects of Learning, whatsoever; and is a Booke.

Qui longum noto scriptori porriget avum.

My conceit of his Person was never increased toward him, by his place, or honours. But I have, and doe reverence him for the greatness, that was onely proper to himselfe, in that hee seem'd to mee ever, by his worke one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had beene in many Ages. In his adversity I ever pray'd, that *God* would give him strength: for Greatnesse hee could not want. Neither could I condole in a word, or syllable for him; as knowing no Accident could doe harme to vertue; but rather helpe to make it manifest.

There cannot be one colour of the mind; an other of the wit. If the mind be staid, grave, and compos'd; the wit is so, that vitiated, the other is blowne, and deslow'd. Doe wee not see, if the mind languish, the members are dull? Look upon an effeminate person: his very gate confesseth him. If a man be fiery, his motion is so: if angry, 'tis troubled, and violent. So that wee may conclude: Wheresoever, manners, and

and fashions are corrupted, Language is. It imitates the publique spirit. The excesses of Feasts, and apparell, are the notes of a sick State, and the wantonnesse of language, of a sick mind.

If wee would consider, what our affaires are indeed; not what they are call'd, wee should find more evils belong us, then happen to us. How often doth that, which was call'd a calamity, prove the beginning, and cause of a mans happinesse? And on the contrary: that which happned, or came to an other with great gratulation, and applaus, how it hath lifted him, but a step higher to his ruine! As, if hee stood before, where hee might fall safely.

The vulgar are commonly ill-natur'd, and alwayes grudging against their Governours: which makes, that a Prince has more busines, and trouble with them, then ever *Heracles* had with the Bull, or any other beast: by how much they have more heads, then will be rein'd with one bridle. There was not that variety of beasts in the Arke, as is of beastly natures in the multitude; especially when they come to that iniquity, to censure their Sovereigns actions. Then all the Counsels are made good, or bad by the events. And it falleth out, that the same facts receive from them the names; now of diligence, now, of vanity; now of Majesty, now of fury: where they ought wholly to hang on his mouth, as hee to consist of himselfe; and not others counsels.

After *God*, nothing is to be lov'd of man like the Prince: He violates nature, that doth it not with his whole heart. For when hee hath put on the care of the publike good, and common safety, I am a wretch, and put of man, if I doe not reverence, and honour him: in whose charge all things divine and humane are plac'd. Doe but aske of nature, why all living creatures are lesse delighted with meat, and drinke, that sustaines them, then with *Venus*, that wastes them. And she will tell thee, the first respects but a private, the other, a common good, Propagation.

Hee is the Arbitrator of life, and death: when hee finds no other subject for his mercy, hee should spare himselfe. All his punishments are rather to correct, then to destroy. Why are prayers with *Orpheus* said hymn, to be the daughters of *Jupiter*; but that Princes are thereby admonished, that the petitions of the wretched, ought to have more weight with them, then the Lawes themselves.

It was a great accusation to his Majesties deserved prayse, that men might openly visit, and pity those, whom his greatest prisons had at any time received, or his Lawes condemned.

Wise, is rather the Attribute of a Prince, then learned, or good. The learned man profits others, rather then himselfe: the good man, rather himselfe then others: But the Prince commands others, and doth himselfe. The wise *Licurgus* gave no Law, but what himselfe kept. *Sylla*, and *Lyfander*, did not so: the one living, extremely dissolute himselfe, enforced frugality by the Lawes: the other permitted those Licences to others, which himselfe abstained from. But the Princes Prudence is his chiefe Art, and safety. In his Counsels, and deliberations hee foresees the future times. In the equity of his judgement, hee hath remembrance of the past, and knowledge of what is to be done, or avoyded for the present. Hence the *Persians* gave out their *Cyrus*, to have beene nurs'd by a Bitch, a creature to encounter it: as of sagacity to keeke out good, shewing

shewing that *Wisdom* may accompany fortitude, or it leaveth to be, and puts on the name of *Rashnesse*.

De maligne Auditione. There be some men are borne only to sucke out the poyson of bookes: *Habent venenum pro victu: imò, pro deliciis.* And such are they that only relish the obscene, and foule things in *Poets*: Which makes the profession taxed. But by whom? men, that watch for it, (and had they not had this hint) are so unjust valuers of Letters; as they thinke no Learning good, but what brings in gaine. It shewes they themselves would never have bene of the professions they are; but for the profits and fees. But, if an other Learning, well used, can instruct to good life, inform manners; no lesse perswade, and leade men, then they threaten, and compell, and have no reward, is it therefore the worse study? I could never thinke the study of *Wisdom* confin'd only to the Philosopher: or of *Poetry* to the Divine: or of *State* to the Politicke. But that he which can faigne a *Common-wealth* (which is the *Poet*) can gowne it with *Counsels*, strengthen it with *Laues*, correct it with *Judgements*, informe it with *Religion*, and *Morals*, is all these. Wee doe not require in him meeke *Elocution*; or an excellent faculty in verse; but the exact knowledge of all vertues; and their Contraries; with ability to render the one lov'd, the other hated, by his proper embattaling them. The Philosophers did insolently, to challenge only to themselves that which the greatest *Generals*, and gravest *Counsellors* never durst. For such had rather doe, then promise the best things.

Controvers. Scriptores. Some *Controversers* in Divinity are like Swaggerers in a Taverne, that catch that which stands next them; the candlestick, or pots; turne every thing into a weapon: oft times they fight blind-fold; and both beate the Ayre. The one milkes a Hee-goat, the other holds under a Sive. Their Arguments are as fluxive as liquor spilt upon a Table; which with your finger you may draine as you will. Such *Controversies*, or *Disputations*, (carried with more labour, then profit) are odious: where most times the Truth is lost in the midst, or left untouch'd. And the fruit of their fight is; that they spit one upon another, and are both defil'd. These Fencers in Religion, I like not.

Morbi. The Body hath certaine diseases, that are with lesse evill tolerated, then remov'd. As if to cure a *Leprosie*, a man should bathe himselfe with the warme blood of a murdered Child: So in the Church, some errors may be dissimuled with lesse inconvenience, then can be discover'd.

Instantia intemperantiæ. Men that talke of their owne benefits, are not beleev'd to talke of them, because they have done them: but to have done them, because they might talke of them. That which had bene great, if another had reported it of them, vanisheth; and is nothing, if hee that did it speake of it. For men, when they cannot destroy the deed, will yet be glad to take advantage of the boasting, and lessen it.

Adulatio. I have seene, that *Poverty* makes men doe unfit things; but honest men should not doe them: they should gaine otherwise. Though a man bee hungry, hee should not play the Parasite. That houre, wherein I would repent me to be honest: there were wayes enow open for me to be rich. But *Flattery* is a fine Pick-lock of tender cares: especially of those, whom fortune hath borne high upon their wings, that submit their dignity, and authority to it, by a soothing of themselves. For indeed men could never

never be taken, in that abundance, with the Sprindges of others *Flattery*, if they began not there; if they did but remember, how much more profitable the bitterness of *Truth* were, then all the honey distilling from a whorish voice, which is not praise, but poyson. But now it is come to that extreme folly, or rather madness with some: that he that flatters them modestly, or sparingly, is thought to maligne them. If their friend consent not to their vices, though hee doe not contradict them; hee is neverthelesse an enemy. When they doe all things the worst way, even then they looke for praise. Nay, they will hire fellows to flatter them with suites, and suppers, and to prostitute their judgements. They have *Livery-friends*, friends of the dish, and of the *Spir*, that waite their turnes, as my Lord has his feasts, and guests.

I have considered, our whole life is like a *Play*: Wherein every man forgetfull of himselfe, is in travaile with expression of another. Nay, wee so insilt in imitating others, as wee cannot (when it is necessary) returne to our selves: like Children, that imitate the vices of *Stammerers* so long, till at last they become such; and make the habit to another nature, as it is never forgotten.

Good men are the Stars the Planets of the Ages wherein they live, *De piis &* and illustrate the times. God did never let them be wanting to the world: *probia.* As *Abel*, for an example, of Innocency; *Enoch* of Purity, *Noah* of Trust in Gods mercies, *Abraham* of Faith, and so of the rest. These sensuall men thought mad, because they would not be partakers, or practisers of their madness. But they plac'd high on the top of all vertue, look'd downe on the Stage of the world, and contemned the Play of *Fortune*. For though the most be Players, some must be *Spectators*.

I have discovered, that a fain'd familiarity in great ones, is a note of *Mores An-* certaine usurpation on the lesse. For great and popular men, faigne them- *lici.* selves to bee servants to others, to make those slaves to them. So the Fisher provides baits for the Trowte, Roch, Dace, &c. that they may be food to him.

The Complaint of *Caligula*, was most wicked, of the condition of his *Impiorum* times: when hee said; They were not famous by any publike calamity, *quærela.* as the reigne of *Augustus* was, by the defeat of *Varrus*, and the *Legions*; *Augustus.* and that of *Tiberius*, by the falling of the Theater at *Tidene*: whilst his *Varrus.* oblivion was eminent, through the prosperity of his affaires. As that other voice of his, was worthier a head-man, then a head; when hee wished the people of *Rome* had but one neck. But hee found (when he fell) they had many hands. A Tyranne; how great and mighty soever hee may seeme to Cowards and Sluggards, is but one creature, one *Animal.*

I have mark'd among the *Nobility*, some are so addicted to the service of *Nobilitate* the Prince, and *Common-wealth*, as they looke not for spoyle; such are *Ingenia.* to be honour'd, and lov'd. There are others, which no obligation will fasten on; and they are of two sorts. The first are such as love their owne ease: or, out of vice, of nature, or selfe-direction, avoide busines and care. Yet, these the Prince may use with safety. The other remove themselves upon craft, and designe (as the *Architects* say) with a premeditated thought to their owne, rather then their Princes profit. Such let the Prince take heed of, and not doubt to reckon in the List of his open enemies.

There

Principes There is a great variation betwene him, that is rais'd to the Sovereignty, by the favour of his Peeres; and him that comes to it by the suffrage of the people. The first holds with more difficulty; because hee hath to doe with many, that thinke themselves his equals; and rais'd him for their owne greatnesse, and oppression of the rest. The latter hath no up-branders; but was rais'd by them, that sought to be defended from oppression: whose end is both the easier, and the honestest to satisfie. Besides, while he hath the people to friend, who are a multitude, he hath the lesse feare of the Nobility, who are but few. Nor let the common Proverbe of (Hee that builds on the people, builds on the dirt) discredit my opinion: For that hath only place, where an ambitious, and private person, for some popular end, trusts in them against the publike Justice, and Magistrate. There they will leave him. But when a Prince governs them, so as they have still need of his Administration (for that is his Art) hee shall ever make, and hold them faithfull.

Clementia A Prince should exercise his cruelty, not by himselfe, but by his Ministers: so hee may save himselfe, and his dignity with his people, by sacrificing those, when he list, saith the great Doctor of State, *Macchiavell*. But I say, he puts off man, and goes into a beast, that is cruell. No vertue is a Princes owne; or becomes him more, then this *Clemency*: And no glory is greater, then to be able to save with his power. Many punishments sometimes, and in some cases as much discredit a Prince, as many Funerals a Physician. The state of things is secur'd by Clemency; Severity represseth a few, but it irritates more. * The lopping of trees makes the boughes shoote out thicker; And the taking away of some kind of enemies, increaseth the number. It is then, most gracious in a Prince to pardon, when many about him would make him cruell; to thinke then, how much he can save; when others tell him, how much he can destroy: not to consider, what the impotence of others hath demolish'd; but what his owne greatnesse can sustaine. There are a Princes vertues; And they that give him other counsels, are but the Hangmans Factors.

*Hand in-
funda est in
Principe,
ut si laqueo
sub se ver-
tas - Nec
pollat in
conamine
bonum cal-
lore.* Hee that is cruell to halves, (saith the said St. *Nicolas*) looseth no lesse the opportunity of his cruelty, then of his benefits: For then to use his cruelty, is too late; and to use his favours will be interpreted feare and necessity; and so hee looseth the thanks. Still the counsell is cruelty. But Princes by harkning to cruell counsels, become in time obnoxious to the Authors, their Flatterers, and Ministers; and are brought to that, that when they would, they dare not change them: they must goe on, and defend cruelty with cruelty: they cannot alter the Habit. It is then growne necessary, they must be as ill, as those have made them: And in the end, they will grow more hatefull to themselves, then to their Subjects. Whereas, on the contrary, the mercifull Prince is safe in love, not in feare. Hee needs no Emissaries, Spies, Intelligencers, to intrap true Subjects. Hee feares no Libels, no Treasons. His people speake, what they thinke; and talke openly, what they doe in secret. They have nothing in their breasts, that they need a Cipher for. He is guarded with his owne benefits.

*Religio. Pal-
adium Ho-
mum.* The strength of Empire is in Religion. What else is the *Palladium*, (with *Homer*) that kept *Troy* so long from sacking? Nothing more commends the Sovereigne to the Subject, then it. For hee that is religious, must

must be mercifull and just necessarily. And they are too strong ties upon mankind. Justice is the vertue, that *Innocence* rejoyceth in. Yet even that is not alwayes so safe; but it may love to stand in the sight of mercy. For sometimes misfortune is made a crime, and then *Innocence* is succor'd, no lesse then vertue. Nay, often times vertue is made Capitall: and through the condition of the times, it may happen, that that may be punish'd with our praise. Let no man therefore murmur at the Actions of the Prince, who is plac'd so farre above him. If hee offend, he hath his Discoverer. God hath a height beyond him. But where the Prince is good, *Euripides* saith: God is a Guest in a humane body.

Euripides There is nothing with some Princes sacred above their Majesty; or *Tyranni*, prophane, but what violates their Scepters. But a Prince with such Counsell, is like the *God Terminus*, of Stone, his owne Land-marke; or (as it is in the Fable) a crowned Lyon. It is dangerous offending such an one; who being angry, knowes not how to forgive. That cares not to doe any thing, for maintaining, or enlarging of Empire; kills not men, or Subjects; but destroyeth whole Countries, Armies, mankind, male, and female; guilty or not guilty, holy or prophane: Yea, some that have not seene the light. All is under the Law of their spoyle, and licence. But Princes that neglect their proper office thus, their fortune is often times to draw a *Scianus*, to be neere about him; who will at last affect to get above him, and put them in a worthy feare, of rooting both them out, and their family. For no men hate an evill Prince more, then they, that help'd to make him such. And none more boastingly, weepe his ruine, then they, that procur'd and practis'd it. The same path leads to ruine, which did to rule, when men professe a Licence in governing. A good King is a publike Servant.

Illustrius A Prince without Letters, is a Pilot without eyes. All his Government is groping. In Sovereignty it is a most happy thing, not to be compelled; *Principe*, but so it is the most miserable not to be counsell'd. And how can he be counsell'd that cannot see to read the best Counsellors (which are books.) For they neither flatter us, nor hide from us: Hee may heare, you will say. But how shall he alwayes be sure to heare Truth: or be counsell'd the best things, not the sweetest? They say Princes learne no it truly, but the Art of Horse-manship. The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer. Hee will throw a Prince, as soone, as his Groome. Which is an Argument, that the good Counsellors to Princes are the best instruments of a good Age. For though the Prince himselfe be of most prompt inclination to to all vertue: Yet the best Pilots have need of Mariners, beside Sayles, Anchor, and other Tackle.

Chouillet If men did know, what shining fetters, guilded miseries, and painted happinesse, Thrones and Scepters were. There would not bee so frequent strife about the getting, or holding of them. There would be more *Principalities*, then Princes. For a Prince is the Pastor of the people. Hee ought to sheere, not to flea his sheepe; to take their fleeces, not their fells. Who were his enemies before, being a private man, become his children, now hee is publike. Hee is the soule of the Commonwealth; and ought to cherish it, as his owne body. *Alexander* the Great was wont to say: Hee hated that Gardiner, that pluck'd his herbes, & *Alexander* flowers up by the roots. A man may milke a beast, till the blood come: *Churne* *magnus*.

Churne milke, and it yeeldeth butter: but wring the nose, and the blood followeth. Hee is an ill Prince, that so puls his Subjects feathers, as hee would not have them grow againe: that makes his *Exchequer* a receipt for the spoyle of those hee governs. No, let him keepe his owne, not affect his Subjects: strive rather to be call'd just, then powerfull. Not, like the *Romans Tyrants*, affect the Surnames that grow by humane slaughters: Neither to seeke warre in peace, or peace in warre; but to observe faith given, though to an Enemy. Study Piety toward the Subject: Shew care to defend him. Bee slow to punish in diverse cases; but be a sharpe, and severe Revenger of open crimes. Breake no decrees, or dissolve no orders, to slacken the strength of Lawes. Choose neither Magistrates *civill*, or *Ecclesiastick*, by favour, or Price: but with long disquisition, and report of their worth, by all Suffrages. Sell no honours, nor give them hastily; but bestow them with counsell, and for reward; If hee doe acknowledge it, (though late) and mend it. For Princes are easie to be deceiv'd. And what wisdom can escape it; where so many Court-*Arts* are studied? But above all, the Prince is to remember, that when the great day of Account comes, which neither Magistrate, nor Prince can shunne, there will be requir'd of him a reckoning for those, whom hee hath trusted; as for himselfe, which hee must provide. And if Piety be wanting in the Priests, Equity in the Judges, or the Magistrate be found rated at a price; what Justice or Religion is to be expected? which are the only two Attributes make Kings a kinne to Gods; and is the *Delphick* sword, both to kill Sacrifices, and to chastise offenders.

De Gratioso. When a vertuous man is rais'd, it brings gladnesse to his friends: grieve to his enemies, and glory to his Posterity. Nay his honours are a great part of the honour of the times: when by this meanes he is growne to active men, an example; to the sloathfull, a spur; to the envious, a Punishment.

Divites. Hee, which is sole heire to many rich men, having (beside his Fathers, and Vncles) the states of diverse his kindred come to him by accession; must needs bee richer then Father, or *Gran-father*: So they which are left heires *ex Affe*, of all their Ancestors vices; and by their good husbandry improve the old, and daily purchase new, must needs be wealthier in vice, and have a greater revenue, or stock of ill to spend on.

Fures Publici. The great thieves of a State are lightly the officers of the Crowne; they hang the lesse still; play the Pikes in the Pond; eat whom they list. The Net was never spread for the Hawke or Buzzard that hurtus, but the harmlesse birds, they are good meate.

Twonaliu. Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.

Plautus. Nonne Accipitri tenditur, neq; milvus.

Lewis xl. But they are not alwayes safe, though especially, when they meet with wise Masters. They can take downe all the huffe, and swelling of their looks; and like dexterous Auditors, place the Counter, where he shall value nothing. Let them but remember *Lewis* the eleventh, who to a Clarke of the *Exchequer*, that came to be Lord *Treasurer*, and had (for his device) represented himselfe sitting upon fortunes wheele: told him, hee might

might doe well to fasten it with a good strong nayle, lest turning about, it might bring him, where hee was againe. As indeed it did.

A good man will avoide the spot of any sinne. The very asperion is *De bonis et malis.* grievous: which makes him choose his way in his life, as hee would in his journey. The ill-man rides through all confidently; hee is coated, and booted for it. The oftner hee offends, the more openly; and the fowler, the fitter in fashion. His modesty like a riding Coat, the more it is worne, is the lesse car'd for. It is good enough for the dirt still; and the wayes he travels in. An Innocent man needs no Eloquence: his Innocence is in stead of it: else I had never come off so many times from these *De Innocentiâ.* Precipices, whether mens malice hath pursued me. It is true, I have beene accus'd to the Lords, to the King; and by great ones: but it hap'ned my accusers had not thought of the Accusation with themselves; and so were driven for want of crimes, to use invention, which was found slander: or too late, (being entred so farre) to seeke starting holes for their rashnesse, which were not given them. And then they may thinke, what accusation that was like to prove, when they, that were the Ingineers, fear'd to be the Authors. Nor were they content, to faine things against mee, but to urge things fain'd by the Ignorant, against my profession; which though from their hired, and mercenary impudence, I might have past by, as granted to a Nation of Barkers, that let out their tongues to lick others sores; yet I durst not leave my selfe undefended, having a paire of eares unskillfull to heare lyes; or have those things said of me, which I could truly prove of them. They objected, making of verses to me, when I could object to most of them, their not being able to reade them, but as worthy of scorne. Nay, they would offer to urge mine owne Writings against me; but by pieces, (which was an excellent way of malice) as if any mans Context, might not seeme dangerous, and offensive, if that which was knit, to what went before, were defrauded of his beginning; or that things by themselves utter'd, might not seeme subject to Calumnie, which read entire, would appeare most free. At last they upbraided my poverty; I confesse, shee is my Domestick; sober of diet, simple of habit; frugall, painefull; a good Counsellor to me; that keepes me from Cruelty, Pride, or other more delicate impertinences; which are the Nurse-children of Riches. But let them looke over all the great, and monstrous wickednesse, they shall never find those in poore families. They are the issue of the wealthy Giants, and the mighty Hunters: Whereas no great worke, or worthy of praise, or memory, but came out of poore cradles. It was the ancient poverty, that founded Common-weales; built Cities, invented Arts, made wholesome Lawes; armed men against vices; rewarded them with their owne vertues; and preserv'd the honour, and state of Nations, till they betray'd themselves to Riches.

Money never made any man rich, but his mind. He that can order himselfe to the Law of nature, is not onely without the sense, but the feare of *Amor proprii.* poverty. O! but to strike blind the people with our wealth, and pompe, is the thing! what a wretchednesse is this, to thrust all our riches outward, and be beggars within: to contemplate nothing, but the little, vile, and sordid things of the world; not the great, noble, and pretious: wee serve our avarice, and not content with the good of the Earth, that

Is offer'd us, wee search, and digge for the evill that is hidden. God offer'd us those things, and plac'd them at hand, and neere us, that hee knew were profitable for us, but the hurtfull hee laid deepe, and hid. Yet doe wee seeke onely the things, whereby wee may perish, and bring them forth, when God and nature hath buried them. Wee covet superfluous things, when it were more honour for us, if wee could contemne necessary. What need hath nature of silver dishes, multitudes of Waiters, delicate Pages, perfum'd Napkins? She requires meat only, and hunger is not ambitious. Can wee thinke no wealth enough, but such a state, for which a man may be brought into a *Præmunire*, beg'd, proscrib'd, or poyson'd? O! if a man could restrain the fury of his guller, and groyne, and thinke how many fires, how many kitchins, Cookes, Pastures, and plough'd Lands, what Orchards, Stewes, Ponds, and Parkes, Coupes, and Garners he could spare: What Velvets, Tissues, Imbroderies, Laces he could lacke, and then how short, and uncertaine his life is. Hee were in a better way to happinesse, then to live the Emperour of these delights, and be the Dictator of fashions? But wee make our selves slaves to our pleasures, and wee serve *Fame*, and Ambition, which is an equall slavery. Have not I seen the pompe of a whole Kingdome, and what a forraigne King could bring hither. Also to make himselfe gaz'd, and wonder'd at, laid forth as it were to the shew, and vanish all away in a day? And shall that which could not fill the expectation of few houres, entertaine, and take up our whole lives? when even it appear'd as superfluous to the Possessors, as to me that was a Spectator. The bravery was shewne, it was not possess'd while it boasted it selfe, it perish'd. It is vile, and a poor thing to place our happinesse on these desires. Say we wanted them all, *Famine ends famine*.

De mollibus & effeminatis.

There is nothing valiant, or solid to be hop'd for from such, as are alwayes kempt, and perfum'd, and every day smell of the Taylor. The exceedingly curious, that are wholly in mending such an imperfection in the face, in taking away the Morpew in the neck, or bleaching their hands at Mid-night, gumming, and bridling their beards, or making the waste small, binding it with hoopcs, while the mind runs at waste: Too much pickednesse is not manly. Not from those that will jeast at their owne outward imperfections, but hide their ulcers within, their Pride, Lust, Envie, ill nature, with all the art and authority they can. These persons are in danger, For whilst they thinke to justify their ignorance by impudence, and their persons by clothes, and outward ornaments, they use but a Commission to deceive themselves. Where, if wee will looke with our understanding, and not our senses, wee may behold vertue, and beauty, (though cover'd with rags) in their brightnesse, and vice, and deformity so much the fowler, in having all the splendor of riches to guild them, or the false light of honour and power to helpe them. Yet this is that, wherewith the world is taken, and runs mad to gaze on: Clothes and Titles, the Birdlime of Fools.

De stultitia.

What petty things they are, wee wonder at: like children, that esteeme every trifle, and preferre a *Pairing* before their Fathers: what difference is betweene us, and them? but that we are dearer Fooles, Cockfoombes, at a higher rate? They are pleas'd with Cockleshells, Whistles, Hobby-horses, and such like: wee with Stames, marble Pillars,

Pillars, Pictures, gilded Roofes, where under-neath is Lath, and Lyme, perhaps Lome. Yet, wee take pleasure in the lye, and are glad, wee can couse our selves. Nor is it onely in our wals, and feelings, but all that wee call happinesse, is meere painting, and guilt: and all for money: what a thinne Membrane of honour that is? and how hath all true reputation false, since money began to have any? yet the great heard, the multitude, that in all other things are divided, in this alone conspire, and agree: To love money. They wish for it, they embrace it, they adore it, while yet it is posselt with greater stirre, and torment, then it is gotten.

Some men, what losses soever they have, they make them greater: *De sibi mori* and if they have none, even all, that is not gotten, is a losse. *Canlelia.* there be creatures of more wretched condition, then these; that continually labour under their owne misery, and others envie? A man should study other things, not to cover, not to feare, not to repent him: To make his Base such, as no Tempest shall shake him: to be secure of all opinion, and pleasing to himselfe, even for that, wherein he displeaseth others. For the worst opinion gotten for doing well, should delight us: would't not thou be just, but for fame, thou ought'st to beir with infamy: Hee that would have his vertue published, is not the servant of vertue, but glory.

It is a dangerous thing, when mens minds come to sojourn with *Periculosa* their affections, and their diseases eate into their strength: that when *Melancholia.* too much desire, and greedinesse of vice, hath made the body unfit, or unprofitable; it is yet gladded with the sight, and spectacle of it in others: and for want of ability to be an Actor, is content to be a Witnesse. It enjoys the pleasure of sinning, in beholding others sinne; as in Dicing, Drinking, Drabbing, &c. Nay, when it cannot doe all these, it is offended with his owne narrownesse, that excludes it from the universall delights of Man-kind; and oft times dies of a *Melancholy*, that it cannot be vicious enough.

I am glad, when I see any man avoid the infamy of a vice, but to shun *Falsa species fugiens* the vice it selfe were better. Till hee doe that, he is but like the *Prentise*, who being loth to be spied by his Master, comming forth of *Black-Locks*, went in againe, to whom his Master cried, the more thou runnest that way to hide thy selfe, the more thou art in the Place. So are those, that keepe a Taverne all day, that they may not be scene at night. I have knowne *Lawyers*, *Divines*, yea, great ones of this Heresy.

There is a greater Reverence had of things remote, or strangetous, *Decipimus* then of much better, if they be neerer, and fall under our sense. Men, *Species.* and almost all sort of creatures, have their reputation by distance. Rivers, the farther they runne, and more from their spring, the broader, they are, and greater. And where our originall is knowne, we are the lesse confident: Among strangers wee trust fortune. Yet a man may live as renown'd at home, in his owne countrey, or a private Village, as in the whole world. For it is vertue that gives glory: That will endurize a man every where. It is onely that can naturalize him. A native, if hee be vicious, deserves to be a stranger, and cast out of the Common-wealth, as an Alien.

De Poet. Plutarch. A dejected countenance, and meane clothes, beget often a contempt; but it is with the shallowest creatures: *Courtiers* commonly looke up even with them in a new suite; you get above 'hem streight. Nothing is more short-liv'd then Pride: It is but while their clothes last; stay but while these are worne out, you cannot wish the thing more wretched, or dejected.

De Poet. Plutarch. *Poetry*, and *Picture*, are Arts of a like nature; and both are busie about imitation. It was excellently said of *Plutarch*, *Poetry* was a speaking *Picture*, and *Picture* a mute *Poetic*. For they both invent, faine, and devise many things, and accommodate all they invent to the use, and service of nature. Yet of the two, the Pen is more noble, then the Pencill. For that can speake to the Understanding; the other, but to the Sense. They both behold pleasure, and profit, as their common Object; but should abstaine from all base pleasures, lest they should erre from their end: and while they seeke to better mens minds, destroy their manners. They both are borne *Artificers*, not made. Nature is more powerfull in them then study.

De Poet. Plutarch. *Whoever* loves not *Picture*, is injurious to Truth: and all the wisdom of *Poetry*. *Picture* is the invention of Heaven: the most ancient, and most a kinne to Nature. It is it selfe a silent worke: and alwayes of one and the same habit: Yet it doth so enter, and penetrate the inmost affection (being done by an excellent Artificer) as sometimes it overcomes the power of speech, and oratory. There are diverse graces in it, so are there in the Artificers. One excels in care, another in reason, a third in easinesse, a fourth in nature and grace. Some have diligence, and comelinesse: but they want Majesty. They can expresse a humane forme in all the graces, sweetnesse, and elegancy; but they misse the Authority. They can hit nothing but smooth cheeks; they cannot expresse roughnesse, or gravity. Others aspire to Truth so much, as they are rather Lovers of likenesse, then beauty. *Zeuxis*, and *Parrhasius*, are said to be contemporaries: The first, found out the reason of lights, and shadowes in *Picture*: the other, more subtilly examined the lines.

De Hylo. Pliny. In *Picture*, light is requir'd no lesse then shadow: so in stile, height, as well as humblenesse. But beware they be not too humble; as *Pliny* pronounc'd of *Regulus* writings. You would thinke them written, not on a child, but by a child. Many, out of their owne obscene Apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words, as *occipie*, *nature*, and the like: So the curious industry in some of having all alike good, hath come neerer a vice, then a vertue.

De progress. Plutarch. *Picture* tooke her faining from *Poetry*: from *Geometry* her rule, compass, lines, proportion, and the whole *Symmetry*. *Parrhasius* was the first whoe reputation, by adding *Symmetry* to *Picture*: hee added subtilty to the countenance, elegancy to the haire, love-lines to the face; and, by the publike voice of all Artificers, deserved honour in the outer lines.

Eupompus. *Eupompus* gave it splendor by numbers, and other elegancies. From the *Opticks* it drew reasons; by which it considered, how things plac'd at distance, and a farte off, should appeare lesse: how above, or beneath the head, should deceive the eye, &c. So from thence it tooke shadowes, recesses, light, and heightnings. From morall *Philosophy* it tooke the soule, the expression of Senses, Perturbations, Manners, when they would

would paint an angry person, a proud, an inconstant, an ambitious, a brave, a magnanimous, a just, a mercifull, a compassionate, an humble, a dejected, a base, and the like. They made all heightnings bright, all shadowes darke, all swellings from a plane, all solids from breaking. See where he complaines of their painting *Chimera's*, by the vulgar unaptly called *Grottesque*: Saying, that men who were borne truly to study, and emulate nature, did nothing but make monsters against nature, which a *Horace* so laugh at. The Art *Plastique* was moulding in clay, or potters earth anciently. This is the Parent of *Statuary* sculpture, *Graving* and *Picture*, cutting in brasse, and marble, all serve under her. *Socrates* taught *Parrhasius*, and *Clio* (two noble Statuaries) first to expresse manners by their looks in Imagery. *Polygnotus*, and *Aglaophon* were ancienter. After them *Zeuxis*, who was the Law-giver to all Painters: after *Parrhasius*. They were contemporaries, and liv'd both about *philips* time, the Father of *Alexander* the Great. There liv'd in this latter Age six famous Painters in *Italy*: who were excellent, and emulous of the Ancients: *Raphael de Urbino*, *Michel Angelo Buonarota*, *Titian*, *Antonie of Correggio*, *Sebastian of Venice*, *Julio Romano*, and *Andrea Sartorio*.

These are Flatterers for their bread, that praise all my oraculous Lord do's or sayes, be it true or false: invent tales that shall please: make baits for his Lordships eares: and if they be not receiv'd in what they offer at, they shift a point of the Compass, and turne their tale presently tacker about; deny what they confest, and confesse what they denied; fit their discourse to the persons, and occasions. What they snatch up, and devoure at one table, utter at another: and grow suspected of the Master, hated of the servants, while they inquire, and reprehend, and compound, and delate busines of the house they have nothing to doe with: They praise my Lords wine, and the sauce he likes; observe the Cooke, and Bottle-man, while they stand in my Lords favour, speake for a pension for them: but pound them to dust upon my Lords least distaste, or change of his palate.

How much better is it, to bee silent; or at least, to speake sparingly! For it is not enough to speake good, but timely things. If a man be asked a question, to answer, but to repeat the Question, before hee answer, is well, that hee be sure to understand it, to avoid absurdity. For it is lesse dishonour, to heare imperfectly, then to speake imperfectly. The eares are excus'd, the understanding is not. And in things unknown to a man, not to give his opinion, lest by affectation of knowing too much, hee loseth the credit hee hath by speaking, or knowing the wrong way, what hee utters. Not seeke to get his Patrons favour, by imbarcking himselfe in the Factions of the Family: to inquire after domesticke similitudes, their sports, or affections. They are an odious, and vile kind of creatures, that fly about the house all day; and picking up the filth of the house, like Pies or Swallowes, carry it to their nest (the Lords eares) and oftentimes report the lyes they have fain'd, for what they have seene and heard.

These are call'd instruments of grace, and power, with great persons; but they are indeed the Organs of their impotencie, and markes of weakness. For sufficient Lords are able to make these Discoveries themselves. Neither will an honourable person inquire, who eats, and drinks

drinks together, what that man playes, whom this man loves; with whom such a one walkes; what discourse they held, who sleepest, with whom. They are base, and servile natures, that busie themselves about these disquisitions. How often have I scene, (and worthily) these Censors of the family, undertaken by some honest *Rustick*, and cudgel'd thriftilly? These are commonly the off-scouring, and dregs of men, that doe these things, or caluminate others: Yet I know not truly which is worse; hee that malignes all, or that praises all. There is as great a vice in praising, and as frequent, as in detracting.

It pleas'd your Lordship of late, to aske my opinion, touching the education of your sonnes, and especially to the advancement of their studies. To which, though I return'd somewhat for the present; which rather manifested a will in me, then gave any just resolution to the thing propounded: I have upon better cogitation call'd those ayds about mee, both of mind, and memory; which shall venter my thoughts clearer, if not fuller, to your Lordships demand. I confesse, my Lord, they will seeme but petty, and minute things I shall offer to you, being writ for children, and of them. But studies have their Infancie, as well as creatures. Wee see in men, even the strongest compositions had their beginnings from milke, and the Cradle; and the wisest tarried sometimes about apring their mouthes to Letters, and syllables. In their education therefore, the care must be the greater had of their beginnings, to know, examine, and weigh their natures; which though they bee proner in some children to some disciplines; yet are they naturally prompt to taste all by degrees, and with change. For change is a kind of refreshing in studies, and infuseth knowledge by way of recreation. Thence the Schoole it selfe is call'd a Play, or Game: and all Letters are so best taught to Schollers. They should not be afrighted, or deterr'd in their Entry, but drawne on with exercise, and emulation. A youth should not be made to hate study, before hee know the causes to love it: or taste the bitterneesse before the sweet; but call'd on, and allur'd, intreated, and praised: Yea, when hee deserves it not. For which cause I wish them sent to the best schoole, and a publike; which I thinke the best. Your Lordship I feare hardly heares of that, as willing to breed them in your eye, and at home; and doubting their manners may bee corrupted abroad. They are in more danger in your owne Family, among ill servants, (allowing, they be safe in their Schoole-Master) then amongst a thousand boyes, however immodest: would wee did not spoyle our owne children, and overthrow their manners our selves by too much Indulgence. To breed them at home, is to breed them in a shade; where in a schoole they have the light, and heate of the Sunne. They are us'd, and accustom'd to things, and men. When they come forth into the Common-wealth, they find nothing new, or to seeke. They have made their friendships and ayds; some to last till their Age. They heare what is commanded to others, as well as themselves. Much approv'd, much corrected; all which they bring to their owne store, and use; and learne as much, as they heare. *Eloquence* would be but a poore thing, if wee should onely converse with singulars; speake, but man and man together. Therefore I like no private breeding. I would send them where their industry should be daily increas'd by praise; and that

kindled

kindled by emulation. It is a good thing to inflame the mind. And though Ambition it selfe be a vice; it is often the cause of great vertue. Give me that wit, whom praise excites, glory puts on, or disgrace grieves: hee is to bee nourish'd with Ambition; prick'd forward with Honour; check'd with Reprehension; and never to bee suspected of sloath. Though hee be given to play, it is a signe of spirit, and liveliness; so there be a meane had of their sports, and relaxations. And from the rodde, or ferule, I would have them free; as from the menace of them: for it is both deformed, and servile.

For a man to write well, there are required three Necessaries. To *De Hyllo, et* read the best Authors, observe the best Speakers: and much exercise *optimo* of his owne style. In style to consider, what ought to be written; and *scribendis ge-* after what manner; Hee must first thinke, and excogitate his matter; *mera.* then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing, and ranking both matter, and words, that the composition be comely; and to doe this with diligence, and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be labour'd, and accurate; seeke the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits, or first words, that offer themselves to us, but judge of what wee invent; and order what wee approve. Repeat often, what wee have formerly written, which beside, that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heate of imagination, that often cooles in the time of setting downe, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier, by the going back. As wee see in the contention of leaping, they jumpe farthest, that fetch their race largest: or, as in throwing a Dart, or Javelin, wee force back our armes, to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a faire gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sayle, so the favour of the gale deceive us not. For all that wee invent doth please us in the conception, or birth; else we would never set it downe. But the safest is to returne to our Judgement, and handle over againe those things, the easinesse of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best Writers in their beginnings; they impos'd upon themselves care, and industry. They did nothing rashly. They obtain'd first to write well, and then custome made it easie, and a habit. By little and little, their matters shew'd it selfe to hem more plentifully; their words answer'd, their composition followed, and all, as in a well-order'd family, presented it selfe in the place. So that the summe of all is: Ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing: Yet when wee thinke wee have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it: as to give a Horse a check sometimes with bit, which doth not so much stop his course, as stirre his mettle. Againe, whether a mans *Geni* is best able to reach thither, it should more and more contend, lift and dilate it selfe, as men of low stature, raise themselves on their toes; and so oft times get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able Writers to stand of themselves, and worke with their owne strength, to trust and endeavour by their owne faculties: so it is fit for the beginner, and learner, to study others, and the best. For the mind, and memory are more sharply exercis'd in comprehending an other mans things, then our owne; and such as accustome themselves, and are familiar with the best Authors, shall ever and anon find somewhat of them

them in themselves, and in the expression of their minds, even when they feele it not, be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an Authority above their owne. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a mans study, the praise of quoting an other man fitly: And though a man be more prone, and able for one kind of writing, then another, yet hee must exercise all. For as in an Instrument, so in style, there must be a Harmonie, and consent of parts.

Precepti
mali.

I take this labour in teaching others, that they should not be alwayes to bee taught, and I would bring my Precepts into practise. For rules are ever of lesse force, and vales, then experiments. Yet with this purpose, rather to shew the right way to those that come after, then to detect any that have slipt before by error, and I hope it will bee more profitable. For men doe more willingly listen, and with more favour to precept, then reprehension. Among diverse opinions of an Art, and most of them contrary in themselves, it is hard to make election; and therefore, though a man cannot invent new things after so many, he may doe a welcome worke yet to helpe posterity to judge rightly of the old. But Arts and Precepts avails nothing, except nature be beneficiall, and ayding. And therefore these things are no more written to a dull disposition, then rules of husbandry to a barren Soyle. No precepts will profit a Foole; no more then beauty will the blind, or musicke the deafe. As wee should take care, that our style in writing, be neither dry, nor empty: wee should looke againe it be not winding, or wanton with far-fetched-descriptions; Either is a vice. But that is worse which proceeds out of want, then that which riots out of plenty. The remedy of fruitfulness is easie, but no labour will helpe the contrary; I will like, and praise some things in a young Writer; which yet if hee continue in, I cannot, but justly hate him for the same. There is a time to bee given all things for maturity; and that even your Countrey-husband-man can teach; who to a young plant will not put the proyning knife, because it seemes to feare the iron, as not able to admit the scarre. No more would I tell a greene Writer all his faults, lest I should make him grieve and faint, and at last despaire. For nothing doth more hurt, then to make him so afraid of all things, as hee can endeavour nothing. Therefore youth ought to be instructed betimes, and in the best things: for we hold those longest, wee take soonest. As the first sent of a Vessell lasts; and that tinct the wooll first receives. Therefore a Master should temper his owne powers, and descend to the others infirmity. If you powre a glut of water upon a Bottle, it receives little of it; but with a Funnell, and by degrees, you shall fill many of them, and spill little of your owne; to their capacity they will all receive, and be full. And as it is fit to reade the best Authors to youth first, so let them be of the openest, and clearest. As *Livy* before *Salust*, *Sydney* before *Donne*: and beware of letting them taste *Gower*, or *Chaucer* at first, lest falling too much in love with Antiquity, and not apprehending the weight, they grow rough and barren in language onely. When their judgements are firme, and out of danger, let them reade both, the old and the new: but no lesse take heed, that their new flowers, and sweetness doe not as much corrupt, as the others driness, and squallor, if they choose not carefully. *Spencer*, in affecting the Ancients writ no Language: Yet I would have

Livy.
Salust.
Sydney.
Donne.
Gower.
Chaucer.

Spencer.

him

him read for his matter; but as *Virgil* read *Ennius*. The reading of *Virgil*, *Ennius*, *Homer* and *Virgil* is counsell'd by *Quintilian*, as the best way of informing youth, and confirming man. For besides that, the mind is rais'd with the height, and sublimity of such a verse, it takes spirit from the greatnesse of the matter, and is tinct with the best things. *Tragicke*, and *Liricke* Poetry is good too: and *Comicke* with the best, if the manners of the Reader be once in safety. In the *Greeke* Poets, as also in *Plautus*, wee shall see the Oeconomy, and disposition of *Poems*; better observed then in *Terence*, and the later: who thought the sole grace, and vertue of their Fable, the sticking in of sentences, as ours doe the forcing in of jests.

Wee should not protect our sloath with the patronage of difficulty. It is a false quarrell against nature, that shee helpe understanding; but in a few, when the most part of mankind are inclin'd by her thither, if they would take the paines; no lesse then birds to fly, horses to run, &c. Which if they lose, it is through their owne sluggishnesse, and by that meanes become her prodigies, not her children. I confesse, nature in children is more patient of labour in study, then in Age; for the sense of the paine, the judgement of the labour is absent, they doe not measure what they have done. And it is the thought, and consideration, that affects us more, then the wearinesse it selfe. *Plato* was not content with the Learning, that *Athens* could give him, but sail'd into *Italy* for *Pythagoras*'s knowledge: And yet not thinking himselfe sufficiently inform'd, went into *Egypt* to the Priests, and learned their mysteries. Hee labour'd, so must wee. Many things may be learn'd together, and perform'd in one point of time; as Musicians exercise their memory, their voice, their fingers, and sometime their head, and feet at once. And so a Preacher in the invention of matter, election of words, composition of gesture, looke, pronounciation, motion, useth all these faculties at once. And if wee can expresse this variety together, why should not diverse studies, at diverse houres delight, when the variety is able alone to refresh, and repaire us? As when a man is weary of writing, to reade; and then againe of reading, to write. Wherein, howsoever wee doe many things, yet are wee (in a sort) still fresh to what wee begin: wee are recreated with change, as the stomacke is with meats. But some will say, this variety breeds confusion, and makes, that either wee loose all, or hold no more then the last. Why doe wee not then perswade husbandmen, that they should not till Land, helpe it with Marle, Lyme, and Compost: plant Hop-gardens, prune trees, looke to Bee-hives, reare sheepe, and all other Cattell at once? It is easier to doe many things, and continue, then to doe one thing long.

It is not the passing through these Learnings that hurts us, but the dwelling and sticking about them. To descend to those extreame anxieties, and foolish cavils of *Grammarians*, is able to breake a wit in pieces; being a worke of manifold misery, and vainenesse, to bee *Elementarij senes*. Yet even Letters are as if were the Banke of words, and restore themselves to an Author, as the pawns of Language: But talking and Eloquence are not the same: to speake, and to speake well, are two things. A foole may talke, but a wise man speakes, and out of the observation, knowledge, and use of things. Many Writers perplex their

Readers,

Præcepti
Elementarij.

Readers, and Hearers with mere *Non-sense*. Their writings need sunshine. Pure and neat Language I love, yet plaine and customary. A barbarous Phrase hath often made mee out of love with a good sense; and doubtfull writing hath wrackt mee beyond my patience. The reason why a Poet is said, that hee ought to have all knowledges, is that hee should not be ignorant of the most, especially of those hee will handle. And indeed when the attaining of them is possible, it were a sluggish, and base thing to despaire. For frequent imitation of any thing, becomes a habit quickly. If a man should prosecute as much, as could be said of every thing; his worke would find no end.

De oratione dignitate.

Speech is the only benefit man hath to expresse his excellencie of mind above other creatures. It is the Instrument of Society. Therefore Mercury, who is the President of Language, is called *Deorum hominumq; interpret*. In all speech, words and sense, are as the body, and the soule. The sense is as the life and soule of Language, without which all words are dead. Sense is wrought out of experience, the knowledge of humane life, and actions, or of the liberall Arts, which the Greeks call'd

Επισκοπαι

δολοι.

Julius Caesar.

Of words.

See Hor. de

Art. Poetic.

Quintil. l. 8.

Endov. Vi-

ves. pag. 6.

67.

Metaphora.

Words are the Peoples; yet there is a choise of them to be made. For *Verborum delectus, origo est eloquentiae*. They are to be chose according to the persons wee make speake, or the things wee speake of. Some are of the Campe, some of the Councell-board, some of the Shop, some of the Sheepe-coat, some of the Pulpit, some of the Barre, &c. And herein is scene their Elegance, and Propriety, when wee use them fitly, and draw them forth to their just strength and nature, by way of Translation, or Metaphore. But in this Translation wee must only serve necessity (*Nam temere nihil transfertur à prudenti*) or commodity, which is a kind of necessity; that is, when wee either absolutely want a word to expresse by, and that is necessity; or when wee have not so fit a word, and that is commodity. As when wee avoid losse by it, and escape obscenenesse, and gaine in the grace and property, which helps significance. Metaphors farfethinder to be understood, and affected, lose their grace. Or when the person fetcheth his translations from a wrong place. As if a Privie-Counsellor should at the Table take his Metaphore from a Dicing-house, or Ordinary, or a Vintners Vault; or a Justice of Peace draw his similitudes from the *Mathematicks*; or a Divine from a Bawdy-house, or Tavernes; or a Gentleman of Northampton-shire, Warwick-shire, or the Mid-land, should fetch all his Illustrations to his country neighbours from shipping, and tell them of the maine sheat, and the Boulin. Metaphors are thus many times deform'd, as in him that said, *Castratam morte Africani Rempublicam*. And another, *Stercus curia Glanciam*. And *Caná nive conspuat Alpes*. All attempts that are new in this kind, are dangerous, and somewhat hard, before they be softned with use. A man coyne not a new word without some perill, and lesse fruit; for if it happen to be received, the praise is but moderate; if refus'd, the scorn is assur'd. Yet wee must adventure, for things at first, hard and rough, are by use made tender and gentle. It is an honest error that is committed, following great Chieftes.

Confusio.

Custom is the most certaine Mistresse of Language, as the publicke stampe makes the current money. But wee must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coining. Nor fetch words from the

the extreme and utmost ages; since the chiefe vertue of a style is perspicuity, and nothing so vicious in it, as to need an Interpreter. Words borrow'd of Antiquity, doe lend a kind of Majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes. For they have the Authority of years, and out of their intermission doe win to themselves a kind of grace-like newnesse. But the eldest of the present, and newnesse of the past Language is the best. For what was the ancient Language, which some men so doate upon, but the ancient Custome? Yet when I name Custome, I understand not the vulgar Custome: For that were a precept no lesse dangerous to Language, then life, if wee should speake or live after the manners of the vulgar: But that I call Custome of speech; which is the consent of the Learned; as Custome of life, which is the consent of the good. Virgil was most loving of Antiquity; yet how rarely doth hee insert *agnus*, and *picula*! Lucretius is scabrous and rough in these; hee seekes them: As some doe Chaucerismes with us, which were better expung'd and banish'd. Some words are to be cull'd out for ornament and colour, as wee gather flowers to straw houses, or make Garlands; but they are better when they grow to our style; as in a Meadow, where though the meere grasse and greenesse delights; yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautifie. Marry we must not play, or riot too much with them, as in *Paronomasies*: Nor use too swelling, or ill-sounding words; *Quae per salebras, altaq; saxa cadunt*. It is true, there is no found but shall find some Lovers, as the bitter'st confections are gratefull to some palats. Our composition must bee more accurate in the beginning and end, then in the midst; and in the end more, then in the beginning; for through the midst the streame beares us. And this is attain'd by Custome more then care, or diligence. Wee must expresse readily, and fully, not profusely. There is difference betweene a liberall, and a prodigall hand. As it is a great point of Art, when our matter requires it, to enlarge, and veere out all sayle; so to take it in, and contract it, is of no lesse praise when the Argument doth aske it. Either of them hath their fitness in the place. A good man alwayes profits by his endeavour, by his helpe; yea, when he is absent; nay when he is dead by his example and memory. So good Authors in their style: A strict and succinct style is that, where you can take away nothing without losse, and that losse to be manifest. The brieft style is that which expresseth much in little. The concise style, which expresseth not enough, but leaves somewhat to bee understood. The abrupt style, which hath many breaches, and doth not seeme to end, but fall. The congruent, and harmonious fitting of parts in a sentence, hath almost the fastning, and force of knitting, and connexion: As in stones well squar'd, which will rise strong a great way without mortar. Periods are beautifull; when they are not too long; for so they have their strength too, as in a Pike or Javelin. As wee must take the care that our words and sense bee cleare; so if the obscurity happen through the Hearers, or Readers want of understanding, I am not to answer for them; no more then for their not listning or marking; I must neither find them cares, nor mind. But a man cannot put a word so in sense, but some thing about it will illustrate it, if the Writer understand himselfe. For Order helps much to Perspicuity, as Confusion hurts.

22

Selfitude

Relitendo lucem adfert, obliquitas et circumductio offuscat. We should therefore speake what wee can, the neereſt way, ſo as wee keepe our gate, not leape; for too ſhort may as well be not let into the memory, as too long not kept in. Whatſoever looſeth the grace, and cleareneſſe, converts into a Riddle; the obſcurity is mark'd, but not the valew. That periſheth, and is paſt by, like the Pearle in the Fable. Our ſtyle ſhould be like a ſkeine of ſilke to be carried, and found by the right thred, not ravel'd, and perplex'd, then all is a knot, a heape. There are words, that doe as much raiſe a ſtyle, as others can depreſſe it. Superlation, and overmuchneſſe amplifies. It may be above faith, but never above a meane. It was ridiculous in *Cestius*, when hee ſaid of *Alexander*:

Fremis Oceanus, quaſi indignetur, quod terras reliquas;
Virgil. But propitiouſly from *Virgil*:—*Credas innate reuulſas Cycladas.*
 Hee doth not ſay it was ſo, but ſeem'd to be ſo. Although it be ſome-what incredible, that is excuſ'd before it be ſpoken. But there are *Hypotheses*, which will become one Language, that will by no meanes admit another. As *Eos eſſe P. R. exercitus, quæ calum poſſint perumpere*: who would ſay this with us, but a mad man? Therefore wee muſt conſider in every tongue what is uſ'd, what receiv'd. *Quintilian* warnes us, that in no kind of Translation, or *Metaphore*, or *Allegory*, wee make a turne from what wee began; As if wee fetch the originall of our *Metaphore* from ſea, and billowes; wee end not in flames and aſhes; It is a moſt ſowle inconſequence. Neither muſt wee draw out our *Allegory* too long, leſt either wee make our ſelves obſcure, or fall into affectation, which is childiſh. But why doe men depart at all from the right, and naturall wayes of ſpeaking? Sometimes for neceſſity, when wee are driven, or thinke it fitter to ſpeake that in obſcure words, or by circumſtance, which utter'd plainly would offend the hearers. Or to avoid obſceneneſſe, or ſometimes for pleaſure, and variety; as *Travailleurs* turne out of the high way, drawne, either by the commodity of a foot-path, or the delicacy, or freſhneſſe of the fields. And all this is call'd *εὐχρηστική*, or figur'd Language.

Oratio imago animi. Language moſt ſhewes a man: ſpeake that I may ſee thee. It ſprings out of the moſt retired, and inmoſt parts of us, and is the Image of the Parent of it, the mind. No glaſſe renders a mans forme, or likeneſſe, ſo true as his ſpeech. Nay, it is likened to a man; and as we conſider feature, and compoſition in a man; ſo words in Language: in the greatneſſe, aptneſſe, ſound, ſtructure, and harmony of it. Some men are tall, and bigge, ſo ſome Language is high and great. Then the words are choſen, their ſound ample, the compoſition full, the abſolution plenteous, and powr'd out, all grave, ſinnewye and ſtrong. Some are little, and Dwarfes: ſo of ſpeech it is humble, and low, the words poore and flat; the members and *Periods*, thinne and weak without knitting, or number. The middle are of a juſt ſtature. There the Language is plaine, and pleaſing: even without ſtopping, round without ſwelling; all well-torn'd, compos'd, elegant, and accurate. The vicious Language is vaſt, and gaping, ſwelling, and irregular; when it contends to be high, full of Rocks, Mountaine, and pointedneſſe: As it affects to be low, it is abject, and creeps, full of bogs, and holes. And according to their Subject, theſe ſtilles vary, and loſe their names: For that which is high and lofty, de-

declaring excellent matter, becomes vaſt and tumorous: Speaking of petty and inferiour things: ſo that which was even, and apt in a meane and plaine ſubject, will appeare moſt poore and humble in a high Argument. Would you not laugh, to meet a great Counſellor of ſtate in a flat cap, with his trunk-hoſe, and a hobby-horſe Cloake, his Gloves under his girdle, and yond Haberdasher in a velvet Gowrie, ſuird with ſables? There is a certaine latitude in theſe things, by which wee find the degrees. The next thing to the ſtature, is the figure and feature in Language: that is, whether it be round, and ſtreight, which conſiſts of ſhort and ſuccinct *Periods*, numerous, and poliſh'd, or ſquare and firme; which is to have equall and ſtrong parts, every where anſwerable, and weigh'd. The third is the ſkinne, and coat, which reſts in the well-joyning, cementing, and coagmentation of words; when as it is ſmooth, gentle, and ſweet; like a Table, upon which you may runne your finger without rubs, and your nayle cannot find a joynt; nor horrid, rough, wrinckled, gaping, or chapt: After theſe the fleſh, blood, and bones come in queſtion. Wee ſay it is a fleſhy ſtyle, when there is much *Periphrasie*, and circuit of words; and when with more then enough, it growes fat and corpulent; *Arvina orationis*, full of ſuer and tallow. It hath blood, and juyce, when the words are proper and apt, their ſound ſweet, and the *Phraſe* neat and pick'd. *Oratio uncta, & bene paſta.* But where there is Redundancy, both the blood and juyce are faulty, and vicious. *Redundant sanguine, quâ multo plus dicit, quam neceſſe eſt.* Juyce in Language is ſome-what leſſe then blood; for if the words be but becomming, and ſignifying, and the ſenſe gentle, there is Juyce: but where that wanteth, the Language is thinne, flugging, poore, ſtarv'd; ſcarce covering the bone, and ſhewes like ſtones in a ſack. Some men to avoid Redundancy, runne into that, and while they ſtrive to have no ill blood, or juyce, they looſe their good. There be ſome ſtyles againe, that have not leſſe blood, but leſſe fleſh, and corpulence. Theſe are bony, and ſinnewy: *Oſſa habent, et nervosa.*

It was well noted by the late L. St. *Alban*, that the ſtudy of words is the firſt diſtemper of Learning: Vaine matter the ſecond: And a third diſtemper is deceit, or the likeneſſe of truth. Impoſture held up by credulity. All theſe are the Cobwebs of Learning, and to let them grow in us, is either fluttyſh or fooliſh. Nothing is more ridiculous, then to make an Author a *Dictator*, as the ſchools have done *Aristotelem*. The damage is infinite, knowledge receives by it. For to many things a man ſhould owe but a temporary belief, and a ſuſpenſion of his owne judgement, not an abſolute reſignation of himſelte, or a perpetuall captivity. Let *Aristotle*, and others have their dues; but if wee can make farther Discoveries of truth and ſinneſſe then they, why are we envid? Let us beware, while wee ſtrive to adde, wee doe not diminith, or deſace; wee may improve, but not augment. By diſcrediting falſhood, Truth growes in requeſt. Wee muſt not goe about like men anguiſh'd, and perplex'd, for vicious affectation of praiſe: but calmly ſtudy the ſeparation of opinions, find the errors have intervened, awake Antiquity, call former times into queſtion; but make no parties with the preſent, nor follow any fierce undertakers, mingle no matter of doubt, full credit, with the ſimplicity of truth, but gently ſtirre the mould about the

the root of the Question, and avoid all digladiations, facility of credit, or superstitious simplicity; seeke the consonancy, and concatenation of Truth, stoope only to point of necessity; and what leads to convenience. Then make exact animadversion where style hath degenerated, where flourish'd, and thriv'd in choisenesse of Phrase, round and cleane composition of sentence, sweet falling of the clause, varying an illustration by tropes and figures, weight of Matter, worth of Subject, soundnesse of Argument, life of Invention, and depth of Judgement. This is *Mente potiri*, to get the hill. For no perfect Discovery can bee made upon a flat or a leuell.

De optimo scriptore.

Now, that I have informed you in the knowing these things, let mee leade you by the hand a little farther, in the direction of the use; and make you an able Writer by practice. The conceits of the mind are Pictures of things, and the tongue is the Interpreter of those Pictures. The order of Gods creatures in themselves, is not only admirable, and glorious, but eloquent; Then he who could apprehend the consequence of things in their truth, and utter his apprehensions as truly, were the best Writer, or Speaker. Therefore Cicero said much, when hee said, *Dicere recte nemo potest, nisi qui prudenter intelligit*. The shame of speaking unskillfully were small, if the tongue onely thereby were disgrac'd: But as the Image of a King, in his Seale ill-represented, is not so much a blemish to the waxe, or the Signet that seal'd it, as to the Prince it representeth; so disordered speech is not so much injury to the lips that give it forth, as to the disproportion, and incoherence of things in themselves, so negligently expressed. Neither can his mind be thought to be in tune, whose words doe jarre; nor his reason in frame, whose sentence is preposterous; nor his Elocution cleare and perfect, whose utterance breakes it selfe into fragments and uncertainties: Were it not a dishonour to a mighty Prince, to have the Majesty of his embassage spoyle by a careless Ambassadour? and is it not as great an Indignity, that an excellent conceit and capacity, by the indiligence of an idle tongue should be disgrac'd? Negligent speech doth not onely discredit the person of the Speaker, but it discrediteth the opinion of his reason and judgement; it discrediteth the force and uniformity of the matter, and substance. If it be so then in words, which fly and escape censure, and where one good Phrase begs pardon for many incongruities, and faults, how shall he then be thought wise, whose penning is thin and shallow? How shall you looke for wit from him, whose leasure and head, assisted with the examination of his eyes, yeeld you no life, or sharpenesse in his writing.

De stylo Epistolari. Inventionis.

In writing there is to be regarded the Invention, and the Fashion. For the Invention, that ariseth upon your busines; whereof there can bee no rules of more certainty, or precepts of better direction given, then conjecture can lay downe, from the severall occasions of mens particular lives, and vocations: But sometimes men make basenesse of kindnesse: As (I could not satisfie my selfe, till I had discharged my remembrance, and charged my Letters with commendations to you.) Or, [My busines is no other, then to resiste my loves to you, and so put you in mind of my willingness to doe you all kind offices.] Or, [Sir, have you leasure to descend to the remembring of that assurance you have long possess in your servant; and upon your next opportunity, make him happy with some commands from you?] Or, the like; that goes a begging

begging for some meaning, and labour to be deliver'd of the great burthen of nothing. When you have invented, and that your busines bee matter, and not bare forme, or meere Ceremony, but some earnest: then are you to proceed to the ordering of it, and digesting the parts, which is had out of two circumstances. One is the understanding of the Persons, to whom you are to write; the other is the coherence of your Sentence. For mens capacity to weigh, what will be apprehended with greatest attention, or leasure; what next regarded, and long'd for especially; and what last will leave satisfaction, and (as it were) the sweetest memoriall, and beliefe of all that is past in his understanding, whom you write to. For the consequence of Sentences, you must bee sure, that every clause doe give the Q. one to the other, and be bespoken ere it come. So much for Invention and order. Now for fashion it consists in foure things, which are Qualities of your style. The first is *Brevity*. For they must not be Treatises, or Discourses (your Letters) except it be to learned men. And even among them, there is a kind of thrift, and saving of words. Therefore you are to examine the clearest passages of your understanding, and through them to convey the sweetest, and most significant words you can devise; that you may the easier teach them the readiest way to an other mans apprehension, and open their meaning fully, roundly, and distinctly. So as the Reader may not thinke a second view cast away upon your letter. And though respect bee a part following this; yet now here, and still I must remember it, if you write to a man, whose estate and cense as senses, you are familiar with, you may the bolder (to set a task to his braine) venter on a knot. But if to your Superior, you are bound to measure him in three farther points: First, your interest in him: Secondly, his capacity in your Letters: Thirdly, his leasure to peruse them. For your interest, or favour with him, you are to bee the shorter, or longer, more familiar, or submisse, as hee will afford you time. For his capacity you are to be quicker, and fuller of those reaches, and glances of wit, or learning, as hee is able to entertaine them. For his leasure, you are commanded to the greater briefnesse, as his place is of greater discharges, and cares. But with your betters, you are not to put Riddles of wit, by being too scarce of words: not to cause the trouble of making *Brevitates*, by writing too riotous, and wastingly. *Brevity* is attained in matter, by avoiding idle Complements, Prefaces, Protestations, Parentheses, superfluous circuit of figures, and digressions: In the composition, by omitting Conjunctions, [Not onely; But Also] Both the one, and the other, whereby it cometh to passe; and such like idle Particles, that have no great busines in a serious Letter, but breaking of sentences; as often times a short journey is made long, by unnecessary baits.

But as Quintilian saith, there is a briefnesse of the parts sometimes, that makes the whole long, as I came to the staires, I tooke a paire of oares, they launch'd out, rowed a pace, I landed at the Court-gate, I paid my fayre, went up to the Presence, ask'd for my Lord, I was admitted. All this is but, I went to the Court, and speake with my Lord. This is the fault of some Latine Writers, within these last hundred years, of my reading, and perhaps Seneca may be appeacht of it; I accuse him not. The next property of Epistolarie style is *Perspicuity*, and is often times

Modus. i. Brevitas.

Quintilian.

Perspicuitas. i. Perspicuitas.

times by affectation of some wit ill angled for, or ostentation of some hidden termes of Art. Few words they darken speech, and so doe too many: as well too much light hurtheth the eyes, as too little; and a long Bill of *Chancery* confounds the understanding, as much as the shortest note. Therefore, let not your Letters be penn'd like English Statutes, and this is obtain'd. These vices are eschewed by pondering your business well, and distinctly concerning your selfe, which is much furthered by uttering your thoughts, and letting them as well come forth to the light, and Judgement of your owne outward senses, as to the censure of other mens eares: For that is the reason, why many good Schollers speake but fumblingly, like a rich man, that for want of particular note and difference, can bring you no certaine ware readily out of his shop. Hence it is, that talkative shallow men doe often content the Hearers, more then the wise. But this may find a speedier redresse in writing, where all comes under the last examination of the eyes. First mind it well, then pen it, then examine it, then amend it, and you may bee in the better hope of doing reasonably well. Under this vertue may come Plainenesse, which is not to be curious in the order, as to answer a letter, as if you were to answer to Interrogatories. As to the first, first; and to the second, secondly, &c. But both in method to use (as Ladies doe in their attyre) a diligent kind of negligence, and their sportive freedome, though with some men you are not to jest, or practise tricks: yet the delivery of the most important things, may be carried with such a grace, as that it may yeeld a pleasure to the conceit of the Reader. There must bee store, though no excessse of termes; as if you are to name *Store*, sometimes you may call it *choyse*, sometimes plenty, sometimes copiousnesse, or variety: but ever so, that the word which comes in lieu, have not such difference of meaning, as that it may put the sense of the first in hazard to be mistaken. You are not to cast a Ring for the perfumed termes of the time, as *Accommodation*, *Complement*, *Spirit*, &c. But use them properly in their place, as others. There followeth *Life*, and *Quicknesse*, which is the strength and sinewes (as it were) of your penning by pretty Sayings, Similitudes, and Conceits, Allusions, some knowne History, or other common place, such as are in the Courtier, and the second booke of *Cicero de oratore*. The last is, Respect to discerne, what fits your selfe; him to whom you write; and that which you handle, which is a quality fit to conclude the rest, because it doth include all. And that must proceed from ripenesse of judgement, which as one truly saith, is gotten by foure meanes, *God*, *Nature*, *Diligence*, and *Conversation*. Serve the first well, and the rest will serve you.

We have spoken sufficiently of Oratory; let us now make a diversion to *De Poetica*, Poetry. Poetry in the Primogeniture had many peccant humours, and is made to have more now, through the Levity, and inconstancie of mens Judgements. Whereas indeed, it is the most prevailing Eloquence, and of the most exalted Character. Now the discredits and disgraces are many it hath receiv'd, through mens study of Depravation or Calumny: their practise being to give it diminution of Credit, by lessening the Professors estimation, and making the Age afraid of their Liberty: And the Age is growne so tender of her fame, as shee calls all writings *Aspersions*.

That is the State word, the Phrase of Court, (*Placentia Colledge*) which some call *Parasites Place*, the Inne of Ignorance.

Whilst I name no persons, but deride follies, why should any man confesse, or betray himselfe? why doth not that of *S. Hierome* come into their minde; *Pbi generalis est de vitiis disputatio, ibi nullius esse persone injuriam*? It is not such an inexpressible crime in Poets, to taxe vices generally; and no offence in them who, by their exception, confesse they have committed them particularly. Are wee fallne into those times that wee must not

Auriculas teneras mordaci rodere vero?

Remedii votum semper verius erat, quam spes. If men may by no meanes write freely, or speake truth, but when it offends not; why doe Physicians cure with sharpe medicines, or corrosives? Is not the same equally lawfull in the cure of the minde, that is in the cure of the body? Some vices, (you will say) are soe foule, that it is better they should bee done, then spoken. But they that take offence where no Name, Character, or Signature doth blazon them, seeme to mee like affected as women; who, if they heare any thing ill spoken of the ill of their Sexe, are presently mov'd, as if the contumely respected their particular: and, on the contrary, when they heare good of good women, conclude, that it belongs to them all. If I see any thing that toucheth mee, shall I come forth a betrayer of my selfe, presently? No; if I be wise I'll dissemble it; if honest, I'll avoid it: lest I publish that on my owne forehead, which I saw there noted without a title. A man, that is on the mending hand, will either ingeniously confesse, or wisely dissemble his disease. And, the wise, and vertuous, will never thinke any thing belongs to themselves that is written, but rejoyce that the good are warn'd not to bee such; and the ill to leave to bee such. The Person offended hath no reason to bee offended with the writer, but with himselfe; and so to declare that properly to belong to him, which was so spoken of all men, as it could bee no mans severall but his that would willfully and desperately clayme it. It sufficeth I know, what kinde of persons I displease, men bred in the declining, and decay of vertue, betroth'd to their owne vices; that have abandoned, or prostituted their good names, hungry and ambitious of infamy, invested in all deformity, enthrall'd to ignorance and malice, of a hidden and conceal'd malignitie, and that hold a concomitancy with all evill.

What is a Poet?

A Poet is that, which by the *Greeks* is call'd *καρ' ἔκδοξιν, ὁ ποιητής*, a Maker, or a fainer: His Art, an Art of imitation, or faining; expressing the life of man in fit measure, numbers, and harmony, according to *Aristotle*: From the word *ποιῆν*, which signifies to make or fayne. Hence, hee is call'd a Poet, not hee which writeth in measure only; but that fayneth and formeth a fable, and writes things like the Truth. For, the Fable and Fiction is (as it were) the forme and Soule of any Poeticall worke, or Poeme.

What meane you by a Poeme?

A Poeme is not alone any worke, or composition of the Poets in many, or few verses; but even one alone verse sometimes makes a perfect Poeme. As, when *Aeneas* hangs up, and consecrates the Armes of *Achilles*, with this Inscription; *Aeneas hac de Danais victoribus arma.* And calls it a Poeme, or Carmen. Such are those in *Martiall*.

Omnia, Castor, emis: sic fiet, ut omnia vendas. And, *Pauper videtur Cinna vult, et est pauper.*

R

So

Pauper videtur Cinna vult, & est pauper.
 So wore Horace his Odes call'd, *Carmina*; his *Liric*, Songs. And Lucretius designes a whole booke, in his sixt:
Quod in primo quoque carmine claret.
 And anciently, all the Oracles were call'd, *Carmina*, or, what ever Sentence was express'd, were it much, or little, it was call'd, an *Epick*, *Dramatick*, *Lirike*, *Elegiacke*, or *Epigrammatike Poeme*
But, how differs a Poeme from what wee call Poesy?
 A Poeme, as I have told you is the worke of the Poet; the end, and fruit of his labour, and studie. Poesy is his skill, or Crafte of making: the very Fiction it selfe, the reason, or forme of the worke. And these three voices differ, as the thing done, the doing, and the doer; the thing fain'd, the faining, and the fainer: so the Poeme, the Poesy, and the Poet. Now, the Poesy is the habit, or the Art: nay, rather the Queene of Arts: which had her Originall from heaven, received thence from the *Ebrevies*, and had in prime estimation with the *Greeks*, transmitted to the *Latines*, and all Nations, that profess'd Civility. The Study of it (if wee will trust *Aristotle*) offers to mankind a certaine rule, and Patterne of living well, and happily; disposing us to all Civill offices of Society. If wee will beleive *Tully*, it nourisheth, and instructeth our Youth; delights our Age; adorns our prosperity; comforts our Adversity; entertaines us at home; keepes us company abroad, travailes with us; watches; divides the times of our earnest, and sports; shares in our Country recesses, and recreations; insomuch as the wisest, and best learned have thought her the absolute Mistresse of manners; and neere of kin to Vertue. And, whereas they entitle *Philosophy* to be a rigid, and austere Poesie: they have (on the contrary) stiled Poesy, a dulcet, and gentle *Philosophy*, which leades on, and guides us by the hand to Action, with a ravishing delight, and incredible Sweetnes. But, before wee handle the kindes of Poems, with their speciall differences; or make court to the Art it selfe, as a Mistresse, I would leade you to the knowledge of our Poet, by a perfect Information, what he is, or should be by nature, by exercise, by imitation, by Studie; and so bring him downe through the disciplines of *Grammar*, *Logicke*, *Rhetoricke*, and the *Ethicks*, adding somewhat, out of all, peculiar to himselfe, and worthy of your Admittance, or reception.
*First, wee require in our Poet, or maker, (for that Title our Language affordes him, elegantly, with the Greeke) a goodnes of naturall wit. For, whereas all other Arts consist of Doctrine, and Precepts: the Poet must be able by nature, and instinct, to powre out the Treasure of his minde; and, as Seneca saith, Aliquando secundum Anacreontem insanire, jucundum esse: by which hee understands, the Poeticall Rapture. And according to that of Plato, Frustra Poeticae fores sui compos pulsavit: And of Aristotle, Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae fuit. Nec potest grande aliquid, & supra ceteros loqui, nisi mota mens. Then it riseth higher, as by a devine Instinct, when it contemnes common, and knowne conceptions. It utters somewhat above a mortall mouth. Then it gets a loft, and flies away with his Ryder, whether, before, it was doubtfull to ascend. This the Poets understood by their Helicon, Pegasus, or Parnassus; and this made Ovid to boast:
*Est, Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo:
 Sedibus aethereis spiritus ille venit.*
 And *Lipsius*, to affirme; Scio Poetam neminem praestantem fuisse, sine parte quadam uberrime divina aura. And, hence it is, that the comming up of good Poets,*

(for I minde not *mediocres*, or *imos*) is so thinne and rare amongus, Every beggerly Corporation affords the State a *Major*, or two *Bailiffs*, yearly: but, *solus Rex, aut Poeta, non quotannis nascitur.* To this perfection of Nature in our Poet, wee require Exercise of those parts, and frequent. If his wit will not arrive suddainly at the dignitie of the Ancients, let him not yet fall out with it, quarell, or be over hastily Angry: offer, to turne it away from Study, in a humor; but come to it againe upon better cogitation; try an other time, with labour. If then it succeed not, cast not away the Quills, yet: nor scratch the Wainescott, beate not the poore Deske, but bring all to the forge, and file, againe; tounce it a newe. There is no Statute Law of the Kingdome bids you bee a Poet, against your will; or the first Quarter. If it come, in a yeare, or two, it is well. The common Rymers powre forth Verses, such as they are, (*ex tempore*) but there never come from them one Sense, such as the life of a Day. A Rymers, and a Poet, are two things. It is said of the incomparable *Virgil*, that he brought forth his verses like a Beare, and after form'd them with licking. *Scaliger*, the Father, writes it of him, that he made a quantitie of verses in the morning, which a fore night hee reduced to a lesse number. But, that which *Valerius Maximus* hath left recorded of *Euripides*, the tragick Poet, his answer to *Alceftis*, an other Poet, is as memorable, as modest: who, when it was told to *Alceftis*, that *Euripides* had in three daies brought forth, but three verses, and those with some difficultie, and throwes; *Alceftis*, glorying hee could with ease have sent forth a hundred in the space; *Euripides* roundly repl'd, like enough. But, here is the difference; Thy verses will not last those three daies, mine will to all time. Which was, as to tell him, he could not write a verse. I have met many of these Rattles, that made a noyse, and buz'd. They had their humme; and, no more. Indeed, things, wrote with labour, deserve to be so read, and will last their Age. The third requisite in our Poet, or Maker, is Imitation, to be able to convert the substance, or Riches of an other Poet, to his owne use. To make choise of one excellent man above the rest, and so to follow him, till he grow very Hee: or, so like him, as the Copie may be mistaken for the Principall. Nor, as a Creature, that swallows, what it takes in, crude, raw, or indigested; but, that feedes with an Appetite, and hath a Stomacke to concoct, devide, and turne all into nourishment. Not, to imitate servilely, as *Horace* saith, and catch at vices, for vertue: but, to draw forth out of the best, and choicest flowers, with the Bee, and turne all into Honey, worke it into one relish, and savour: make our Imitation sweet: observe, how the best writers have imitated, and follow them. How *Virgil*, and *Statius* have imitated *Homer*: how *Horace*, *Archilochus*, how, *Alcaeus*, and the other *Liricks*: and so of the rest. But, that, which wee especially require in him is an exactnesse of Studie, and multiplicity of reading, which maketh a full man, not alone enabling him to know the History, or Argument of a Poeme, and to report it: but so to master the matter, and stile, as to shew, hee knowes, how to handle, place, or dispose of either, with elegancie, when need shall bee. And not thinke, hee can leape forth suddainly a Poet, by dreaming hee hath been in *Parnassus*, or, having wash't his lipps (as they say in *Helicon*). There goes more to his making, then so. For to Nature, Exercise, Imitation, and Studie, Art must bee added, to make all these perfect. And, though these challenge to themselves much, in the making up of our Maker, it is Art only can lead him to perfection, and leave him there in possession, as planted by her hand. It is the assertion of *Tully*, If to an excellent nature, there happen an accession, or confirmation of Learning, and

- Simylus*. Discipline, there will then remaine somewhat noble, and singular. For, as *Simylus* saith in *Stobaeus*, "Οὐτε φύσις ἰκανὴ γίνεσθαι τέχνης ἀνὴρ, ἔτι καὶ τὴν τέχνην μὴ φύσιν ἀνέχουσα" without Art, Nature can nerebee perfect; & without Nature, Art can clayme no being. But, our Poet must beware, that his Studie bee not only to learne of himself; for, hee that shall affect to doe that, confesseth his ever having a Foole to his master. Hee must read many; but, ever the best, and choicest: those, that can teach him any thing, hee must ever account his masters, and reverence: among whom *Horace*, and (hee that taught him) *Aristotle*, deserv'd to bee the first in estimation. *Aristotle*, was the first accurate Criticke, and truest Judge; nay, the greatest Philosopher, the world ever had: for, hee noted the vices of all knowledges, in all creatures, and out of many mens perfections in a Science, hee formed still one Art. So hee taught us two Offices together, how we ought to judge rightly of others, and what wee ought to imitate specially in our selves. But all this in vaine, without a naturall wit, and a Poeticall nature in chiefe. For, no man, so soone as hee knowes this, or reads it, shall be able to write the better, but as he is adapted to it by Nature, he shall grow the perfecter Writer. Hee must have *Civil* prudence, and *Eloquence*, & that whole; not taken up by snatches, or peeces, in Sentences, or remnants, when he will handle businesse, or carry Counsells, as if he came then out of the Declamors Gallerie, or Shadowe, furnish'd but out of the body of the State, which commonly is the Schoole of men. The Poet is the neereft Borderer upon the Orator, and expresseth all his vertues, though he be tyed more to numbers; is his equall in ornament, and above him in his strengths. And, (of the kind) the *Comicke* comes neereft: Because, in moving the minds of men, and stirring of affections (in which Oratory shewes, and especially approves her eminence) hee chiefly excells. What figure of a Body was *Lysippus*, ever able to forme with his Graver; or *Apelles* to paint with his Pencill, as the Comedy to life expresseth so many, and various affections of the minde? There shall the Spectator see some, insulting with Joy; others, fretting with Melancholy; raging with Anger; mad with Love; boiling with Avarice; undone with Riot; tortur'd with expectation; consum'd with feare: no perturbation in common life, but the Orator findes an example of it in the Scene. And then, for the Elegancy of Language, read but this Inscription on the Grave of a *Comicke* Poet:
- Immortales mortales, si fas esset, flere,
Flerent divae Camenae Nevium Poetam;
Itaque postquam est Orcino traditus thesauro,
Obliiti sunt Romae, lingua loqui Latina.*
- I. Aelii*. Or, that modest Testimonie given by *Lucius Aelius*, *Stilo* upon *Plautus*, who affirmed, *Musae, si latine loqui voluissent, Plautino sermone fuisse loquuturas*. And that illustrious judgement by the most learned *M. Varro* of him; who pronounced him the Prince of Letters, and Elegance, in the Roman Language.
- Sophocles*. I am not of that opinion to conclude a Poets liberty within the narrowe limits of Lawes, which either the *Grammarians*, or *Philosophers* prescribe. For, before they found out those Lawes, there were many excellent Poets, that fulfill'd them. Amongst whome none more perfect then *Sophocles*, who liv'd a little before *Aristotle*.
- Demosthenes*. Which of the *Greekelings* durst ever give precepts to *Demosthenes*? or to *Pericles*, (whom the Age turnam'd heavenly) because he seem'd to thunder, and lighten, with his Language? or to *Aleibiades*, who had rather Nature for his guide, then Art for his master?

But,

But, whatsoever Nature at any time dictated to the most happie; or long exercise to the most laborious, that the wisdom, and Learning of *Aristotle*, hath brought into an Art: because, he understood the Causes of things: and what other men did by chance or custome, he doth by reason; and not only found out the way not to erre, but the short way we should take, not to erre. Many things in *Euripides* hath *Aristophanes* wittily reprehended; not out of Art, but out of Truth. For, *Euripides* is sometimes peccant, as he is most times perfect. But, Judgement when it is greatest, if reason doth not accompany it, is not ever absolute.

To judge of Poets is only the facultie of Poets; and not of all Poets, but the best. *Nemo infelicis de Poetis judicavit, quam qui de Poetis scripsit*. But, some will say, Criticks are a kind of Tinkers; that make more faults, then they mend ordinarily. See their diseases, and those of *Grammarians*. It is true, many bodies are the worse for the meddling with: And the multitude of *Physicians* hath destroyed many sound patients, with their wrong practise. But the office of a true Critick, or Censor, is, not to throw by a letter any where, or damne an innocent Syllabe, but lay the words together, and amend them; judge sincerely of the Author, and his matter, which is the signe of solid, and perfect learning in a man. Such was *Horace*, an Author of much Civilitie; and (if any one among the heathen can be) the best master, both of vertue, and wisdom; an excellent, and true judge upon cause, and reason; not because he thought so; but because he knew so, out of use and experience.

Cato, the *Grammarians*, a defender of *Lucilius*.

Cato Grammaticus, *Latina Syren*,

Qui solus legit, & facit Poetas.

Quintilian of the same heresie, but rejected.

Horace his judgement of *Charillus*, defended against *Joseph Scaliger*. And, of *Laberius*, against *Julius*.

But chiefly his opinion of *Plautus*, vindicated against many, that are offended, and say, it is a hard Censure upon the parent of all conceipt, and sharpnesse. And, they wish it had not fallen from so great a master, and Censor in the Art: whose bondmen knew better how to judge of *Plautus*, then any that dare patronize the family of learning in this Age; who could not bee ignorant of the judgement of the times, in which hee liv'd, when *Poetrie*, and the *Latin* Language were at the height: especially, being a man so conversant, and inwardly familiar with the censures of great men, that did discourse of these things daily amongst themselves. Again, a man so gracious, and in high favour with the Emperour, as *Augustus* often called him his witty *Mansling*, (for the littleness of his stature;) and (if wee may trust Antiquity) had design'd him for a Secretary of Estate; and invited him to the place, which he modestly praid off, and refus'd.

Horace did so highly esteeme *Terence* his Comedies, as he ascribes the Art *Terence*, in Comedy to him alone, among the *Latines*, and joynes him with *Menander*.

Now, let us see what may be said for either, to defend *Horace* his judgement to posterity; and not wholly to condemne *Plautus*.

The parts of a Comedy are the same with a Tragedie, and the end is partly the same. For, they both delight, and teach; the *Comicks* are call'd διδάσκαλοι, of the *Greekes*; no lesse then the *Tragicks*.

Nor, is the moving of laughter alwaies the end of Comedy, that is rather a fowling for the peoples delight, or their fooling. For, as *Aristotle* saies rightly, the moving of laughter is a fault in Comedy, a kind of turpitude, that

that depraves some part of a mans nature without a disease. As a wry face without paine moves laughter, or a deformed vizard, or a rude Clowne, drest in a Ladies habit, and using her actions, wee dislike, and scorne such representations, which made the ancient Philosophers ever thinke laughter unfitting in a wise man. And this induc'd *Plato* to esteeme of *Homer*, as a sacrilegious Person; because the presented the *Gods* sometimes laughing. As, also it is divinely said of *Aristotle*, that to seeme ridiculous is a part of dishonesty, and foolish.

Plato. Homer.

The wit of the old Comedy.

So that, what either in the words, or Sense of an Author, or in the language, or Actions of men, is a wry, or depraved, doth strangely stirre meane affections, and provoke for the most part to laughter. And therefore it was cleare that all insolent, and obscene speeches, jest upon the best men, injuries to particular persons, perverse, and sinister Sayings (and the rather unexpected) in the old Comedy did move laughter; especially, where it did imitate any dishonesty; and scurrility came forth in the place of wit; which who understands the nature and *Genius* of laughter, cannot but perfectly know.

Aristophanes. Plautus.

Of which *Aristophanes* affords an ample harvest, having not only our, gone *Plautus*, or any other in that kinde; but express'd all the moods, and figures, of what is ridiculous, oddly. In short, as Vinegar is not accounted good, untill the wine be corrupted: so jests that are true and naturall, seldom raise laughter, with the beast, the multitude. They love nothing, that is right, and proper. The farther it runs from reason, or possibility with them, the better it is.

Socrates.

What could have made them laugh, like to see *Socrates* presented, that Example of all good life, honesty, and vertue, to have him hoisted up with a Pullic, and there play the Philosopher, in a balquet. Measure, how many foote a Flea could skip Geometrically, by a just Scale, and edifie the people from the engine. This was *Theatricall* wit, right Sraige-jesting, and relishing a Play-houle, invented for scorne, and laughter; whereas, if it had favour'd of equity, truth, perspicuity, and Candor, to have tasten a wise, or a learned Palate, spit it out presently; this is bitter and profitable, this instructs, and would informe us: what neede wee know anything, that are nobly borne, more then a Horse-race, or a hunting-match; our day to breake with Citizens, and such innate mysteries.

The Cart.

This is truly leaping from the Stage, to the Tumbrell againe, reducing all witt to the Originall Duncart.

Of the magnitude, and compasse of any Table, Epicke, or Dramaticke.

What is the measure of a Fable is. The Fable, or Plot of a Poeme, defined.

To the resolving of this *Question*, wee must first agree in the definition of the Fable. The Fable is call'd the Imitation of one intire, and perfect Action; whose parts are so joynd, and knitt together, as nothing in the structure can be chang'd, or taken away, without impating, or troubling the whole; of which there is a proportionable magnitude in the members. As for example, if a man would build a house, he would first appoint a place to build it in, which he would define within certaine bounds: So in the Constitution of a Poeme, the Action is aym'd at by the Poet, which answers Place in a building; and that Action hath his largenesse compasse, and proportion. But, as a Court or Kings Palace requires other dimensions then a private house: So the *Epicke* asks a magnitude, from other Poems. Since, what is Place in the one, is Action in the other, the difference is in space. So that by this definition wee conclude the fable, to be the imitation of one perfect, and intire Action

The Epicke fable.

Action; as one perfect, and intire place is requir'd to a building. By perfect, wee understand that, to which nothing is wanting, as Place to the building, that is rais'd, and Action to the fable, that is form'd. It is perfect, perhaps, not for a Court, or Kings Palace, which requires a greater ground; but for the structure wee would raise, so the space of the Action, may not prove from large enough for the *Epicke Fable*, yet bee perfect for the *Dramaticke*, and whole.

Whole, wee call that, and perfect, which hath a beginning, a mid'st, and an end. So the place of any building may be whole, and intire, for that worke, though too little for a palace. As, to a Tragedy or a Comedy, the Action may be convenient, and perfect, that would not fit an *Epicke Poeme* in Magnitude. So a Lion is a perfect creature in himselfe, though it bee lesse, then that of a Buffalo, or a Rhinocerate. They differ, but in *specie*: either in the kinde is absolute. Both have their parts, and either the whole. Therefore, as in every body, so in every Action, which is the subject of a just worke, there is requir'd a certaine proportionable greatnesse, neither too vast, nor too minute. For that which happens to the Eyes, when wee behold a body, the same happens to the Memorie, when wee contemplate an action. I looke upon a monstrous Giant, as *Tityus*, whose body cover'd nine Acres of Land, and mine eye stickes upon every part; the whole that consists of those parts, will never be taken in at one intire view. So in a Fable, if the Action be too great wee can never comprehend the whole together in our Imagination. Again, if it be too little, there ariseth no pleasure out of the object, it affords the view no stay: It is beheld and vanisheth at once. As if wee should looke upon an Ant or Pismyre, the parts fly the sight, and the whole considered is almost nothing. The same happens in Action, which is the object of Memory, as the body is of sight. Too vast oppresseth the Eyes, and exceeds the Memory: too little scarce admits either.

Now, in every Action it behooves the Poet to know which is his utmost bound, how farre with fittnesse, and a necessary proportion, he may produce, and determine it. That is, till either good fortune change into the worse, or the worse into the better. For as a body without proportion cannot be goodly, no more can the Action, either in Comedy, or Tragedy without his fit bounds. And every bound for the nature of the Subject, is esteem'd the best that is largest, till it can increase no more: so it behooves the Action in Tragedy, or Comedy, to be let grow, till the necessity aske a Conclusion: wherein two things are to be considered; First, that it exceed not the compasse of one Day: Next, that there be place left for digression, and Art. For the *Episodes*, and digressions in a Fable, are the same that household stuffe, and other furniture are in a house. And so farre for the measure, and extent of a Fable Dramaticke.

Now, that it should be one, and intire. One is considerable two waies: either, as it is only separate, and by it selfe, or as being compos'd of many parts, it begins to be one, as those parts grow, or are wrought together. That it should be one the first way alone, and by it selfe, no man that hath tasted letters ever would say, especially having required before a just Magnitude, and equall Proportion of the parts in themselves. Neither of which can possibly bee, if the Action be single and separate, not compos'd of parts, which laid together in themselves, with an equall and fitting proportion, tend to the same end; which thing out of Antiquitie it selfe, hath deceiv'd many; and more this Day it doth deceive.

So

Hercules. So many there be of old, that have thought the Action of one man to be one: As of *Hercules*, *Theseus*, *Achilles*, *Ulysses*, and other *Heroes*; which is both foolish and false; since by one and the same person many things may be severally done, which cannot fitly be referred, or joyned to the same end: which not only the excellent *Tragick-Poets*, but the best Masters of the *Epick*, *Homer*, and *Virgil* saw. For though the Argument of an *Epick-Poeme* be farre more diffus'd, & powr'd out, then that of *Tragedy*; yet *Virgil* writing of *Aeneas* hath pretermitted many things. He neither tells how he was borne, how brought up; how he fought with *Achilles*; how he was snatch'd out of the battaile by *Venus*; but that one thing, how he came into *Italie*, he prosecutes in twelve bookes. The rest of his journey, his error by Sea, the Sacke of *Troy*, are put not as the Argument of the worke, but *Episodes* of the Argument. So *Homer* lai'd by many things of *Ulysses* and handled no more, then he saw tended to one and the same end.

Contrarie to which and foolishly those *Poets* did, whom the *Philosopher* taxeth; Of whom one gather'd all the Actions of *Theseus*: another put all the Labours of *Hercules* in one worke. So did he, whom *Juvenal* mentions in the begining, *hoarse Codrus*, that recited a volume compil'd, which he call'd his *Theseide*, not yet finish'd, to the great trouble both of his hearers and himself: Amongst which there were many parts had no coherence, nor kindred one with other, so farre they were from being one Action, one *Fable*. For as a house, consisting of diverse materials, becomes one structure, and one dwelling; so an Action, compos'd of diverse parts, may become one *Fable Epicke*, or *Dramaticke*. For example, in a *Tragedy* looke upon *Sophocles* his *Ajax*: *Ajax* depriv'd of *Achilles*'s Armour, which he hop'd from the suffrage of the *Greekes*, disdaines, and growing impatient of the Injurie, rageth, and turnes mad. In that humour he doth many senselesse things; and at last falls upon the *Grecian* flocke, and kills a great Ramme for *Ulysses*: Returning to his Sense, he growes asham'd of the scorne, and kills himself; and is by the *Chieftes* of the *Greekes* forbidden buriall. These things agree, and hang together, no as they were done; but as seeming to be done, which made the Action whole, intire, and absolute.

For the whole, as it consisteth of parts; so without all the parts it is not the whole; and to make it absolute, is requir'd, not only the parts, but such parts as are true. For a part of the whole was true; which if you take away, you either change the whole, or it is not the whole. For if it be such a part, as being present or absent, nothing concerns the whole, it cannot be call'd a part of the whole: and such are the *Episodes*, of which hereafter. For the present, here is one example; The single Combat of *Ajax* with *Hector*, as it is at large describ'd in *Homer*, nothing belongs to this *Ajax* of *Sophocles*. You admire no *Poems*, but such as run like a Brewers-cart upon the stones, hobling,

Et, quæ per salebras, atque saxa cadunt.
Atque, & quidquid Pacuviusque vomunt.
Attonitusque legis terrai, frugiterai.

FINIS.

UNDER-WOODS.

CONSISTING OF
DIVERS

POEMS.

By

BEN. JOHNSON.

Martial — *Cineri, gloria sero venit.*

LONDON.

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To the Reader.

With the same, leave the Ancients,
call'd that kind of body Sylva, or
Yew, in which there were workes of divers
nature, and matter congested; as the mul-
titude call Timber-trees, promiscuously
growing, a Wood, or Forrest: so am I
bold to entitle these lesser Poems, of later
growth, by this of Vnder-wood, out of
the Analogie they hold to the Forrest, in
my former booke, and no otherwise.

BEN. JOHNSON.

VNDER-VWOODS.

POEMS
OF DEVOTION.

The Sinners Sacrifice.

To the Holy Trinitie.

1. O Holy, blessed, glorious Trinitie
Of persons, still one God, in Unitie.
The faithfull mans beleev'd Mysterie,
Helpe, helpe to lift
2. My selfe up to thee, harrow'd, torne, and bruis'd
By sinne, and Sathan; and my flesh misus'd,
As my heart lies in peeces, all confus'd,
O take my gift.
3. All-gracious God, the Sinners sacrifice.
A broken heart thou wert not wont despise,
But 'bove the fat of rammes, or bulls, to prize
An offering meet,
4. For thy acceptance. O, behold me right,
And take compassion on my grievous plight.
What odour can be, then a heart contrite,
To thee more sweet?
5. Eternall Father, God, who did'st create
This All of nothing, gavest it forme, and fate,
And breath'st into it, life, and light, with state
To worship thee.
6. Eternall God the Sonne, who not denyd'st
To take our nature, becam'st man, and dyd'st,
To pay our debts, upon thy Crosse, and cryd'st
All's done in me.
7. Eternall Spirit, God from both proceeding,
Father and Sonne; the Comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in man: with fiery zeale them feeding
For acts of grace.
8. Increase those acts, O glorious Trinitie
Of persons, still one God in Unitie;
Till I attaine the long'd-for mysterie
of seeing your face!
9. Beholding one in three, and three in one,
A Trinitie, to shine in Unitie;
The gladdest light, darke man can thinke upon;
O grant it me!

Z 2

Father,

10. Father, and Sonne, and Holy Ghost, you three
All coeternall in your Majestic,
Distinct in persons, yet in Unitie
One God to see.

11. My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier.
To heare, to meditate, sweeten my desire,
With grace, with love, with cherishing intire,
O, then how blest;

12. Among thy Saints elected to abide,
And with thy Angels, placed side, by side,
But in thy presence, truly glorified
Shall I there rest?

A Hymne to God the Father.

Hear mee, O God!
A broken heart,
Is my best part:

Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein, thy Love.

If thou hadst not
Beene stern to mee,
But left me free,
I had forgot
My selfe and thee.

For, sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Untill they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Then thou hast done:
That gav'st a Sonne,
To free a slave?
First made of nought,
Withall since bought.

Sinne, Death, and Hell,
His glorious Name
Quite overcame,
Yet I rebell,
And slight the same.

But, I'le come in,
Before my losse,
Me farther losse,
As sure to win
Under his Crosse.

A Hymne On the Nativitie of my Saviour.

I Sing the birth, was borne to night,
The Author both of Life, and light;
The Angels so did sound it,
And like the ravish'd Shee'p'ers said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Sonne of God, th' Eternall King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soule from danger;
Hee whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven, and earth did make;
Was now laid in a Manger.

The Fathers wisdom will'd it so,
The Sonnes obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And tooke on him our Nature.

What comfort by him doe wee winne?
Who made himselfe the price of sinne,
To make us beires of glory?
To see this Babe, all innocence;
A Martyr borne in our defense;
Can man forget this storie?

A Celebration of CHARIS in ten Lyrick Peeces.

I.
His Excuse for loving.

Let it not your wonder move,
Lesse your laughter, that I love:
Though I now write fiftie yeares,
I have had, and have my Peeres;
Poets, though devine are men:
Some have lov'd as old age,
And it is not alwayes face,
Clothes, or Fortune gives the grace;
Or the feature, or the youth:
But the Language, and the Truth,

With

With the Ardor, and the Passion,
Gives the Lover weight, and fashion.
If you then will read the Storie;
First, prepare you to be sorie,
That you never knew till now,
Either whom to love, or how:
But be glad, as soone with me,
When you know, that this is she,
Of whose Beautie it was sung,
She shall make the old man young.
Keepe the middle age at stay,
And let nothing high decay.
Till she be the reason why,
All the world for love may die.

2.
How he saw her.

I Beheld her, on a Day,
When her looke out-flourisht May:
And her dressing did out-brave
All the Pride the fields than have:
Farre I was from being stupid,
For I ran and call'd on Cupid;
Love if thou wilt ever see
Marke of glorie, come with me;
Where's thy Quiver? bend thy Bow:
Here's a shaft, thou art to slow!
And (withall) I did untie
Every Cloud about his eye;
But, he had not gain'd his sight
Sooner, then he lost his might,
Or his courage, for away
Strait hee ran, and durst not stay,
Letting Bow and Arrow fall,
Nor for any threat, or Call,
Could be brought once back to looke;
I foole-hardie, there up tooke
Both the Arrow he had quit,
And the Bow: which thought to hit
This my object. But she threw
Such a Lightning (as I drew)
At my face, that tooke my sight,
And my motion from me quite;
So that there, I stood a stone,
Mock'd of all: and call'd of one
(Which with griefe and wrath I heard)
Cupids Statue with a Beard,
Or else one that plaid his Ape,
In a Hercules-his shape.

Wke

3.
What hee suffered.

After many scornes like these,
Which the prouder Beauties please,
She content was to restore
Eyes and limbes; to hurt me more
And would on Conditions, be
Reconcil'd to Love, and me
First, that I must kneeling yeeld
Both the Bow, and shaft I held
Unto her; which love might take
At her hand, with oath, to make
Mee, the scope of his next draught
Aymed, with that selfe-same shaft
He no sooner heard the Law,
But the Arrow home did draw
And (to gaine her by his Art)
Left it sticking in my heart:
Which when she beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed,
And would faine have chang'd the fate,
But the Pirtie comes too late.
Looser-like, now, all my wreake
Is, that I have leave to speake,
And in either Prose, or Song,
To revenge me with my Tongue,
Which how Dexterously I doe
Heare and make Example too.

4.
Her Triumph.

SEE the Chariot at hand here of Love
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that drawes, is a Swan, or a Dove
And well the Carre Love guideth
As she goes, all hearts doe dury
Unto her beauty;
And enamour'd, doe wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were, to run by her side,
Through Swords, through Seas, whether she would ride.

Doe but looke on her eyes, they doe light
All that Loves world compriseth!
Doe but looke on her Haire, it is bright
As Loves starre when it riseth!
Doe but marke her forehead's smooother
Then words that looth her!

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Then words that looth her!

And

And from her arched browes, such a grace
Sheds it selfe through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the Gaine, all the Good, of the Elements strife.

Have you seene but a bright Lillie grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the Snow
Before the soyle hath smutch'd it?
Ha' you felt the wooll of Bever?
Or Swans Downe ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the Brier?
Or the Nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the Bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

5.

His discourse with Cupid.

Noblest *Charis*, you that are
Both my fortune, and my Starre!
And doe governe more my blood,
Then the various Moone the flood!
Heare, what late Discourse of you,
Love, and I have had; and true.
Mongst my Muses finding me,
Where he chanc'd your name to see
Set, and to this softer straine;
Sure, said he, if I have Braine,
This here sung, can be no other
By description, but my Mother!
So hath *Homer* prais'd her haire,
So, *Anacreon* drawne the Ayre
Of her face, and made to rise
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her Browes, bent like my Bow.
By her lookes I doe her know,
Which you call my Shafts. And see!
Such my Mothers blushes be,
As the Bath your verse discloses
In her cheekes, of Milke, and Roses;
Such as oft I wanton in;
And, above her even chin,
Have you plac'd the banke of kisses,
Where you say, men gather blisses,
Rip'ned with a breath more sweet,
Then when flowers, and West-winds meet.
Nay, her white and polish'd neck,
With the Lace that doth it deck,

24

Is my Mothers! Hearts of staine
Lovers, made into a Chaine!
And betwene each rising breast,
Lyes the Valley, call'd my nest,
Where I sit and proyne my wings
After flight; and put new flings
To my shafts! Her very Name,
With my Mothers is the same.
I confesse all, I replide,
And the Glasse hangs by her side;
And the Girdle 'bout her waste,
All is *Venus*: save unchaste.
But alas, thou seest the least
Of her good, who is the best
Of her Sex; But could'st thou *Love*,
Call to mind the formes, that strove
For the Apple, and those three
Make in one, the same were shee.
For this Beauty yet doth hide,
Something more then thou hast sp'd
Outward Grace weake love beguiles;
Shee is *Venus*, when she smiles,
But shee's *Juno*, when she walkes,
And *Minerva*, when she talkes.

6.

Clayming a second kisse by Desert.

Charis guesse, and doe not misse,
Since I drew a Morning kisse
From your lips, and suck'd an ayre
Thence, as sweet, as you are faire.
What my Muse and I have done:
Whether we have lost, or wonne,
If by us, the oddes were laid,
That the Bride (allow'd a Maid)
Look'd not halfe so fresh, and faire,
With th'advantage of her haire,
And her Jewels, to the view
Of th' Assembly, as did you!
Or, that did you sit, or walke,
You were more the eye, and talke
Of the Court, to day, then all
Else that glister'd in *White-hall*;
So, as those that had your sight,
Wish't the Bride were chang'd to night,
And did thinke, such Rites were due
To no other Grace but you!
Or, if you did move to night
In the Daunces, with what spight

A a

OF

Of your Peeres, you were beheld,
That at every motion liveld
So to see a Lady tread,
As might all the Graces lead,
And was worthy (being so seene)
To be envi'd of the Queene.
Or if you would yet have stay'd,
Whether any would up-braid
To himselfe his losse of Time;
Or have charg'd his sight of Crime,
To have left all sight for you:
Guesse of these, which is the true;
And, if such a verse as this,
May not claime another kisse.

7.

*Begging another, on colour of mending
the former.*

FOR Loves sake, kisse me once againe,
I long, and should not beg in vaine,
Here's none to spie, or see;
Why doe you doubt, or stay?
Ile taste as lightly as the Bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.
Once more, and I faith I will be gone
Can he that loves, aske lesse then one?
Nay, you may erre in this,
And all your bountie wrong:
This could be call'd but halfe a kisse.
What w'are but once to doe, we should doe long,
I will but mend the last, and tell
Where, how it would have relish'd well,
Joyne lip to lip, and try:
Each suck others breath.
And whilst our tongues perplexed lie,
Let who will thinke us dead, or wish our death.

8.

Urging her of a promise.

HAVE one day in discourse
Had of Love, and of his force,
Lightly promis'd, she would tell
What a man she could love well:
And that promise set on fire
All that heard her, with desire.
With the rest, I long expected,
When the worke would be effected:

But

But we find that cold delay;
And excuse spun every day,
As, untill she tell her one,
We all feare, she loveth none.
Therefore, *Charis*, you must doe't,
For I will so urge you to't
You shall neither eat, nor sleepe,
No, nor forth your window peepe,
With your emittarie eye,
To fetch in the Formes goe by:
And pronounce, which hand or face,
Better fits him, then his face;
Nay I will not let you sit
Fore your Idoll Glasse a whie,
To say over every purl
There, or to reforme a curle;
Or with Secretarie *Sis*
To consult, if *Fucus* this
Be as good, as was the last:
All your sweet of life is past,
Make accompt unlesse you can,
(And that quickly) speake your Man.

9.

Her man described by her owne Disfama.

OF your Trouble, *Ben*, to easeme,
I will tell what Man would please me:
I would have him if I could;
Noble, or of greater Blood:
Titles, I confesse, doe take me;
And a woman God did make me,
French to boore, at least in fashion,
And his Manners of that Nation.
Young I'd have him to, and faire,
Yet a man; with crisped haire
Cast in thousand snares, and rings
For Loves fingers, and his wings:
Chestnut colour, or more slack
Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus, and *Minerva's* eyes
For he must looke wanton-wise.
Eye-brows bent like *Cupids* bow,
Front, an ample field of snow;
Even nose, and cheeke (withall)
Smooth as is the Billiard Ball:
Chin, as woolly as the Peach;
And his lip should kissing reach,
Till he cherish'd too much beard,
And make Love or me afraid.

A a 2

He

He would have a hand as soft
As the Downe, and shew it oft;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it ere it came;
All his blood should be a flame
Quickly fir'd as in beginners
In loves schoole, and yet no sinners.

'Twere to long to speake of all,
What we harmonic doe call
In a body should be there.
Well he should his clothes to weare;
Yet no Taylor help to make him
Drest, you still for man should take him;
And not thinke h' had eat a stake,
Or were set up in a Brake.

Valiant he should be as fire,
Shewing danger more then ire.
Bounteous as the clouds to earth;
And as honest as his Birth.
All his actions to be such,
As to doe nothing too much.
Nor o're-praise, nor yet condemne;
Nor out-valew, nor contemne;
Nor doe wrongs, nor wrongs receive;
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from basenesse to be free,
As he durst love Truth and me.

Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one, if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

10.

*Another Ladies exception present
at the hearing.*

For his Mind, I doe not care,
That's a Toy, that I could spare:
Let his Title be but great,
His Clothes rich, and band sit neat,
Himselfe young, and face be good,
All I wish is understood
What you please, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'd lie withall.

The

The Muscull strife; In a
Pastorall Dialogue.

S H E E.

Come with our Voyces, let us warre,
And challenge all the Sphaeres,
Till each of us be made a Starre,
And all the world turne Eares.

H E E.

At such a Call, what beast or fowle,
Of reason emptie is!
What Tree or Stone doth want a soule?
What man but must lose his?

S H E E.

Mixe then your Notes, that we may prove
To stay the running floods?
To make the Mountaine Quarries move?
And call the walking woods?

H E E.

What need of mee? doe you but sing
Sleepe, and the Grave will wake,
No tunes are sweet, nor words have sting,
But what those lips doe make.

S H E E.

They say the Angells marke each Deed,
And exercise below,
And out of inward pleasure feed
On what they viewing know.

H E E.

O sing not you then, lest the best
Of Angels should be driven
To fall againe, at such a feast,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

S H E E.

Nay, rather both our soules bee strayn'd
To meet their high desire;
So they in state of Grace retain'd,
May wish us of their Quire.

A SONG.

O doe not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them downe, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

o.

O, be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor looke too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me;
O, doe not steepe them in thy Teares,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with furies,
Mine owne enough betray me.

In the person of Woman kind.

A Song Apologetic.

MEN if you love us, play no more
The fooles, or Tyrants with your friends,
To make us still sing o're, and o're,
Our owne false praises, for your ends:
Wee have both wits, and fancies too,
And if wee must, let's sing of you.

Nor doe we doubt, but that we can,
If wee would search with care, and paine,
Find some one good, in some one man;
So going thorow all your straine:
Wee shall at last, of parcells make
One good enough for a songs sake.

And as a cunning Painter takes
In any curious peece you see
More pleasure while the thing he makes
Then when 'tis made, why so will wee.
And having pleas'd our art, wee'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

Another.

In defence of their Inconstancie.

A Song.

HANG up those dulk, and envious fooles
That talke abroad of Womans change,
We were not bred to sit on stooles,
Our proper vertue is to range:
Take that away, you take our lives,
We are no women then, but wives.

Such as in valour would excell
Doe change, though man, and often fight
Which we in love must doe as well,
If ever we will love aright.
The frequent waiying of the dead,
Is that which doth perfection breede.
Nor is't inconstancie to change
For what is better, or to make
(By searching, what before was strange,
& amiliar, for the uses sake;
The good, from bad, is not deride,
But as 'tis often vexed and tri'd.

And this profession of a store
In love, doth not alone help forth
Our pleasure, but preserves us more
From being forsaken, then doth worth;
For were the worstest woman curst
To love one man, hee'd leave her first.

A Nymphs Passion.

I Love, and he loves me againe,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the Nymphs should know my Swaine,
I feare they'd love him too;
Yet if it be not knowne,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our owne.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envie me:
But then if I grow jealous madde,
And of them pittied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorne
And yet it cannot be forborne,
Unlesse my heart would as my thought be torne.

He is if they can find him, faire,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As Summers sky, or purged Ayre,
And lookes as Lillies doe,
That are this morning blowne,
Yet, yet I doubt he is not knowne,
And feare much more, that more of him be showne.

But he hath eyes so round, and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his Torches light
Though hate had put them out,

But then t'increase my feares,
What Nymph so e're his voyce but heares
Will be my Rivall, though she have but cares.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One un-becoming thought doth move
From either heart, I know;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame:
If Love, or feare, would let me tell his name.

The Houre-glasse.

Do but consider this small dust,
Here running in the Glasse,
By Atomes mov'd;
Could you beleave, that this,
The body was
Of one that lov'd?
And in his M^e flame, playing like a flye,
Turn'd to cinders by her eye?
Yes; and in death, as life unblest,
To have'r exprest,
Even ashes of lovers find no rest.

My Picture left in Scotland.

I Now thinke, Love is rather deafe, then blind,
For else it could not be,
That she,
Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
And cast my love behind:
I'm sure my language to her, was as sweet,
And every close did meet
In sentence, or as subtile feet,
As hath the youngest Hee,
That sits in shadow of *Apollo's* tree.
Oh, but my conscious feares,
That lie my thoughts betweene,
Tell me that she hath seene
My hundreds of gray haire,
Told seven and fortie yeares.
Read so much wast, as she cannot imbrace
My mountaine belly, and my rockie face,
And all these through her eyes, have stoopt her cares.

Against

Against Jealousie.

Wretched and foolish Jealousie,
How cam'st thou thus to enter me?
I n're was of thy kind;
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
To vent that poore desire,
That others should not warme them at my fire,
I wish the Sun should shine
On all mens Fruit, and flowers, as well as mine.
But under the Disguise of love
Thou saist, thou only cam'st to prove
What my Affections were,
Think'st thou that love is help'd by feare?
Goe, get thee quickly forth
Loves sicknesse, and his noted want of worth
Secke doubting Men to please,
I n're will owe my health to a discaise.

The Dreame.

O R Scorne, or pittie on me take,
I must the true Relation make,
I am undone to Night;
Love in a subtile Dreame disguis'd,
Hath both my heart and me surpriz'd,
Whom never yet he durst attempt t' awake;
Nor will he tell me for whose sake
He did me the Delight,
Or Spight,
But leaves me to inquire,
In all my wild desire
Of sleepe againe; who was his Aid,
And sleepe so guiltie and afraid,
As since he dares not come within my sight.

An Epitaph on Master

VINCENT CORBET.

I Have my Pietie too, which could
It vent it selfe, but as it would,
Would say as much, as both have done
Before me here, the Friend and Sonne,
For I both lost a friend and Father,
Of him whose bones this Grave doth gather:
Deare Vincent Corbet who so long
Had wrestled with Discaises strong,

Bb

That

That though they did possesse each limbe,
 Yet he broke them, ere they could him,
 With the just Canon of his life,
 A life that knew nor noise, nor strife:
 But was by sweetning so his will,
 All order, and Dispoire, still
 His Mind as pure, and neatly kept,
 As were his Nourceries, and swept
 So of uncleannesse, or offence,
 That never came ill odour thence:
 And adde his Actions unto these,
 They were as specious as his Trees.
 'Tis true, he could not reprehend
 His very Manners, taught & amend,
 They were so even, grave, and holy,
 No stubbornnesse so stiffe, nor folly
 Tolience ever was so light,
 As twice to trespassse in his sight,
 His lookes would so correct it, when
 It chid the vice, yet not the Men.
 Much from him I professe I wonne,
 And more, and more, I should have done,
 But that I understood him scant,
 Now I conceive him by my want,
 And pray who shall my sorrowes read,
 That they for me their teares will shed,
 For truly, since he left to be,
 I feele, I'm rather dead than hee

Reader, whose life, and name, did ere become
 An Epitaph, deserv'd a Tombe:
 Nor wants it here through penurie, or sloth,
 Who makes the one, so't be first makes both,

*An Epistle to Sir EDWARD SACKVILE,
 now Earle of Dorset.*

IF Sackvile, all that have the power to doe
 Great and good turns, as wel could time them too,
 And knew their how, and where: we should have, then
 Lesse list of proud, hard, or ingratefull Men.
 For benefits are ow'd with the same mind
 As they are done, and such returns they find.
 You then whose will not only, but desire
 To succour my necessitiesooke fire,
 Not at my prayers, but your sentie, which laid
 The way to meet, what others would upbraid,
 And in the Act did so my blush prevent,
 As I did feele it done, as soone as meant:

You

You cannot doubt, but I who freely know
 This Good from you, as freely will it owe;
 And though my fortune humble me, to take
 The smallest courtesies with thanks, I make
 Yet choyce from whom I take them, and would shame
 To have such doe me good, I durst not name:
 They are the Noblest benefits, and sinke
 Deepest in Man, of which when he doth thinke,
 The memorie delights him more, from whom
 Then what he hath receiv'd. Gifts stinke from some,
 They are so long a comming, and so hard
 Where any Deed is forc't, the Grace is mard.
 Can I owe thanks, for Curtesies receiv'd
 Against his will that doe's 'hem? that hath weav'd
 Excuses, or Delays? or done 'hem scant,
 That they have more oppress me, then my want?
 Or if he did it not to succour me,
 But by meere Chance? for interest? or to free
 Himselfe of farther trouble, or the weight
 Of pressure, like one taken in a streight?
 All this corrupts the thanks, lesse hath he wonne,
 That puts it in his Debt-booke ere't be done,
 Or that doth sound a Trumpet, and doth call
 His Groomes to witnesse; or else lets it fall
 In that proud manner: as a good so gain'd,
 Must make me sad for what I have obtain'd.

No! Gifts and thanks should have one cheerefull face
 So each, that's done, and tane, becomes a Brace.
 He neither gives, or do's, that doth delay
 A Benefit: or that doth throw away
 No more then he doth thanks, that will receive
 Nought but in corners; and is loath to leave,
 Lest Ayre, or Print, but flies it: Such men would
 Run from the Conscience of it if they could.
 As I have scene some Infants of the Sword
 Well knowne, and practiz'd borrowers on their word,
 Give thanks by stealth, and whispering in the eare,
 For what they streight would to the world forswear:
 And speaking worst of those, from whom they went
 But then, fist fill'd to put me off the sent.

Now dam'mee, Sir, if you shall not command
 My Sword ('tis but a poore Sword understand)
 As farr as any poore Sword i'the Land,
 Then turning unto him is next at hand,
 Dam's whom he damnd too, is the veriest Gull,
 H'as Feathers, and will serve a man to pull.

Are they not worthy to be answer'd so,
 That to such Natures let their full hands floo,
 And seeke not wants to succour: but enquire
 Like Money-brokers, after Names, and hire

B

Their

Their bounties forth, to him that last was made,
 Or stands to be'n Commission o' the blade?
 Still, still, the hunters of false fame apply
 Their thoughts and meanes to making loude the cry;
 But one is bitten by the Dog he fed,
 And hurt seeks Cure, the Surgeon bids take bread,
 And sponge-like with it dry up the blood quite:
 Then give it to the Hound that did him bite;
 Pardon, sayes he, that were a way to lee
 All the Towne-curs take each their snatch at me.
 O, is it so? knowes he so much? and will
 Feed those, at whom the Table points at still?
 I not deny it, but to helpe the need
 Of any, is a Great and generous Deed:
 Yea, of th'ingratefull: and he forth must tell
 Many a pound, and piece will pace one well;
 But these men ever want: their very trade
 Is borrowing, that but stopp they doe invade
 All as their prize, turne Pyrats here at Land,
 Ha' their *Bermudas*, and their streights i'th' *Strand*:
 Man out of their Boates to th' Temple, and not shift
 Now, but command; make tribute, what was gift;
 And it is paid 'hem with a trembling zeale,
 And superstition I dare scarce reveale
 If it were cleare, but being so in cloud
 Carryed and wrapt, I only am aloud
 My wonder! why? the taking a Clownes purse,
 Or robbing the poore Market-folkes should nurse
 Such a religious horrou in the breasts
 Of our Towne Gallantry! or why there rests
 Such worship due to kicking of a Punck!
 Or swaggering with the Watch, or Drawer drunke;
 Or feats of darknesse acted in Mid-Sun,
 And told of with more Licence then th'were done!
 Sure there is Misterie in it, I not know
 That men such reverence to such actions show!
 And almost deifie the Authors! make
 Lowd sacrifice of drinke, for their health-sake
 Reare Suppers in their Names! and spend whole nights
 Unto their praise, in certaine swearing rites;
 Cannot a man be reck'ned in the State
 Of Valour, but at this Idolatrous rate?
 I thought that Fortitude had beene a meane
 'Twixt feare and rashnesse: not a lust obscene,
 Or appetite of offending, but a skill,
 Or Science of a discerning Good and Ill.
 And you Sir know it well to whom I write,
 That with these mixtures we put out her light
 Her ends are honestie, and publike good!
 And where they want, she is not understood.

No more are these of us, let them then goe,
 I have the lyst of mine owne faults to know,
 Looke too and cure; Hee's not a man hath none,
 But like to be, that every day mends one,
 And feeles it; Else he carries by the Beast,
 Can I discern how shadowes are decreast,
 Or growne; by height or lownesse of the Sunne?
 And can I lesse of substance? when I runne,
 Ride, faile, am coach'd, know I how farre I have gone;
 And my minds motion not? or have I none:
 No! he must feele and know, that I will advance
 Men have beene great, but never good by chance,
 Or on the sudden. It were strange that he
 Who was this Morning such a one, should be
Sydney's re night? or that did goe to bed
Coriat, should rise the most sufficient head
 Of Christendome? And neither of these know
 Were the Rack offer'd them how they came so;
 'Tis by degrees that men arrive at glad
 Profit in ought each day some little adde,
 In time 'twill be a heape; This is not true
 Alone in money, but in manners too.
 Yet we must more then move still, or goe on,
 We must accomplish; 'Tis the last Key-stone
 That makes the Arch, The rest that there were put
 Are nothing till that comes to bind and shut.
 Then stands it a triumphall marke! then Men
 Observe the strength, the height, the why, and when;
 It was erected; and still walking under
 Meet some new matter to looke up and wonder!
 Such Notes are vertuous men! they live as fast
 As they are high; are rooted and will last.
 They need no stilts, nor rise upon their toes,
 As if they would belie their stature, those
 Are Dwarfes of Honour, and have neither weight
 Nor fashion, if they chance aspire to height,
 'Tis like light Canes, that first rise big and brave,
 Shoot forth in smooth and comely spaces; have
 But few and faire Devisions: but being got
 Aloft, grow lesse and streightned, full of knot.
 And last, goe out in nothing: You that see
 Their difference, cannot choose which you will be.
 You know (without my flatter'ing you) too much
 For me to be your Indice. Keep you such,
 That I may love your Person (as I doe)
 Without your gift, though I can rate that too,
 By thanking thus the curtesie to life,
 Which you will bury, but therein, the strife
 May grow so great to be example, when
 (As their true rule or lesson) either men

Dinner's or *Donnee's* to their practise shall
Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

An Epistle to Master
JOHN SELDEN.

I Know to whom I write Here, I am sure,
Though I am short, I cannot be obscure:
Lesse shall I for the Art or dressing care,
Truth, and the Graces best, when naked are
Your Booke, my *Selden*, I have read, and much
Was trusted, that you thought my judgement such
To aske it: though in most of workes it be
A pennance, where a man may not be free.
Rather then Office, when it doth or may
Chance that the Friends affection proves Allay
Unto the Censure. Yours all need doth lie
Of this so vicious Humanitie.
Then which there is not unto Studie, a more
Pernituous enemy, we see before
A many of bookes, even good judgements wound
Themselves through favouring what is there not found:
But I on yours farre otherwise shall doe,
Not lie the Crime, but the Suspicion too:
Though I confesse (as every Muse hath err'd,
And mine not least) I have too oft prefer'd
Men, past their termes, and prais'd some names too much,
But 'twas with purpose to have made them such,
Since being deceiv'd, I turne a sharper eye
Upon my selfe, and aske to whom? and why?
And what I write? and vexe it many dayes
Before men get a verse: much lesse a Praise,
So that my Reader is assur'd, I now
Meane what I speake: and still will keepe that Vow,
Stand forth my Object, then you that have bene
Ever at home: yet, have all Countries scene:
And like a Compass keeping one foot still
Upon your Center, doe your Circle fill
Of generall knowledge, watch'd men, manners too,
Heard what times past have said, scene what ours doe:
Which Grace shall I make love too first? your skill,
Or faith in things? or is't your wealth and will
To instruct and teach? or your unwearied paine
Of Gathering? Bountie in pouring out againe?
What fables have you vext? what truth redeem'd?
Antiquities search'd? Opinions dis-esteem'd?
Impostures branded? and Authorines urg'd,
What blots and errors, have you watch'd and purg'd

Records

Records, and Authors of! how rectified,
Times, manners, customes! Innovations spide!
Sought out the Fountaines, Sources, Creeks, paths, wayes,
And noted the beginnings and decayes!
Where is that nominall marke, or reall rite,
Forme Act or Ensigne, that hath escap'd your sight.
How are Traditions there examin'd: how
Conjectures retriev'd! And a Storie now
And then of times (besides the bare Conduct
Of what it tells us) weav'd into instruct.
I wonder'd at the richnesse, but am lost,
To see the workmanship so exceed the cost!
To marke the excellent scap'ning of your Stile!
And manly elocution, not one while
With horror rough, then rioting with wit!
But to the Subject, still the Colours fit
In sharpnesse of all Search, wisdom of Choise,
Newnesse of Sense, Antiquitie of voyce!
I yeeld, I yeeld, the matter of your praise
Floures in upon me, and I cannot raise
A banke against it. Nothing but the round
Large claspe of Nature, such a wit can bound
Monarch in Letters! 'Mongst thy Titles shovne
Of others honours, thus, enjoy their owne,
I first salute thee so; and gratulate
With that thy Stile, thy keeping of thy State;
In offering this thy worke to no great Name,
That would, perhaps, have prais'd, and thank'd the same;
But nought beyond. He thou hast given it to,
Thy learned Chamber-fellow, knowes to doe
It true respects. He will not only love
Embrace, and cherish; but he can approve
And estimate thy Paines; as having wrought
In the same Mines of knowledge, and thence brought
Humanitie enough to be a friend,
And strength to be a Champion, and defend
Thy gift against envie. Oh how I doe count
Among my commings in, and see it mount,
The Graine of your two friendships! *Hayward* and
Selden! two Names that so much understand!
On whom I could take up, and ne're abuse
The Credit, what would furnish a tenth Muse!
But here's no time, nor place, my wealth to tell;
You both are modest. So am I. Farewell.

An

*An Epistle to a Friend, to perswade
him to the Warres.*

WAke, friend from forth thy Lethargie: the Drum
Beates brave, and loude in Europe, and bids come
All that dare rowse: or are not loth to quit
Their vitious ease, and be o'rewhelm'd with it.
It is a call to keepe the spirits alive
That gaspe for action, and would yet revive
Mans buried honour, in his sleepe life:
Quickning dead Nature, to her noblest strife.
All other Acts of Worldlings, are but toyle
In dreames, begun in hope, and end in spoile.
Looke on th'ambitious man, and see him nurse,
His unjust hopes, with praises begg'd, or (worle)
Bought Flatteries, the issue of his purse,
Till he become both their, and his owne curse!
Looke on the false, and cunning man, that loves
No person, nor is lov'd: what wayes he proves
To gaine upon his belly, and at last
Crush'd in the snake brakes, that he had past!
See, the grave, sower, and supercilious Sir
In outward face, but inward, light as Furze,
Or Feathers: lay his fortune out to show
Till envie wound, or maine it at a blow!
See him, that's call'd, and thought the happiest man,
Honour'd at once, and env'd (if it can
Be honour is to mixt) by such as would
For all their spight be like him if they could:
No part or corner man can looke upon,
But there are objects, bid him to be gone
As farre as he can flie, or follow Day,
Rather then here so bogg'd in vices stay
The whole world here leaven'd with madnesse swells,
And being a thing, blowne out of nought, rebells
Against his Maker, high alone with weeds,
And impious ranknesse of all Sects and seeds:
Not to be cheekt, or frighted now with fate,
But more licentious made, and desperate!
Our Delicacies are growne capital,
And even our Ipons are dangers! what we call
Friendship is now mask'd Hatred! Justice fled,
And firmestallnesse together! All lawes dead
That kept man living! Pleasures only sought!
Honour and honestie, as poore things thought
As they are made! Pride, and stiffe Clownage mixt
To make up Greatnesse! and mans whole good fix'd

Inbravery, or gluttony, or coyne,
All which he makes the servants of the Groine;
Thither it flowes, how much did Stallion spend
To have his Court-bred-fillic there commend
His Lace and Starch; And fall upon her back
In admiration, stretch'd upon the rack
Of lust, to his rich Suit and Title, Lord?
I, that's a Charme and halfe! She must afford
That all respect; She must lie downe: Nay more
'Tis there civilitie to be a whore,
Hec's one of blood, and fashion! and with these
The bravery makes, she can no honour leele
To do't with Cloth, or Stuffs, lusts name might merit
With Velvet, Plush, and Tissues, it is spirit.
O, these so ignorant Monsters! light, as prond,
Who can behold their Manners, and not clowd-
Like upon them lighten? If nature could
Not make a verse; Anger, or laughter would
To see 'hem aye discourling with their Glasse,
How they may make some one that day an Ass
Planting their Purles, and Curles spread forth like Nets,
And every Dressing for a Pitfall see
To catch the flesh in, and to pound a Prick
Be at their Visits, see 'hem squemish, sick
Ready to cast, at one, whose band sits ill;
And then, leape mad on a neat Pickardill;
As if a Brize were gotten i'their tayle,
And firke, and jerke, and for the Coach-man raille,
And jealous each of other, yet thinke long
To be abroad chanting some baudie song,
And laugh, and measure thighes, then squeake, spring, itch;
Doe all the tricks of a fault Lady Birch;
For'ther pound of sweet-meats, he shall feele
That payes, or what he will. The Dame is Steele,
For these with her young Companie she'll enter,
Where Pitter, or Wright, or Nodet would not ventur,
And comes by these Degrees, the Stile i'their
Of woman of fashion, and a Lady of spirit:
Nor is the title question'd with our prond;
Great, brave, and fashion'd soke, these are allow'd
Adulteries now, are not so hid, or strange,
They're growne Commoditie upon Exchange;
He that will follow but anothers wife,
Is lov'd, though he let out his owne for life.
The Husband now's call'd churlish, or a poore
Nature, that will not let his Wife be a whore;
Or use all arts, or haunt all Companies
That may corrupt her, even in his eyes.
The brother trades a sister; and the friend
Lives to the Lord, but to the Ladies end.

Lesse must not be thought on then Mistresse: or
If it be thought kild like her Embrions; for,
Whom no great Mistresse, hath as yet infam'd
A fellow of course Letcherie, is nam'd
The Servant of the Serving-woman in scorne,
Ne're came to taste the plenteous Mariage-horne.

Thus they doe talke. And are these objects fit
For man to spend his money on? his wit?
His time? health? soule? will he for these goe throw
Those thousands on his back, shall after blow,
His body to the Counters, or the Fleete?
Is it for these that fine man meets the street
Coach'd, or on foot-cloth, thrice chang'd every day,
To teach each suit, he has the ready way
From *Hide-Parke* to the Stage, where at the last
His deare and borrow'd Bravery he must cast?
When not his Combes, his Curling-irons, his Glasse,
Sweet bags, sweet Powders, nor sweet words will passe
For lesse Securitie? O for these
Is it that man pulls on him selfe Disease?
Surfet? and Quarrell? drinks the tother health?
Or by Damnation voids it? or by stealth?
What furie of late is crept into our Feasts?
What honour given to the drunkenest Guests?
What reputation to beare one Glasse more?
When oft the Bearer, is borne out of dore?
This hath our ill-us'd freedom, and soft peace
Brought on us, and will every houte increase
Our vices, doe not tarry in a place,
But being in Motion still (or rather in race)
Tilt one upon another, and now beare
This way, now that, as if their number were
More then themselves, or then our lives could take,
But both fell prest under the load they make.
I'll bid thee looke no more, but flee, flee friend,
This *Præcipice*, and Rocks that have no end,
Or side, but threatens Ruine. The whole Day
Is not enough now, but the Nights to play:
And whilst our stares, strength, body, and mind we waste;
Goe make our selves the Usurers at a cast.
He that no more for Age, Cramps, Palsies, can
Now use the bones, we see doth hire a man
To take the box up for him, and pursues
The Dice with glasse eyes, to the glad viewers
Of what he throwes: Like letchers growne content
To be beholders, when their powers are spent.
Can we not leave this worne? or will we not?
Is that the truer excuse? or have we got
In this, and like, an itch of Vanitie,
That scratching now's our best Felicitie?

Well

Well, let it goe. Yet this is better, then
To lose the formes, and dignities of men
To flatter my good Lord, and cry his Bowle
Runs sweetly, as it had his Lordships Soule,
Although, perhaps it has, what's that to me,
That may stand by, and hold my peace? will he
When I am hoarse, with praising his each cast,
Give me but that againe, that I must waite
In Sugar Candide, or in butter'd beere,
For the recovery of my voyce? No, there
Pardon his Lordship. Flattery's growne so cheape
With him, for he is followed with that heape
That watch, and catch, at what they may applaud
As a poore single flatterer, without Baud
Is nothing, such scarce meat and drinke he'll give,
But he that's both, and slave to both, shall live,
And be lov'd, while the Whores last. O times,
Friend sie from hence, and let these kindled times:
Light thee from hell on earth: where flatterers, spies,
Informers, Masters both of Arts and lies,
Lewd slanderers, soft whisperers that let blood
The life, and fame-vaynes (yet not understood
Of the poore sufferers) where the envious, proud,
Ambitious, factious, superstitious, lowd
Boasters, and perjur'd, with the infinite more
Prævaricators swarme. Of which the store,
(Because th'are every where amongst Man-kind
Spread through the World) is easier farre to find,
Then once to number, or bring forth to hand,
Though thou wert Muster-master of the Land.
Goe quit 'hem all. And take along with thee,
Thy true friends wishes, *Colby* which shall be,
That thine be just, and honest, that thy Deeds
Not wound thy conscience, when thy body bleeds;
That thou dost all things more for truth, then glory;
And never but for doing wrong be sory;
That by commanding first thy selfe, thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st
That fortune never make thee to complaine,
But what she gives, thou dar'st give her againe;
That whatsoe ver face thy fate puts on,
Thou shrinke or start not, but be alwayes one,
That thou thinke nothing great, but what is good,
And from that thought strive to be understood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
Still pretious, with the odour of thy name.
And last, blaspheme not, we did never heare
Man thought the valianter, 'cause he durst sweare
No more, then we should thinke a Lord had had
More honour in him, 'cause we've knowne him mad.

Ce

These

These take, and now goe seeke thy peace in Warre,
Who falls for love of God, shall rise a Starre.

An Epitaph on Master

PHILIP GRAY.

Reader stay,
And if I had no more to say,
But here doth lie till the last Day,
All that is left of PHILIP GRAY.
It might thy patience richly pay:
For, if such men as he could die,
What suretie of life have thou, and I.

Epistle To a Friend.

They are not, Sir, worst Owers, that doe pay
Debts when they can: good men may breake their day,
And yet the noble Nature never grudge,
'Tis then a crime, when the Usurer is Judge,
And he is not in friendship. Nothing there
Is done for gaine: If 'tis 'tis not sincere.
Nor should I at this time protested be,
But that some greater names have broke with me,
And their words too, where I but breake my Band,
I adde that (but) because I understand
That as the lesser breach: for he that takes
Simply my Band, his trust in me forsakes,
And looks unto the forfeit. If you be
Now so much friend, as you would trust in me,
Venter a longer time, and willingly:
All is not barren land, doth fallow lie.
Some grounds are made the richer, for the Rest,
And I will bring a Crop, if not the best.

An Elegie.

Can Beautie that did prompt me first to write,
Now threaten, with those meanes she did invite
Did her perfections call me on to gaze?
Then like, then love, and now would they amaze!
Or was she gracious a-farre off? but neere
A terror? or is all this but my feare?
That as the water makes things, in't, stre
Crooked appeare, so these

I can helpe that with boldnesse, And love sware,
And fortune once, 'tassist the spirits that dare.
But which shall lead me on? both these are blind
Such Guides men use not, who their way would find.
Except the way be errour to those ends:
And then the best are still, the blindest friends!
Oh how a Lover may mistake! to thinke,
Or love, or fortune blind, when they but winke
To see men feare: or else for truth, and State,
Because they would free Justice imitate,
Vaile their owne eyes, and would impartially
Be brought by us to meet our Destinie.
If it be thus, Come love, and fortune goe,
I'll lead you on, or if my fate will so,
That I must send one first, my Choyce assigns,
Love to my heart, and fortune to my lines.

An Elegie.

By those bright Eyes, at whose immortall fires
Love lights his torches to inflame desires,
By that faire Stand, your forehead, whence he bends
His double Bow, and round his Arrows sends,
By that tall Grove, your haire; whose globy rings
He flying curls, and crispeth, with his wings.
By those pure bathes your either cheekes discloses,
Where he doth steepe himselfe in Milke and Roses,
And lastly by your lips, the banke of kisses,
Where men at once may plant, and gather blisses:
Tell me (my lov'd Friend) doe you love or no?
So well as I may tell in verse, 'tis so:
You blush, but doe not: friends are either none,
(Though they may number bodyes) or but one.
I'll therefore aske no more, but bid you love,
And so that either may example prove
Unto the other, and live patternes, how
Others, in time may love, as we doe now.
Slip no occasion, As time stands not still,
I know no beautie, nor no youth that will,
To use the present, then, is not abuse,
You have a Husband is the just excuse
Of all that can be done him; Such a one
As would make shift, to make himselfe alone,
That which we can, who both in you, his Wife,
His Issue, and all Circumstance of life
As in his place, because he would not varie,
Is constant to be extraordinarie.

A Satyricall Shrub.

A Womans friendship! God whom I trust in,
 Forgive me this one foolish deadly sin;
 Amongst my many other, that I may
 No more, I am sorry for so fond cause, say
 At fifty yeares, almost, to value it,
 That ne're was knowne to last above a fit:
 Or have the least of Good, but what it must
 Put on for fashion, and take up on trust:
 Knew I all this afore? had I perceiv'd,
 That their whole life was wickednesse, though weav'd
 Of many Colours; outward fresh, from spots,
 But their whole inside full of ends, and knots?
 Knew I, that all their Dialogues, and discourse,
 were such as I will now relate, or worse.

Here, something is wanting.

.....

 Knew I this Woman? yes; And you doe see,
 How penitent I am, or I should be?
 Doe not you aske to know her, she is worse
 Then all Ingredients made into one curse,
 And that pour'd out upon Man-kind can be!
 Thinke but the Sin of all her sex, 'tis she!
 I could forgive her being proud! a whore!
 Perjur'd! and painted! if she were no more--
 But she is such, as she might, yet forestall
 The Divell; and be the damning of us all.

A little Shrub growing by.

A Ske not to know this Man. If fame should speake
 His name in any mettall, it would breake.
 Two letters were enough the plague to teare
 Out of his Grave, and poyson every care.
 A parcell of Court-durt, a heape, and masse
 Of all vice hurld together, there he was,
 Proud, false, and trecherous, vindictive, all
 That thought can adde, unthankfull, the lay-stall
 Of purrid flesh alive! of blood, the sinke!
 And so I leave to stirre him, lest he stinke.

An

An Elegie.

T Hough Beautie be the Marke of praise,
 And yours of whom I sing be such
 As not the World can praise too much,
 Yet is't your vertue now I raise.

A vertue, like Allay, so gone
 Throughout your forme; as though that move;
 And draw, and conquer all mens love,
 This subjects you to love of one.

Wherein you triumph yet: because
 'Tis of your selfe, and that you use
 The noblest freedome, not to chuse
 Against or Faith, or honours lawes.

But who should lesse expect from you,
 In whom alone love lives agen?
 By whom he is restor'd to men:
 And kept, and bred, and brought up true?

His falling Temples you have reard
 The withered Garlands tane away;
 His Altars kept from the Decay,
 That envie with'd, and Nature fear'd.

An on them, burne so chaste a flame,
 With so much Loyalties expence
 As Love requit such excellence,
 Is gone himselfe into your Name.

And you are he: the Dietie
 To whom all Lovers are design'd;
 That would their better objects find,
 Among which faithfull troope am I.

Who as an off-spring at your shrine,
 Have sung this Hymne, and here intreat
 One sparke of your Diviner heat
 To light upon a Love of mine.

Which if it kindele not, but scant
 Appeare, and that to shortest view,
 Yet give me leave to adore in you
 What I, in her, am griev'd to want.

An Ode. To himselfe.

W Here do'st thou carelesse lie
Buried in ease and sloth;
Knowledge, that sleepest, doth die;
And this Securitie,
It is the common Moath,
That eats on wits, and Arts, and destroyes them both;
Are all th' *Aonian* Springs
Dri'd up? Iyes *Thespia* wast?
Doth *Clarion* Harp want strings,
That not a Nymph now sings!
Or droop they as disgrac't,
To see their Seats and Bowers by chattering Pies defac't?
If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause;
Let this thought quicken thee;
Minds that are great and free,
Should not on fortune pause,
'Tis crowne enough to vertue still, her owne applause!

What though the greedie Frie
Be taken with false Baytes
Of worded Balladrie,
And thinke it Poëtic?
They die with their conceits,
And only pitious scorne, upon their folly waites!
Then take in hand thy Lyre,
Strike in thy proper straine,
With *Faphers* lyne, aspire
Sole Chariot for new fire,
To give the world againe:
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of *Fever* braine!

And since our Daintie age,
Cannot indure reproofe;
Make not thy selfe a Page,
To that strumpet the Stage,
But sing high and aloofe,
Safe from the wolves black jaw, and the dull Asses hoofe.

The

The mind of the Frontispice to
a Booke.

FRom Death, and darke oblivion, ne're the same;
The Mistresse of Mans life, grave Historie
Razing the World to good and evill fame
Doth vindicate it to eternitie.
Wise Providence would so, that not the good
Might be defrauded, nor the great secur'd,
But both might know their wayes were understood,
When Vice alike in time with vertue dur'd
Which makes that (lighted by the beame hand
Of Truth that searcheth the most Springs
And guided by experience, whose strait wand
Doth meet, whose lyne doth sound the depth of things.)
Shee chearfully supporteth what she reares,
Assisted by no strengths, but are her owne,
Some note of which each varied Pillar beares,
By which as proper titles, she is knowne
Times witnesse, herald of Antiquitie,
The light of Truth, and life of Memorie.

An Ode to IAMES Earle of Desmond, writ
in Queene ELIZABETHS time,
since lost, and recovered.

W Here art thou *Genius*? I should use
Thy present Aide: Arise Invention,
Wake, and put on the wings of *Pindars* Muse,
To towre with my intention
High, as his mind, that doth advance
Her upright head, above the reach of Chance,
Or the times envie:
Cynthia, I applie
My bolder numbers to thy golden Lyre:
O, then inspire
Thy Priest in this strange rapture, heat my braine
With *Delphick* fire:
That I may sing my thoughts, in some unvulgar straine.

Rich beame of honour, shed your light
On these darke cymies, that my affection
May shine (through every chyncke) to every sight
graced by your Resedion!
Then shall my Verses, like strong Charnes
Breake the knit Circle of her Stonie Armes,
D d

The

That hold your spirit:
And keepe your merit
Lock't in her cold embraces, from the view
Of eyes more true,
Who would with judgement search, searching conclude,
(As prov'd in you)
True noblesse. Palme grows straight, though handled ne're so rude.

Nor thinke your selfe unfortunate,
If subject to the jealous errors
Of politique pretext, that wryes a State,
Sink not beneath these terrors:
But whisper, O glad Innocence,
Where only a mans birth is his offence,
Or the dis-favour,
Of such as favour
Nothing, but praetise upon honours thrall.
O vertues fall,
When her dead essence (like the Anatomie
in Surgeons hall)
Is but a Statists theame, to read Phlebotomie.

Let *Brontes*, and black *Steropes*,
Sweat at the forge, their hammers beating;
Pyracmon's houre will come to give them ease,
Though but while metall's heating:
And, after all the *Aetnean* Ire,
Gold, that is perfect, will out-live the fire.
For fury wasteth,
As patience lasteth.
No Armour to the mind he is not free
From injurie,
That is not hurt; not he, that is not hit,
So fooles we see,
Of scape an Imputation, more through luck, then wit.

But to your selfe most loyall Lord,
(Whose heart in that bright Sphere flames clearest,
Though many Gems be in your bosome stor'd,
Unknowne which is the Dearest.)
If I auspiciously devine,
(As my hope tells) that our faire *Phoebe's* shine,
Shall light those places,
With lustrous Graces,
Where darknesse with her glomie Sceptred hand,
Doth now command.
O then (my best-lov'd) let me importune,
That you will stand,
As farre from all revolt, as you are now from Fortune.

An

An Ode.

High spirited friend,
I send nor Balmes, nor Cor'sives to your wound,
Your fate hath found,
A gentler, and more agile hand, to tend
The Cure of that, which is but corporall,
And doubtfull Dayes (which were nam'd *Criticall*),
Have made their fairest flight,
And now are out of sight.
Yet doth some wholsome Physick for the mind,
Wrapt in this paper lie,
Which in the taking if you mis-apply,
You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
Happy in that faire honour it hath gain'd,
Must now be rayn'd.
True valour doth her owne renowne command
In one full Action; nor have you now more
To doe, then be a husband of that store.
Thinke but how deare you bought,
This fame which you have caught,
Such thoughts will make you more in love with truth
Tis wisdom and that high,
For men to use their fortune reverently,
Even in youth.

An Ode.

HEllen, did *Homer* never see
Thy beauties, yet could write of thee:
Did *Sappho* on her seven-tongu'd Lute,
So speake (as yet it is not mute)
Of *Phaon's* forme? or doth the Boy
In whom *Anacreon* once did joy,
Lie drawne to life, in his lost Verse,
As he whom *Mars* did rehearse?
Was *Lesbia* sung by learn'd *Catullus*?
Or *Delia's* Graces, by *Tibullus*?
Doth *Cynthia*, in *Propertius* song
Shine more, then she the Stars among?
Is *Horace* his each love so high
Rap't from the Earth, as not to die?
With bright *Icyris*, *Gallus* choice,
Whole fame hath an eternall voice.
Or hath *Corynna*, by the name
Her *Ovid* gave her, dimn'd the fame
Dd 2

DE

Of *Cæsar's* Daughter, and the line
Which all the world then styl'd devine?
Hath *Petrarch* since his *Laure* rais'd
Equall with her? or *Ronsart* prais'd
His new *Cassandra*, 'bove the old,
Which all the Fate of *Troy* foretold?
Hath our great *Sydny*, *Stella* set,
Where never Star shone brighter yet?
Or *Constables* Ambrosiack Muse,
Made *Diana*, not his notes refuse?
Have all these done (and yet I misse
The Swan that so relish'd *Pancharis*)
And shall not I my *Celia* bring,
Where men may see whom I doe sing,
Though I, in working of my song
Come short of all this learned throng,
Yet sure my tunes will be the best,
So much my Subject drownes the rest.

A Sonnet.

To the noble Lady, the Lady
MARY WORTH.

I That have bene a lover, and could shew it,
Though not in these, in rimes not wholly dumbe,
Since I exscribe your Sonnets, am become
A better lover, and much better Poet.
Nor is my Muse, or I asham'd to owe it.
To those true numerous Graces; whereof some,
But charme the Senses, others over-come
Both braines and hearts; and mine now best doe know it?
For in your verse all Cupids Armorie,
His flames, his shafts, his Quiver, and his Bow,
His very eyes are yours to overthrow.
But then his Mothers sweets you so apply,
Her joyes, her smiles, her loves, as readers take
For Venus Ceston, every line you make.

A Fit of Rime against Rime.

Rime the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits,
True Concept
Spoyling Senses of their Treasure,
Colening Judgement with a measure,
But false weight.
Wrestling words, from their true calling;
Propping Verse, for feare of falling
To the ground.
Joyning Syllables, drowning Letters,

Fastning

Fastning Vowells, as with fetters
They were bound!
Soone as lazie thou wert knowne,
All good Poëtrie hence was flowne;
And are banish'd.
For a thousand yeares together,
All *Parnassus* Greene did wither,
And wit vanish'd:
Pegasus did flie away,
At the Wells no Muse did stay,
But bewail'd.
So to see the Fountaine drie,
And *Apollo's* Musique die,
All light failed!
Starveling rimes did fill the Stage,
Nor a Poet in an Age,
Worth crowning.
Not a worke deserving Baies,
Nor a lyne deserving praise,
Pallas frowning;
Greece was free from Rimes infection,
Happy Greece by this protection!
Was not spoyled.
Whilst the Latin, Queene of Tongues;
Is not yet free from Rimes wrongs,
But rests foiled.
Scarce the hill againe doth flourish,
Scarce the world a Wit doth nourish,
To restore,
Phæbus to his Crowne againe;
And the Muses to their braine;
As before.
Vulgar Languages that want
Words, and sweetnesse, and be scant
Of true measure;
Tyras Rime hath so abused,
That they long since have refused,
Other measure;
He that first invented thee,
May his joynts tormented bee,
Cramp'd for ever;
Still may Syllables jarre with time,
Still may reason warre with rime,
Resting never.
May his Sense when it would meet,
The cold tumor in his feet,
Grow unfounder.
And his Title be long foole,
That in rearing such a Schoole,
Was the founder.

* Presented
upon a plate
of Gold to
his son Rob.
E. of Salisbu-
ry, when he
was also Tre-
surer.

* *An Epigram*
On WILLIAM Lord Burl: Lo: high
Treasurer of England.

If thou wouldst know the vertues of Man-kind
Read here in one, what thou in all canst find,
And goe no farther: let this Circle be
Thy Universe, though his *Epitome*
Cicill, the grave, the wise, the great, the good,
What is there more that can ennoble blood?
The *Orphans* Pillar, the true Subjects shield,
The poores full Store-house, and just servants field.
The only faithfull Watchman for the Realme,
That in all tempests, never quit the helme,
But stood unshaken in his Deeds, and Name,
And labour'd in the worke; not with the fame?
That still was good for goodnesse sake, nor thought
Upon reward, till the reward him sought,
Whose Offices, and honours did surprize,
Rather than meet him: And, before his eyes
Clos'd to their peace, he saw his branches shoot,
And in the noblest Families tooke root
Of all the Land, who now at such a Rate,
Of divine blessing, would not serve a State?

* For a poore
Man.

* *An Epigram.*
To THOMAS Lo: ELSMERE,
the last Terme he sate Chancellor.

So justest Lord, may all your Judgements be
Lawes, and no change e're come to one decree:
So, may the King proclaime your Conscience is
Law, to his Law, and thinke your enemies his:
So, from all sicknesse, may you rise to health,
The Care, and wish still of the publike wealth,
So may the gentler Muses, and good fame
Still flie about the Odour of your Name;
As with the safetie, and honour of the Lawes,
You favour Truth, and me, in this mans Cause.

* For the
same.

* *Another to him.*

The Judge his favour timely then extends,
When a good Cause is destitute of friends,
Without the pompe of Counsell, or more Aide,
Then to make falshood blush, and fraud afraid:

When

When those good few, that her Defenders be,
Are there for Charitie, and not for fee.
Such shall you heare to Day, and find great foes
Both arm'd with wealth, and slander to oppose,
Who thus long safe, would gaine upon the times
A right by the prosperitie of their Crimes;
Who, though their guilt, and perjurie they know,
Thinke, yea and boast, that they have done it so
As though the Court pursues them on the sent,
They will come of, and scape the Punishment,
When this appears, just Lord, to your sharp sight,
He do's you wrong, that craves you to doe right.

An Epigram to the Councellour that
pleaded, and carried the Cause.

That I hereafter, doe not thinke the Barre,
The Seat made of a more then civill warre;
Or the great Hall at *Westminster*, the field
Where mutuall frauds are fought, and no side yeild;
That henceforth, I beleave nor bookes, nor men,
Who 'gainst the Law, weave Calumnies my--
But when I read or heare the names so rise
Of hirelings, wranglers, stichers-to of strife,
Hook-handed *Harpies*, gowned Vultures, put
Upon the reverend Pleaders, doe now shue
All mouthes, that dare entitle them (from hence)
To the Wolves studie, or Dogs eloquence;
Thou art my Cause: whose manners since I knew,
Have made me to conceive a Lawyer new.
So dost thou studie matter, men, and times,
Mak'st it religion to grow rich by Crimes!
Dar'st not abuse thy wisdom, in the Lawes,
Or skill to carry out an evill cause!
But first dost vexe, and search it! If not found,
Thou prov'st the gentler waves, to cleanse the wound,
And make the Scarre faire; If that will not be,
Thou hast the brave scorne, to put back the foe!
But in a businesse, that will bide the Touch,
What use, what strength of reason! and how much
Of Bookes, of Presidents, hast thou at hand?
As if the generall store thou didst command
Of Argument, still drawing forth the best,
And not being borrowed by thee, but posselt.
So comm'st thou like a Chiefe into the Court
Arm'd at all peeces, as to keepe a Fort
Against a multitude; and (with thy Stile
So brightly brandish'd) wound'st, defend'st! the while
Thy Adversaries fall, as not a word
They had, but were a Reed unto thy Sword.

Then

Then com'st thou off with Victorie and Palme,
Thy Hearers Nectar, and thy Clients Balme,
The Courts just honour, and thy Judges love.
And (which doth all Archievements get above)
Thy sincere practise, breeds not thee a fame
Alone, but all thy ranke a reverend Name.

*An Epigram.
To the small Poxe.*

ENvious and foule Disease, could there not be
One beautie in an Age, and free from thee?
What did she worth thy spight? were there not store
Of those that set by their false faces more
Then this did by her true? she never sought
Quarrell with Nature, or in ballance brought
Arther false servant; Nor, for Sir *Hugh Plot*,
Was drawne to practise other hue, then that
Her owne blood gave her: Shee ne're had, nor hath
Any believe, in Madam *Baud-bees* bath,
Or Turners oyle of *Talek*. Nor ever got
Spanish receipt, to make her teeth to rot.
What was the cause then? Thought'st thou in disgrace
Of Beautie, so to nullifie a face,
That heaven should make no more; or should amisse,
Make all hereafter, had'st thou ruin'd this.
I, that thy Ayme was; but her fate prevail'd:
And scom'd, thou'ast showne thy malice, but hast fail'd.

An Epitaph.

WHat Beautie would have lovely stilde,
What manners prettie, Nature milde,
What wonder perfect, all were fill'd,
Upon record in this blest child.
And, till the coming of the Soule
To fetch the flesh, we keepe the Rowle.

A Song.

LOVER.

Come, let us here enjoy the shade,
For love, in shadow best is made.
Though Envy oft his shadow be,
None breaks the sun-light worse than he.

MISTAKE.

MISTAKE.

Where love doth shine, there needs no Sunne,
All lights into his one doth run;
Without which all the world were dark;
Yet he himselfe is but a sparke.

ARTIFER.

A sparke to set whole world a-fire,
Who more they burne, they more desire,
And have their being, their waste to see;
And waste still, that they still might bee.

CHORY.

Such are his powers, whom time hath stil'd,
Now swift, now slow, now tame, now wild;
Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild.
The eldest God, yet still a Child.

An Epistle to a friend.

SIR, I am thankfull, first, to heaven, for you;
Next to your selfe, for making your love true;
Then to your love, and gift. And all's burdne.

You have unto my Store added a booke,
On which with profit, I shall never looke,
But must confesse from whom what gift I tooke.

Not like your Countie-neighbours, that commit
Their vice of loving for a Christmase fit;
Which is indeed but friendship of the spit:

But, as a friend, which name your selfe receive,
And which you (being the worthier) gave me leave
In letters, that mixe spirits, thus to weave.

Which, how most sacred I will ever keepe,
So may the fruitfull Vine my temples steepe,
And Fame wake for me, when I yeeld to sleepe.

Though you sometimes proclaime me too severe,
Rigid, and harsh, which is a Drug austere
In friendship, I confesse: But deare friend, heare.

Little know they, that professe Amitie,
And seeke to scant her comelie libertie,
How much they lame her in her propertie.

E c

And

And lesse they know, who being free to use
That friendship which no chance but love did chuse,
Will unto Licencethat faire leave abuse.

It is an Act of tyrannie, not love
In practiz'd friendship wholly to reprove,
As flatter'ry with friends humours still to move.

From each of which I labour to be free,
Yet if with eithers vice I teynted be,
Forgive it, as my frailtie, and not me.

For no man lives so out of passions sway,
But shall sometimes be tempted to obey
Her furie, yet no friendship to betray.

An Elegie.

TIs true, I'm broke! Vowes, Oathes, and all I had
Of Credit lost. And I am now runmadde.
Or doe upon my selfe some desperate ill;
This sadnesse makes no approaches, but to kill.
It is a Darknesse hath blockt up my sense,
And drives it in to eat on my offence,
Or there to sterue it, helpe O you that may
Alone lend succours, and this furie stay,
Offended Mistris, you are yet so faire,
As light breakes from you, that affrights despair,
And fills my powers with perswading joy,
That you should be too noble to destroy.
There may some face or menace of a storme
Looke forth, but cannot last in such forme.
If there be nothing worthy you can see
Of Graces, or your mercie here in me
Spare your owne goodnesse yet, and be not great
In will and power, only to defeat.
God, and the good, know to forgive, and save.
The ignorant, and fooles, no pittie have,
I will nor stand to justifie my fault,
Or lay the excuse upon the Vintners vault;
Or in confessing of the Crime be nice,
Or goe about to countenance the vice,
By naming in what companie 'twas in,
As I would urge Authoritie for sinne.
No, I will stand arraign'd, and cast, to be
The Subject of your Grace in pardoning me,
And (Stil'd your mercies Creature) will live more
Your honour now, then your disgrace before,
Thinke it was frailtie, Mistris, thinke me man,
Thinke that your selfe like heaven forgive me can,

Where

Where weaknesse doth offend, and vertue grieve;
There greatnesse takes a glorie to relieue.
Thinke that I once was yours, or may be now,
Nothing is vile, that is a part of you:
Errour and folly in me may have crost
Your just commands; yet those, not I be lost.
I am regenerate now, become the child
Of your compassion; Parents should be mild:
There is no Father that for one demerit,
Or two, or three, a Sonne will dis-inherit;
That is the last of punishments is meant;
No man inflicts that paine, till hope be spent:
An ill-affected limbe (what e're it aile)
We cut not off, till all Cures else doe faile:
And then with pause, for sever'd once, that's gone;
Would live his glory that could keepe it on:
Doe not despaire my mending; to distrust
Before you prove a medicine, is unjust.
You may so place me, and in such an ayre
As not alone the Cure, but scarre be faire:
That is, if still your Favours you apply,
And not the bounties you ha' done, deny.
Could you demand the gifts you gave, againe?
Why was't? did e're the Cloudes aske back their raine?
The Sunne his heat, and light, the ayre his dew?
Or winds the Spirit, by which the flower so grew?
That were to wither all, and make a Grave
Of that wise Nature would a Cradle have:
Her order is to cherish, and preserve,
Consumptions nature to destroy, and sterue:
But to exact againe what once is given,
Is natures meere obliquitie! as Heaven
Should aske the blood, and spirits he hath infus'd
In man, because man hath the flesh abus'd.
O may your wisdom take example hence,
God lightens not at mans each fraile offence,
He pardons, slips, goes by a world of ills,
And then his thunder frights more, then it kills.
He cannot angrie be, but all must quake,
It shakes even him, that all things else doth shake.
And how more faire, and lovely lookes the world
In a calme skie; then when the heaven is hor'd
About in Cloudes, and wrapt in raging weather,
As all with storme and tempest ran together.
O imitate that sweet Selenitie
That makes us live, not that which calls to die
In darke, and fullen mornes; doe we not say
This looketh like an Excecution day?
And with the vulgar doth it not obtaine
The name of Cruell weather, storme, and raine?

Ec 2

De

Be not affected with these markes too much
 Of crueltie, lest they doe make you such.
 But view the mildnesse of your Makers state,
 As I the penitents here emulate:
 He when he sees a sorrow such as this,
 Streight puts off all his Anger, and doth kisse
 The contrite Soule, who hath no thought to win
 Upon the hope to have another sin
 Forgiven him; And in that lync stand I
 Rather then once displease you more, to die
 To suffer tortures, scorne, and Infamie,
 What Fooles, and all their Parasites can apply,
 The wit of Ale, and *Genius* of the Malt
 Can pumpe for, or a Libell without salt
 Produce, though threatning with a coale, or chalke
 On every wall, and sung where e're I walke.
 Inumber these as being of the Chore
 Of Contumelie, and urge a good man more
 Then sword, or fire, or what is of the race
 To carry noble danger in the face:
 There is not any punishment, or paine,
 A man should flie from, as he would disdain:
 Then Masters here, here let your rigour end,
 And let your merie make me asham'd t'offend.
 I will no more abuse my vowes to you,
 Then I will studie falshood, to be true.
 O, that you could but by dissection see
 How much you are the better part of me,
 How all my Fibres by your Spirit doe move,
 And that there is no life in me, but love.
 You would be then most confident, that tho
 Publike affaires command me now to goe
 Out of your eyes, and be awhile away,
 Absence, or Distance, shall not breed decay.
 Your forme shines here, here fixed in my heart
 I may dilate my selfe, but not depart.
 Others by common Stars their courses run,
 When I see you, then I doe see my Sun,
 Till then 'tis all but darknesse, that I have,
 Rather then want your light, I wish a grave,

An Elegie.

To make the Doubt cleare that no Woman's true,
 Was it my fate to prove it full in you.
 Thought I but one had breath'd the purer Ayre,
 And must she needs be false, because she's faire?
 It is your beauties Marke, or of your youth,
 Or your perfection not to studie truth,

Or thinke you heaven is deafe? or liath no eyes?
 Or thole it has, winke at your perjuries;
 Are vowes so cheape with women? or the matter
 Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water;
 And blowne away with wind? or doth their breath
 Both hot and cold at once, threat life and death?
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet
 Tun'd to our words, so many sighes should meet
 Blowne from our hearts, so many oathes and teares
 Sprinkled among? All sweeter by our feares,
 And the Devine Impression of stolne kisses,
 That seal'd the rest, could now prove emptie blisses?
 Did you draw bonds to forfeit? Signe, to breake,
 Or must we read you quite from what you speake,
 And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
 He first desire you false, would wish you just?
 O, I prophane! though most of women be,
 The common Monster, Love shall except thee
 My dearest Love, how ever jealousie,
 With Circumstance might urge the contrarie.
 Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne would cease to cheare
 The teeming Earth, and that forget to beare;
 Sooner that Rivers would run back, or Thames
 With ribs of Ice in June would bind his streames:
 Or Nature, by whose strength the world indures,
 Would change her course, before you alter yours!
 But, O, that trecherous breast, to whom, weake you
 Did trust our counsells, and we both may rue,
 Having his falshood found too late! 'twas he
 That made me cast you Guiltie, and you me.
 Whilst he black wretch, betray'd each simple word
 We spake unto the coming of a third!
 Curs'd may he be that so our love hath flaine,
 And wander wretched on the earth, as *Cain*.
 Wretched as he, and not deserve least pittie
 In plaguing him let miserie be wittie.
 Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
 Till he be noysome as his infamie;
 May be without remorse deny God thrice,
 And not be trusted more on his soules price;
 And after all selfe-torment, when he dyes
 May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
 Swyne eat his Bowels, and his faller Tongue,
 That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung,
 And let his carrion corse be a longer feast
 To the Kings Dogs, then any other beast.
 Now I have curs'd, let us our love receive,
 In me the flame was never more alive.
 I could begin againe to court and praise,
 And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes

Of my lifes lease; like Painters that doe take
 Delight, not in made workes, but whilst they make
 I could renew those times, when first I saw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the Law
 To like what you lik'd, and at Masques, or Playes,
 Commend the selfe-same Actors, the same wayes
 Aske how you did? and often with intent
 Of being officious, grow impertinent;
 All which were such lost pastimes, as in these
 Love was as subtly catch'd as a Disease.
 But, being got, it is a treasure, sweet,
 Which to defend, is harder then to get;
 And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
 For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

An Elegie.

THat Love's a bitter sweet, I ne're conceive
 Till the fower Minute comes of taking leave;
 And then I taste it. But as men drinke up
 In hast the bottome of a med'cin'd Cup,
 And take some sirrup after; so doe I
 To put all relish from my memorie
 Of parting, drowne it in the hope to meet
 Shortly againe: and make our absence sweet.
 This makes me M^r. that sometime by stealth
 Under another Name, I take your health;
 And turne the Ceremonies of those Nights
 I give, or owe my friends, into your Rites,
 But ever without blazon, or least shade
 Of voves so sacred, and in silence made;
 For though Love thrive, and may grow up with cheare,
 And free societie, hee's borne else-where,
 And must be bred, so to conceale his birth,
 As neither wine doe rack it out, or mirth.
 Yet should the Lover still be ayrie and light
 In all his Actions ratified to spright
 Not like a *Midas* shut up in himselfe,
 And turning all he toucheth into pelfe,
 Keepe in reserv'd in his Dark-lanterne face,
 As if that ex'lent Dulnesse were Loves grace;
 No Masters no, the open merrie Man
 Moves like a sprightly River, and yet can
 Keepe secret in his Channels what he breeds
 'Bove all your standing waters, choak'd with weedes.
 They looke at best like Creame-bowles, and you soone
 Shall find their depth: they're sounded with a spoone.
 They may say Grace, and for Loves Chaplaines passe;
 But the grave Lover ever was an Ass.

Is fix'd upon one leg, and dares not come
 Out with the other, for hee's still at home;
 Like the dull wearied Crane that (come on land)
 Doth while he keepes his watch, betray his stand,
 Where he that knowes will like a Lapwing stie
 Farre from the Nest, and so himselfe belie.
 To others as he will deserve the Trust
 Due to that one, that doth believe him just.
 And such your Servant is, who voves to keepe
 The Jewell of your name, as close as sleepe
 Can lock the Sense up, or the heart a thought,
 And never be by time, or folly brought,
 Weaknesse of braine, or any charme of Wine,
 The sinne of Boast, or other countermine
 (Made to blow up loves secrets) to discover
 That Article, may nor become our lover:
 Which in assurance to your brest I tell,
 If I had writ no word, but Deare, farewell.

An Elegie.

Since you must goe, and I must bid farewell,
 Heare Masters, your departing servant tell
 What it is like: And doe not thinke they can
 Be idle words, though of a parting Man;
 It is as if a night should shade noone-day,
 Or that the Sun was here, but forc't away;
 And we were left under that Hemisphere,
 Where we must feele it Darke for halfe a yeare.
 What fate is this to change mens dayes and houres,
 To shift their seasons, and destroy their powers!
 Alas I ha' lost my heat, my blood, my prime,
 Winter is come a Quarter e're his Time,
 My health will leave me; and when you depart,
 How shall I doe sweet Mistris for my heart?
 You would restore it? No, that's worth a feare,
 As if it were not worthy to be there:
 O, keepe it still; for it had rather be
 Your sacrifice, then here remaine with me.
 And so I spare it, Come what can become
 Of me, I'll softly tread unto my Tombe;
 Or like a Ghost walke silent amongst men,
 Till I may See both it and you agen.

An Elegie.

Let me be what I am, as *Virgil* cold
 As *Horace* fat, or as *Anacreon* old;
 No Poets verses yet did ever move,
 Whose Readers did not thinke he was in love.

Who shall forbid me then in Rithme to bee
 As light, and Active as the youngest hee
 That from the Muses fountaines doth indorse
 His lynes, and hourly fits the Poets horse
 Put on my Ivy Garland, let me see
 Who frownes, who jealous is, who taxeth me,
 Fathers, and Husbands, I doe claime a right
 In all that is call'd lovely: take my sight
 Sooner then my affection from the faire,
 No face, no hand, proportion, line, or Ayre
 Of beautie; but the Muse hath interest in:
 There is not worme that lace, purle, knot or pin,
 But is the Poets matter: And he must
 When he is furious love, although not lust,
 But then content, your Daughters and your Wives,
 (If they be faire and worth it) have their lives
 Made longer by our praises. Or, if not
 Wish, you had fowle ones, and deformed got;
 Curst in their Cradles, or there chang'd by Elves,
 So to be sure you doe enjoy your selves,
 Yet keepe those up in sackcloth too, or lether,
 For Silke will draw some sneaking Songster thither,
 It is a ryming Age, and Verses swarme
 Atevery stall; The Cittie Cap's a charme.
 But I who live, and have liv'd twentie yeare
 Where I may handle Silke, as free, and neere,
 As any Mercer, or the whale-bone man
 That quilts those bodies, I have leave to span;
 Have eaten with the Beauties, and the wits,
 And braveries of Court, and felt their fits
 Of love, and hate: and came so nigh to know
 Whether their faces were their owne, or no.
 It is not likely I should now looke downe
 Upon a Velvet Petticote, or a Gowne,
 Whose like I have knowne the Taylors Wife put on
 To doe her Husbands rites in, ere 'twere gone
 Home to the Customer: his Letcherie
 Being, the best clothes still to preoccupie.
 Put a Coach-mare in Tissue, must I horse
 Her presently? Or leape thy Wife of force,
 When by thy fordid bountie she hath on,
 A Gowne of that, was the Caparison?
 So I might dote upon thy Chaires; and Stooles
 That are like cloath'd, must I be of those fooles
 Of race accompted, that no passion have
 But when thy Wife (as thou conceiv'st) is brave?
 Then ope thy wardrobe, thinke me that poore Groomer
 That from the Foot-man, when he was become
 An Officer there, did make most solemne love,
 To ev'ry Petticote he brush'd, and Glove

He

He did lay up, and would adore the shoe,
 Or slipper was left off, and kisse it too,
 Court every hanging Gowne, and after that,
 Lift up some one, and doe, I tell not what.
 Thou didst tell me, and wert o're-joy'd to peepe
 In a hole, and see these Actions creepe
 From the poore wretch, which though he play'd in prose,
 He would have done in verse, with any of those
 Wrung on the Withers, by Lord Loves despight,
 Had he had the facultie to reade, and write!
 Such Songsters there are store of; witnesse he
 That chanc'd the lace, laid on a Smock, to see
 And straight-way spent a Sonnet; with that other
 That (in pure Madrigall) unto his Mother
 Commended the French-hood, and Scarlet gowne.
 The Lady May resse pass'd in through the Towne,
 Unto the Spittle Sermon. O, what strange
 Varietie of Silkes were on th'Exchange!
 Or in Moore-fields! this other night, sings one,
 Another answers, 'Lasse those Silkes are none
 In smiling *L'envoye*, as he would deride
 Any Comparison had with his Cheap-side.
 And vouches both the Pageant, and the Day,
 When not the Shops, but windowes doe display
 The Stuffes, the Velvets, Plushes, Fringes, Lace,
 And all the originall riots of the place:
 Let the poore fooles enjoy their follies, love
 A Goat in Velvet; or some block could move
 Under that cover; an old Mid-wives hat!
 Ora Close-stool so cas'd, or any far
 Bawd, in a Velvet scabberd! I envy
 None of their pleasures! nor will aske thee, why
 Thou art jealous of thy Wifes, or Daughters Case:
 More then of eithers manners, wit, or face!

An Execration upon Vulcan.

And why to me this, thou lame Lord of fire,
 What had I done that might call on thine ire?
 Or urge thy Greedie flame, thus to devoure
 So many my Yeares-labours in an houre?
 I ne're attempted *Vulcan* gainst thy life;
 Nor made least line of love to thy loose Wife;
 Or in remembrance of thy affront, and scorne
 With Clownes, and Tradesmen, kept thee clos'd in horne.
 'Twas *Jupiter* that hurl'd thee headlong downe,
 And *Mars*, that gave thee a Lanthorne for a Crowne;
 Was it because thou wert of old denied
 By *Jove* to have *Minerva* for thy Bride.

F F

That

That since thou tak'st all envions care and pains,
 To ruine any issue of the braine?
 Had I wrote treason there, or heresie,
 Imposture, witchcraft, charmes, or blasphemie?
 I had deserv'd then, thy consuming lookes,
 Perhaps, to have beene burned with my bookes.
 But, on thy malice, tell me, didst thou spie
 Any, least loose, or furrile paper, lie
 Conceal'd, or kept there, that was fit to be,
 By thy owne vote, a sacrifice to thee?
 Did I there wound the honours of the Crowne?
 Or taxe the Glories of the Church, and Gowne?
 Itch to defame the State? or brand the Times?
 And my selfe most, in some selfe-boasting Rimes?
 If none of these, then why this fire? Or find
 A cause before, or leaye me one behind.
 Had I compil'd from *Amadis de Gaule*,
 Th' *Esplanadians*, *Arthur's*, *Palmerins*, and all
 The learned Librarie of *Don Quixote*,
 And so some goodlier monster had begot,
 Or spun out Riddles, and weav'd fittie romes
 Of *Logogripes*, and curious *Palindromes*,
 Or pomp'd for those hard trifles *Anagrams*,
 Or *Eteostichs*, or those finer *flammes*
 Of Egges, and Halberds, Cradles, and a Herse,
 A paire of Scissars, and a Combe in verse;
Acrostichs, and *Telestichs*, on jumpe names,
 Thou then hadst had some colour for thy flames,
 On such my serious follies; But, thou'lt say,
 There were some pieces of as base allay,
 And as false stampe there; parcels of a Play,
 Fitter to see the fire-light, then the day;
 Adulterate moneys, such as might nor goe:
 Thou should'st have stay'd, till publike fame laid fo.
 Shee is the Judge, Thou Executioner,
 Or if thou needs would'st trench upon her power,
 Thou mightst have yet enjoy'd thy crueltie
 With some more thrift, and more varietie:
 Thou mightst have had me perish, piece, by piece,
 To light Tobacco, or save roasted Geese.
 Since Capons, or poore Pigges, dropping their eyes,
 Condemn'd me to the Ovens with the pies;
 And so, have kept me dying a whole age,
 Not ravi'd all hence in a minutes rage.
 But that's a marke, wherof thy Rites doe boast,
 To make consumption, ever where thou go'st;
 Had I fore-knownne of this thy least desire
 I have held a Triumph, or a feast of fire,
 Especially in paper, that, that steame
 Had tickled your large Nostrill: many a Reame

To redeeme mine, I had sent in enough,
 Thou should'st have cry'd, and all beene proper stuffe.
 The *Talmud*, and the *Alcoran* had come,
 With pieces of the *Legend*, The whole summe
 Of errant Knight-hood, with the Dames, and Dwarfes;
 The charmed Boates, and the enchanted Wharves,
 The *Tristram's*, *Lanclots*, *Turpins*, and the *Peor's*,
 All the madde *Rolands*, and sweet *Oliver's*,
 To *Merlins* Marvailles, and his *Caballs* losse,
 With the Chimæra of the *Rosse-Crosse*,
 Their Seales, their Characters, Hermetique rings,
 Their Jemme of Riches, and bright Stone, that brings
 Invisibilitie, and strength, and tongues:
 The art of kindling the true Coale, by lungs
 With *Nicholas Pasquill's*, Meddle with your match,
 And the strong lines, that so the time doe catch,
 Or Captaine *Pamphlets* horse, and foot, that lallie
 Upon th' Exchange, still out of Popes-head-Alley.
 The weekly *Corrants*, with *Pauls* Seale, and all
 Th' admir'd discourses of the Prophet *Ball*:
 These, had'st thou pleas'd either to dine, or sup,
 Had made a meale for *Vulcan* to lick up.
 But in my Deske, what was there to accite
 So ravenous, and vast an appetite?
 I dare not say a body, but some parts
 There were of search, and mastery in the Arts.
 All the old *Venusine*, in *Poëtrie*,
 and lighted by the *Stagerite*, could spie,
 Was there mad English: with the Grammar too;
 To teach some that, their Nurfes could doe.
 The puritie of Language, and among
 The rest, my journey into *Scotland* song,
 With all th' adventures, Three bookes not afraid
 To speake the fate of the *Sirilian* Maid
 To our owne Ladyes; and in storie there
 Of our first *Henry*, eight of his nine yeares;
 Wherein was oyle, beside the succour spent,
 Which noble *Carew*, *Cotton*, *Selden* lent:
 And twice-twelve-yeares stor'd up humanitie,
 With humble Gleanings in Divinitie,
 After the Fathers, and those wiser Guides
 Whom Fashion had not drawne to studie sides.
 How in these ruines *Vulcan*, thou dost lurke,
 All soote, and enibers! odious, as thy worke!
 I now begin to doubt, if ever Grace,
 Or Goddesse, could be patient of thy face.
 Thou woo *Minerva*! or to wit aspire!
 'Cause thou canst halt, with us in Arts, and Fire!
 Sonne of the Wind! forso thy mother gone
 With lust conceiv'd thee; Father thou hadst none

When thou wert borne, and that thou look'st at best,
 She darst not kisse, but flung thee from her brest.
 And so did *Jove*, who ne're meant thee his Cup:
 No mar'le the Clownes of *Lemnos* tooke thee up.
 For none but Smiths would have made thee a God.
 Some Alchymist there may be yet, or odde
 Squire of the Squibs, against the Pageant day,
 May to thy name a *Fulcanale* say;
 And for it lose his eyes with Gun-powder,
 As th'other may his braines with Quicksilver.
 Well-fare the Wife-man yet, on the *Bankside*,
 My friends, the Watermen! They could provide
 Against thy furie, when to serve their needs,
 They made a *Fulcan* of a sheafe of Reedes,
 Whom they durst handle in their holy-day coates,
 And safely trust to dresse, nor burne their Boates.
 But, O those Reeds! thy meere disdain of them,
 Made thee beget that cruell Stratagem,
 (Which, some are pleas'd to stile but thy madde prank.)
 Against the *Globe*, the Glory of the *Banke*.
 Which, though it were the Fort of the whole *Parish*,
 Flank'd with a Ditch, and forc'd out of a *Marish*,
 I saw with two poore Chambers taken in
 And raz'd; e're thought could urge, this might have beene!
 See the worlds Ruines! nothing but the piles
 Left! and wit since to cover it with Tiles.
 The Brethren, they streight nois'd it out for Newes;
 'Twas verily some Relique of the Stewes.
 And this a Sparkle of that fire let loose
 That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian* Goose
 Bred on the *Bank*, in time of Poperie,
 When *Venus* there maintain'd in Misterie.
 But, others fell, with that conceipt by the eares,
 And cry'd, it was a threatning to the beares;
 And that accursed ground, the *Parish-Garden*:
 Nay, sigh'd, ah Sister 'twas the Nun, *Kate Arden*
 Kindled the fire! But, then did one returne,
 No Foole would his owne harvest spoile, or burne!
 If that were so, thou rather would'st advance
 The place, that was thy Wives inheritance.
 O no, cry'd all. *Fortune*, for being a whore,
 Scap'd not his Justice any jot the more:
 He burnt that Idoll of the *Revels* too;
 Nay, let *White-Hall* with Revels have to doe,
 Though but in daunces, it shall know his power;
 There was a Judgement shew'n too in an houre.
 Hee is true *Fulcan* still! He did not spare
Troy, though it were so much his *Venus* care.
 Foole, wilt thou let that in example come?
 Did not she save from thence, to build a *Rome*?

And

And what hast thou done in these pettie spights,
 More then advanc'd the houses, and their rites?
 I will not argue thee, from those of guilt,
 For they were burnt, but to be better built.
 'Tis true, that in thy wish they were destroy'd,
 Which thou hast only vented, not enjoy'd.
 So would'st th'have run upon the *Rolls* by stealth,
 And didst invade part of the Common-wealth,
 In those Records, which were all Chronicles gone,
 Will be remembered by *Six Clerkes*, to one.
 But, say all fixe, Good Men, what answer yee?
 Lyes there no Writ, out of the *Chancerie*
 Against this *Fulcan*? No Injunction?
 No order? no Decree? Though we be gone
 At *Common-Law*: Me thinks in his despight
 A Court of *Equitie* should doe us right.
 But to confine him to the Brew-houses,
 The Glasse-house, Dye-fats, and their Fornaces;
 To live in Sea-coale, and goe forth in smoake,
 Or lest that vapour might the Citie choake,
 Condemne him to the Brick-kills, or some Hill-
 foot (out in *Suffex*) to an iron Mill;
 Or in small Fagots have him blaze about
 Vile Tavernes, and the Drunkards piss him out;
 Or in the *Bell-Mans* Lanthorne like a spie,
 Burne to a snuffe, and then stinke out, and die:
 I could invent a sentence, yet were worse;
 But I'll conclude all in a civill curse.
 Pox on your flameship, *Fulcan*, if it be
 To all as fatall as 't hath beene to me,
 And to *Pauls-Steeple*; which was unto us
 'Bove all your Fire-workes, had at *Ephesus*,
 Or *Alexandria*, and though a Divine
 Losse, remains yet, as unrepair'd as mine.
 Would you had kept your Forge at *Aetna* still,
 And there made Swords, Bills, Glaves, and Armes your fill!
 Maintain'd the trade at *Bilbo*; or else where,
 Strooke in at *Millan* with the Cutlers there;
 Or stay'd but where the Fryar, and you first met,
 Who from the Divels-Arle did Guns beget,
 Or fixt in the *Low-Country's*, where you might
 On both sides doe your mischiefs with delight;
 Blow up, and ruine, myne, and countermyne;
 Make your Petards, and Granars, all your fine
 Engines of Murder, and receive the praise
 Of massacring Man-kind so many wayes.
 We aske your absence here, we all love peace;
 And pray the fruites thereof, and the increase;
 So doth the King, and most of the *Kings-men*
 That have good places: therefore once agen,

Fox

Pox on thee *Vulcan*, thy *Pandora's* pox,
And all the Evils that flew out of her box
Light on thee: Or if those plagues will not doo,
Thy Wives pox on thee, and *B.B.s.* too.

A speech according to Horace.

Why yet my noble hearts they cannot say,
But we have Powder still for the Kings Day,
And Ord'nance too: so much as from the Tower
T'have wak'd, if sleeping, *Spaines* Ambassadour
Old *Asepe Gundomar*: the French can tell,
For they did see it the last tilting well,
That we have Trumpets, Armour, and great Horse,
Launces, and men, and some a breaking force.
They saw too store of feathers, and more may,
If they stay here, but till *Saint Georges* Day.
All Ensignes of a Warre, are not yet dead,
Nor markes of wealth so from our Nation fled,
But they may see Gold-Chaines, and Pearle worne then,
Lent by the *London* Dames, to the Lords men,
Withall, the dirtie paines those Citizens take,
To see the Pride at Court, their Wives doe make:
And the returne those thankfull Courtiers yeeld
To have their Husbands drawne forth to the field,
And coming home, to tell what acts were done
Under the Auspice of young *Swynnerton*.
What a strong Fort old *Pimblcoe* had bene!
How it held out! how (last) 'twas taken in!
Well, I say thrive, thrive brave Artillerie yard,
Thou Seed-plot of the warre, that hast not spar'd
Powder, or paper, to bring up the youth
Of *London*, in the Militarie truth,
These ten yeares day; As all may sweare that looke
But on thy practise, and the Posture booke:
He that but saw thy curious Captaines drill,
Would thinke no more of *Flushing*, or the *Brill*:
But give them over to the common care
For that unnecessarie Charge they were
Well did thy craftie Clerke, and Knight, *Sir Hugh*
Supplant bold *Panton*; and brought there to view
Translated *Alian* tacticke to be read,
And the Greeke Discipline (with the moderne) shod
So, in that ground, as soone it grew to be
The Curre-Question, whether *Tilly*, or he,
Were now the greater Captaine? for they saw
The *Berghen* siege, and taking in *Breda*,
So acted to the life, as *Maurice* might,
And *Spinola* have blush'd at the sight.

O happie Art! and wise Epitome
Of bearing Arms! most civill Soldierie!
Thou canst draw forth thy forces, and fight drie
The Battells of thy Aldermanie;
Without the hazard of a drop of blood:
More then the surfets, in thee, that day stood,
Goe on, increast in vertue, and in fame:
And keepe the Glorie of the English name,
Up among Nations. In the stead of bold
Beauchamps, and *Nevills*, *Cliffords*, *Audley's* old;
Insert thy *Hodges*, and those newer men,
As *Striles*, *Dike*, *Ditchfield*, *Millar*, *Crips*, and *Fen*:
That keepe the warre, though now't be growne more tame
Alive yet, in the noise, and still the same
And could (if our great men would let their Sonnes
Come to their Schooles,) show hem the use of Guns,
And there instruct the noble English heires
In Politique, and Militar Affaires;
But he that should perswade, to have this done
For education of our Lordings, Soone
Should he heare of billow, wind, and storme,
From the Tempestuous Grandlings, who'll informe
Us, in our bearing, that are thus, and thus,
Borne, bred, allied? what's he dare tutorus?
Are we by Booke-wormes to be awde? must we
Live by their Scale, that dare doe nothing free?
Why are we rich, or great, except to show
All licence in our lives? What need we know
More then to praise a Dog? or Horse? or speake
The Hawking language? or our Day to breake
With Citizens? let Clownes, and Tradesmen breed
Their Sonnes to studie Arts, the Lawes, the Creed;
We will beleeve like men of our owne Ranke,
In so much land a yeare, or such a Banke,
That turnes us so much moneys, at which rate
Our Ancestors impos'd on Prince and State,
Let poore Nobilitie be veruious: Wee,
Descended in a rope of Titles, be
From *Guy*, or *Bevis*, *Arthur*, or from whom
The Herald will. Our blood is now become
Past any need of vertue. Let them care,
That in the Cradle of their Gentrie are,
To serve the State by Councels, and by Armes:
We neither love the Troubles, nor the harmes.
What love you then? you whore? what study? gate,
Carriage, and dressing. There is up of late?
The Academic, where the Gallants meet,
What to make legs? yes, and to smell most sweet
All that they doe at Playes. O, but first here
They learne and studie, and then practise there.

But why are all these Irons i' the fire
Of severall makings? helps, helps, t' attire
His Lordship. That is for his Band, his haire
This, and that box his Beautie to repaire;
This other for his eye-browes, hence, away,
Imay no longer on these pictures stay,
These Carkasses of honour, Taylors blocks,
Cover'd with Tissue, whose prosperitie mocks
The fate of things: whilst totter'd vertue holds
Her broken Armes up, to their emptie moulds.

*An Epistle to Master
Arch: Squib.*

What I am not, and what I faine would be,
Whilst I informe my selfe, I would teach thee;
My gentle *Arthur*, that it might be said
One lesson we have both learn'd, and well read;
I neither am, nor art thou one of those
That hearkens to a Jacks-pulse, when it goes.
Nor ever trusted to that friendship yet
Was issue of the Taverne, or the Spit:
Much lesse a name would we bring up, or nurse,
That could but claime a kindred from the purse,
Those are poore Ties, depend on those false ends,
'Tis vertue alone, or nothing that knits friends:
And as within your Office, you doe take
No piece of money, but you know, or make
Inquire of the worth: So must we doe,
First weigh a friend, then touch, and trie him too:
For there are many slips, and Counterfeits.
Deceit is fruitfull. Men have Masques and nets,
But these with wearing will themselves unfold:
They cannot last. No lie grew ever old.
Turne him, and see his Threds: looke, if he be
Friend to himselfe, that would be friend to thee.
For that is first requir'd, A man be his owne.
But he that's too-much that, is friend of none.
Then rest, and a friends value understand
It is a richer Purchase then of land.

*An Epigram on Sir Edward Coke, when he was
Lord chiefe Iustice of England.*

He that should search all Glories of the Gowne,
And steps of all rais'd servants of the Crowne
He could not find, then thee of all that store
Whom Fortune aided lesse, or vertue more,

Such

Such, *Coke*, were thy beginnings, when thy good
In others evill best was understood:
When, being the Strangers helpe, the poore mans aide,
Thy just defences made th' oppressor afraid.
Such was thy Proesse, when Integrity,
And skill in thee, now, grew Authority;
That Clients strove, in Question of the Lawes,
More for thy Patronage, then for their Cause,
And that thy strong and manly Eloquence
Stood up thy Nations fame, her Crownes defence,
And now such is thy stand, while thou dost deale
Desired Justice to the publique Weale
Like *Solons* selfe, explat'lt the knottie Lawes
With endlesse labours, whilst thy learning drawes
No lesse of praise, then readers in all kinds
Of worthiest knowledge, that can take mens minds.
Such is thy All, that (as I sung before)
None Fortune aided lesse, or Vertue more.
Or if Chance must, to each man that doth rise
Needs lend an aide, to thine she had her eyes.

*An Epistle answering to one that
asked to be Sealed of the
Tribe of BEN.*

Men that are safe, and sure, in all they doe,
Care not what trials they are put unto;
They meet the fire, the Test, as Martyrs would;
And though Opinion stampe them not, are gold,
I could say more of such, but that I feare
To speake my selfe out too ambitiously,
And shewing so weake an Asse to vulgar eyes;
Put conscience and my right to comprmise.
Let those that meereley talke, and never thinke,
That live in the wild Anarchie of Drinke
Subject to quarrell only; or else such
As make it their proficiencie, how much
They've glutted in, and letcher'd out that weeke,
That never yet did friend, or friendship seeke
But for a Sealing: let these men protest.
Or th' other on their borders, that will jeast
On all Soules that are absent; even the dead
Like flies, or wormes, which mans corrupt parts feed:
That to speake well, thinke it above all sinne,
Of any Companie but that they are in,
Call every night to Supper in these fits,
And are receiv'd for the Covey of Witts;
That censure all the Towne, and all th' affaires,
And know whose ignorance is more then theirs;

G g

Let

Let these men have their wayes, and take their times
 To vent their Libels, and to issue times,
 I have no portion in them, nor their deale
 Of newes they get, to strew out the long weale,
 I studie other friendships, and more one,
 Then these can ever be; or else with none.
 What is't to me whether the French Designe
 Be, or be not, to get the *Val-telline*?
 Or the States Ships sent forth belike to meet
 Some hopes of *Spaine* in their West-Indian Fleet?
 Whether the Dispensation yet be sent,
 Or that the Match from *Spaine* was ever meant?
 I with all well, and pray high heaven conspire
 My Princes safetie, and my Kings desire,
 But if for honour, we must draw the Sword,
 And force back that, which will not be restor'd,
 I have a body, yet, that spirit drawes
 To live, or fall, a Carkasse in the cause.
 So farre without inquirie what the States,
Transfield, and *Mansfield* doe this yeare, my fates
 Shall carry me at Call, and I'll be well,
 Though I doe neither heare these newes, nor tell
 Of *Spaine* or *France*, or were not prick'd downe one
 Of the late Mysterie of reception,
 Although my Fame, to his, not under-heares,
 That guides the Motions, and directs the beares.
 But that's a blow, by which in time I may
 Lose all my credit with my Christmas Clay,
 And animated *Pore-lane* of the Court,
 I, and for this neglect, the courser sort
 Of earthen Jarres, there may molest me too:
 Well, with mine owne fraile Pitcher, what to doe
 I have decreed, keepe it from waves, and presse;
 Lest it be jumbled, crack'd made nought, or lesse:
 Live to that point I will, for which I am man,
 And dwell as in my Center, as I can
 Still looking too, and ever loving heaven;
 With reverence using all the gifts then given.
 'Mongst which, if I have any friendships sent
 Such as are square, wel-tagde, and permanent.
 Not built with Canvasse, paper, and false lights
 As are the Glorious Scenes, at the great sights;
 And that there be no fev'ry heats, nor colds,
 Oylie Expansions, or thrinke durtie folds,
 But all so cleare, and led by reasons flame,
 As but to stumble in her sight were shame.
 These I will honour, love, embrace, and serve:
 And free it from all question to preserve.
 So short you read my Character, and theirs
 I would call mine, to which not many Straires

Are asked to climbe. First give me faith, who know
 My selfe a little. I will take you so,
 As you have writ your selfe. Now stand, and then
 Sir, you are Scaled of the Tribe of *Ben*.

The Dedication of the
 Kings new Cellar.
 To Bacchus.

SINCE, *Bacchus*, thou art father
 Of Wines, to thee the rather
 We dedicate this Cellar,
 Where new, thou art made Dweller;
 And seale thee thy Commission:
 But 'tis with a condition,
 That thou remaine here taster
 Of all to the great Master,
 And looke unto their faces,
 Their Qualities, and races,
 That both, their odour take him;
 And relish merry make him.
 For *Bacchus* thou art freer
 Of cares, and over-seer,
 Of feast, and merry meeting,
 And still begin'st the greeting:
 See then thou dost attend him
Ljams, and defend him,
 By all the Arts of Gladnesse
 From any thought like sadnesse.
 So mayst thou still be younger
 Then *Phabus*, and much stronger
 To give mankind their cases,
 And cure the Worlds diseases:
 So may the Mules follow
 Thee still, and leave *Apollo*
 And thinke thy streame more quicker
 Then *Hippocrenes* liquor:
 And thou make many a Poet,
 Before his braine doe know it;
 So may there never Quarrell
 Have issue from the Barrell;
 But *Venus* and the Graces
 Pursue thee in all places,
 And not a Song be other
 Then *Cupid*, and his Mother.
 That when King *Fames*, above here
 Shall feast it, thou maist love there
 The causes and the Guests too,
 And have thy tales and jests too,

Thy Circuits, and thy Rounds free
As shall the feasts faire grounds be.
Be it he hold Communion
In great Saint Georges Union;
Or gratulates the passage
Of some wel-wrought Embassage:
Whereby he may knit sure up
The wished Peace of Europe:
Or else a health advances,
To put his Court in dances,
And set us all on skipping,
When with his royall shipping
The narrow Seas are shade,
And Charles brings home the Ladie.

Accessit fervor Capiti, Numerusq; Lucernis.

An Epigram

on

The Court Pucell.

DO's the Court-Pucell then so censure me,
And thinks I dare not her? let the world see.
What though her Chamber be the very pit
Where fight the prime Cocks of the Game, for wit?
And that as any are strooke, her breath creates
New in their stead, out of the Candidates?
What though with Tribade lust she force a Muse,
And in an Epicene fury can write newes
Equall with that, which for the best newes goes
As ærie light, and as like wit as those?
What though she talke, and cannot once with them,
Make State, Religion, Bawdrie, all a theame.
And as lip-thirstie, in each words expence,
Doth labour with the Phrase more then the sense?
What though she ride two mile on Holy-dayes
To Church, as others doe to Feasts and Playes,
To shew their Tires? to view, and to be view'd?
What though she be with Velvet gownes indu'd,
And spangled Petticores brought forth to eye,
As new rewards of her old secrecie!
What though she hath won on Trust, as many doe,
And that her truster feares her? Must I too?
I never stood for any place: my wit
Thinks it selfe nought, though she should vauw it.
I am no States-man, and much lesse Divine
For bawdry, 'tis her language, and not mine,
Farthest I am from the Idolatrie
To stufes and Laces, those my Man can buy.

And

And trust her I would least, that hath forswore
In Contract twice, what can shee perjure more?
Indeed, her Dressing some man might delight,
Her face there's none can like by Candlelight.
Not he, that should the body have, for Case
To his poore Instrument, now out of grace.
Shall I advise thee Pucell? scale away
From Court, while yet thy fame hath some small day;
The wits will leave you, if they once perceive
You cling to Lords, and Lords, if them you leave
For Sermones: of which now one, now other,
They say you weekly invite with fits o' th' Mother,
And practise for a Miracle; take heed
This Age would lend no faith to Dorrels Deed;
Or if it would, the Court is the worst place,
Both for the Mothers, and the Babes of grace,
For there the wicked in the Chaire of scorne,
Will call't a Bastard, when a Prophet's borne.

An Epigram.

To the honour'd

Countesse of

THe Wisdome Madam of your private Life,
Where with this while you live a widowed wife,
And the right wayes you take unto the right,
To conquer rumour, and triumph on spight;
Not only shunning by your act, to doe
Ought that is ill, but the suspicion too,
Is of so brave example, as he were
No friend to vertue, could be silent here.
The rather when the vices of the Time
Are growne so fruitfull, and false pleasures climbe
By all oblique Degrees, that killing height
From whence they fall, cast downe with their owne weight.
And though all praise bring nothing to your name,
Who (herein studying conscience, and not fame)
Are in your selfe rewarded; yet 't will be
A cheerefull worke to all good eyes, to see
Among the daily Ruines that fall foule,
Of State, of fame, of body, and of soule,
So great a Vertue stand upright to view,
As makes Penelopes old fable true,
Whilst your *Ulysses* hath ta'ne leave to goe,
Countries, and Climes manners, and mento know.
Only your time you better entertaine,
Then the great *Homer* wit, for her, could faine;
For you admit no companie, but good,
And when you want those friends, or neere in blood,

Or your Allies, you make your bookes your friends,
And studie them unto the noblest ends,
Searching for knowledge, and to keepe your mind
The same it was inspir'd, rich, and refin'd.
These Graces, when the rest of Ladies view
Not boasted in your life, but practis'd true,
As they are hard, for them to make their owne,
So are they profitable to be knowne:
For when they find so many meet in one,
It will be shame for them, if they have none.

Lord Bacon's Birth-day.

HAile happie *Genius* of this antient pile!
How comes it all things so about the smile?
The fire, the wine, the men! and in the midst,
Thou stand'st as if some *Mysterie* thou did'st!
Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returns, and many, all these pray:
And so doe I. This is the sixtieth yeare
Since *Bacon*, and thy Lord was borne, and here;
Sonne to the grave wise Keeper of the Seale,
Fame, and foundation of the English Weale.
What then his Father was, that since is hee,
Now with a Title more to the Degree,
England's high Chancellor: the destin'd heire
In his soft Cradle to his Fathers Chaire,
Whose even Thred the Fates spinne round, and full,
Out of their Choysest, and their whitest wooll.
'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be knowne,
For 't were a narrow gladnesse, kept thine owne.
Give me a deep-crown'd-Bowle, that I may sing
In raising him the wisdom of my King.

A Poeme sent me by Sir William Burlase.

The Painter to the Poet.

TO paint thy Worth, if rightly I did know it,
And were but Painter halfe like thee, a Poet;
Ben, I would show it:
But in this skill, m' unskilfull pen will tire,
Thou, and thy worth, will still be found farre higher;
And I a Lier.
Then, what a Painter's here? or what an eater
Of great attempts! when as his skil's no greater,
And he a Cheater?
Then what a Poet's here! whom, by Confession
Of all with me, to paint without Digression
There's no Expression.

My

My Answer.
The Poet to the Painter.

WHy? though I seeme of a prodigious wast,
I am not so voluminous, and vast,
But there are lines, wherewith I might b'embrace'd.

'Tis true, as my wombe (wells, so my backe stoupes,
And the whole lumpe growes round, deform'd, and droupes,
But yet the Tun at *Heidelberg* had houpes.

You were not tied, by any Painters Law
To square my Circle, I confesse, but draw
My Superficies: that was all you saw.

Which if in compasse of no Art it came
To be describ'd by a *Monogram*,
With one great blot, yo' had form'd me as I am.

But whilst you curious were to have it be
An *Archetype*, for all the world to see,
You made it a brave picce, but not like me.

O, had I now your manner, maistry, might,
Your Power of handling, shadow, ayre, and spright,
How I would draw, and take hold and delight.

Put, you are he can paint; I can but write:
A Poet hath no more but black and white,
Ne knowes he flatt'ring Colours, or false light.

Yet when of friendship I would draw the face
A letter'd mind, and a large heart would place
To all posteritie; I will write *Burlase*.

An Epigram.

To,

WILLIAM, Earle of Newcastle.

When first my Lord, I saw you backe your horse,
Provoke his mettall, and command his force
To all the uses of the field, and race,
Me thought I read the ancient Art of *Thrace*,
And saw a Centaure, past those tales of *Greece*,
So seem'd your horse, and you both of a peece!
You shew'd like *Perseus* upon his *serpent*,
Or *Castor* mounted on his *Cyllarus*.

Or

Or what we heare our home-borne Legend tell,
Of bold Sir *Bevis*, and his *Arundell*:
Nay, so your Seate his beauties did endorſe,
As I began to wiſh my ſelfe a horſe:
And ſurely had I but your Stable ſcene
Before: I thinke my wiſh abſolv'd had beene,
For never ſaw I yet the Muſes dwell,
Nor any of their houſhold halfe ſo well.
So well! as when I ſaw the floore, and Roome
I look'd for *Hercules* to be the Groome:
And cri'd, away, with the *Cæſarian* bread,
At theſe Immortall Mangers *Virgil* fed.

Epistle

To Mr. ARTHUR SQUIB.

I Am to dine, Friend, where I muſt be weigh'd
For a juſt wager, and that wager paid
If I doe loſe it: And, without a Tale
A Merchants Wife is Regent of the Scale.
Who when ſhee heard the match, concluded ſtreight,
An ill commoditie! 'T muſt make good weight.
So that upon the point, my corporall feare
Is, ſhe will play Dame Juſtice, too ſevere;
And hold me to it cloſe; to ſtand upright
Within the ballance; and not want a mite;
But rather with advantage to be found
Full twentie ſtone, of which I lack two pound:
That's fix in ſilver, now within the Socket
Stinketh my credit, if into the Pocket
It doe not come: One piece I have in ſtore,
Lend me, deare *Arthur*, for a weeke five more,
And you ſhall make me good, in weight, and faſhion,
And then to be return'd; or profeſtation
To goe out after — till when take this letter
For your ſecuritie, I can no better,

To

Mr. JOHN BURGES.

Would God my *Burges*, I could thinke
Thoughts worthy of thy gift, this Inke,
Then would I promiſe here to give
Verſe, that ſhould thee, and me out-live.
But ſince the Wine hath ſteep'd my braine
I only can the Paper ſtaine,
Yet with a Dye, that ſeares no Moth,
But Scarlet-like out-laſts the Cloth.

Epistle

Epistle.

To my Lady COVELL.

You won not Verſes, Madam, you won mee,
When you would play ſo nobly, and ſo free.
A booke to a few lynes: but, it was fit
You won them too, your oddes did merit it.
So have you gain'd a Servant, and a Muſe:
The fiſt of which I feare, you will reſuſe;
And you may juſtly, being a tardie cold,
Unprofitable Chattell, fat and old,
Laden with Bellie, and doth hardly approach
His friends, but to breake Chaires, or cracke a Coach.
His weight is twenty Stone within two pound;
And that's made up as doth the purſe abound.
Marrie the Muſe is one, can tread the Aire,
And ſtroke the water, nimble, chaſt, and faire,
Sleeps in a Virgins boſome without feare,
Run all the Rounds in a ſoft Ladies care,
Widow or Wife, without the jealousie
Of either Suitor, or a Servant by.
Such, (if her manners like you) I doe ſend:
And can for other Graces her commend,
To make you merry on the Dreſſing ſtoole,
A mornings, and at afternoones, to foole
Away ill company, and helpe in rime,
Your *Joane* to paſſe her melancholic time.
By this, although you fancie not the man
Accept his Muſe; and tell, I know you can.
How many verſes, Madam, are your Due!
I can loſe none in tending theſe to you.
I gaine, in having leave to keepe my Day,
And ſhould grow rich, had I much more to pay.

To Maſter Iohn Burges.

Father *Iohn Burges*,
Necceſſitie urges
My woſull erie,
To Sir Robert Pie:
And that he will venter
To ſend my *Debetur*.
Tell him his *Bey*
Knew the time, when
He lov'd the Muſes;
Though now he reſuſes,
To take Apprehenſion
Of a yeares Penſion,

H h

And

And more is behind:
Put him in mind
Christmas is neere,
And neither good Cheare,
Mirth, fooling, nor wit,
Nor any least fit
Of gambol, or sport
Will come at the Court,
If there be no money,
No Plover, or Coney
Will come to the Table,
Or Wine to enable
The Muse, or the Poet,
The Parish will know it.

Nor any quick-warming-pan helpe him to bed,
If the Chequer be emptie, so will be his Head.

Epigram, to my Book-seller.

Thou, Friend, wilt heare all censures; unto thee
All mouthes are open, and all stomachs free:
Bee thou my Bookes intelligencer, note
What each man sayes of it, and of what coat
His judgement is; If he be wise, and praise,
Thanke him: if other, hee can give no Bayes.
If his wit reach no higher, but to spring
Thy Wife a fit of laughter; a Cramp-ring
Will bereward enough: to weare like those,
That hang their richest Jewells i' their nose;
Like a rung Beare, or Swine: grunting out wit
As if that part lay for a [] most fit!
If they goe on, and that thou lov'st a life
Their perfum'd judgements, let them kisse thy Wife.

An Epigram.

To WILLIAM Earle of Newcastle.

They talke of Fencing, and the use of Armes,
The art of urging, and avoyding harmes,
The noble Science, and the maistring skill
Of making just approaches how to kill:
To hit in angles, and to clash with time:
As all defence, or offence were a chime!
Thate such measur'd, give me mettall'd fire
That trembles in the blaze, but (then) mounts higher!
A quick, and dazeling motion! when a paire
Of bodies, meet like rarified ayre!

Their

Their weapons shot out, with that flame, and force,
As they out-did the lightning in the course;
This were a spectacle! A sight to draw
Wonder to Valour! No, it is the Law
Of daring, not to doe a wrong, is true
Valour! to sleight it, being done to you!
To know the heads of danger! where 'tis fit
To bend, to breake, provoke, or suffer it!
All this (my Lord) is Valour! This is yours!
And was your Fathers! All your Ancestours!
Who durst live great, 'mongst all the colds, and heates,
Of humane life! as all the frosts, and sweates
Of fortune! when, or death appear'd, or bands!
And valiant were, with, or without their hands.

An Epitaph, on HENRY

L. La-ware.

To the Passer-by.

If, Passenger, thou canst but reade:
Stay, drop a teare for him that's dead,
Henry, the brave young Lord La-ware,
Minerva's and the Muses care!
What could their care doe 'gainst the spight
Of a Disease, that lov'd no light
Of honour, nor no ayre of good?
But crept like darknesse through his blood!
Offended with the dazeling flame
Of Vertue, got above his name?
No noble furniture of parts,
No love of action, and high Arts,
No aime at glorie, or in warre,
Ambition to become a Starre,
Could stop the malice of this ill,
That spread his body o're, to kill:
And only, his great Soule env'y'd,
Because it durst have noblier dy'd.

An Epigram.

That you have seene the pride, beheld the sport,
And all the games of Fortune, plaid at Court;
View'd there the mercat, read the wretched rate
At which there are, would sell the Prince, and State:
That scarce you heare a publike voyce alive,
But whisper'd Counsell, and those only thrive;
Yet are got off thence, with cleare mind, and hands
To lift to heaven: who is't not understands

Hh a

Your

Your happinesse, and doth not speake you blest,
To see you set apart, thus, from the rest,
T' obtaine of God, what all the Land should aske:
A Nations sinne got pardon'd! 'twere a taske:
Fit for a Bishops knees! O bow them oft,
My Lord, till felt griefe make our stone hearts soft,
And wee doe weepe, to water, for our sinne.
He, that in such a flood, as we are in
Of riot, and consumption knowes the way,
To teach the people, how to fast, and pray,
And doe their penance, to avert Gods rod,
He is the Man, and Favorite of God.

An Epigram.

To K. CHARLES
for a 100. pounds he sent me in
my sickness.

1629

Great CHARLES, among the holy gifts of grace
Annexed to thy Person, and thy place,
'Tis not enough (thy pietie is such)
To cure the call'd Kings Evill with thy touch;
But thou wilt yet a Kinglier mastric trie,
To cure the Potts Evill, Povertrie:
And, in these Cures, do'st so thy selfe enlarge,
As thou dost cure our Evill, at thy charge.
Nay, and in this, thou show'st to value more
One Poet, then of other folke ten score.
O pietie! so to weigh the poores estates!
O bountie! so to difference the rates!
What can the Poet wish his King may doe,
But, that he cure the Peoples Evill too?

To K. CHARLES, and Q. MARY.
For the losse of their first-borne,
An Epigram Consolatorie.

1629

Who dares denie, that all first fruits are due
To God, denies the God-head to be true:
Who doubts, those fruits God can with gaine restore,
Doth by his doubt, distrust his promise more.
Hee can, he will, and with large int'rest pay,
What (at his liking) he will take away.
Then Royall CHARLES, and MARY, doe not grutch
That the Almighty will to you is such:

But

But thanke his greatnesse, and his goodnesse too;
And thinke all still the best, that he will doe.
That thought shall make, he will this losse supply
With a long, large, and blest posteritie!
For God, whose essence is so infinite,
Cannot but heape that grace, he will requite.

An Epigram.

To our great and good K. CHARLES
On his Anniversary Day.

1629

HOW happy were the Subject! if he knew
Most pious King, but his owne good in you!
How many times, live long, CHARLES, would he say,
If he but weigh'd the blessings of this day?
And as it turnes our joyfull yeare about,
For safetie of such Majestie, cry out:
Indeed, when had great Brittain greater cause
Then now, to love the Sovereigne, and the Lawes?
When you that raigne, are her Example growne,
And what are boundsto her, you make your owne?
When your assiduous practise doth secure
That Faith, which she professeth to be pure:
When all your life's a president of dayes,
And murmure cannot quarrell at your wayes:
How is she barren growne of love! or broke!
That nothing can her gratitude provoke!
O Times! O Manners! Surfer bred of ease,
The truly Epidemicall disease!
'Tis not alone the Merchant, but the Clowne,
Is Banke-rupt turn'd! the Cassock, Cloake, and Gowne,
Are lost upon accompt! And none will know
How much to heaven for thee, great CHARLES: they owe!

An Epigram on the
Princes birth.

1630

And art thou borne, brave Babe! Blest be thy birth!
That so hath crown'd our hopes, our spring, and earth;
The bed of the chaste Lilly, and the Rose!
What Month then May, was fitter to disclose
This Prince of flowers? Soone shoot thou up, and grow
The same that thou art promis'd, but be slow,
And long in changing. Let our Nephewes see
Thee, quickly the gardens eye to bee,
And there to stand so. Hast, now envious Moone,
And interpose thy selfe, ('care not how soone.)

And

And threat' the great Eclipse. Two houres but mine,
Soll will re-shine. If not, CHARLES hath a Sonne.

Non displicuisse meretur
Festinat Caesar qui placuisse tibi.

An Epigram to the Queene,
then lying in.

1630.

HAILE Mary, full of grace, it once was said,
And by an Angell, to the blessed 'st Maid
The Mother of our Lord: why may not I
(Without prophaneesse) yet, a Poet, cry
Haile Mary, full of honours, to my Queene,
The Mother of our Prince? When was there scene
(Except the joy that the first Mary brought,
Whereby the safetie of Man-kind was wrought.)
So generall a gladnesse to an Isle!
To make the hearts of a whole Nation smile,
As in this Prince? Let it be lawfull, so
To compare small with great, as still we owe
Glorie to God. Then, Haile to Mary! Spring
Of so much safetie to the Realing, and King.

An Ode, or Song,
by all the Muses.
In celebration of her Majesties birth-day. 1630.

1. CLIO. UP public joy, remember
This sixteenth of November,
Some brave un-common way:
And though the Parish-steeple
Be silent to the people
Ring thou it Holy-day.

2. MARS. What, though the thristie Tower
And Gunns there, spare to pour
Their noyses forth in Thunder:
As fearfull to awake
Thy Citie, or to shake
Their guarded gates asunder?

3. TRAL. Yet, let our Trumpets sound,
And cleave both ayre and ground,
With beating of our Drums:
Let every Lyre be strung,
Harpe, Lute, Theorbo sprung,
With such of daintie sounds.

4. EVR.

4. EVR. That when the Shire is full,
The Harmony may pull
The Angels from their Sphaeres:
And each intelligence
May wish it selfe a sense,
Whilst in the Dittie heares.

5. TERP. Behold the royall Mary,
The Daughter of great Harry!
And Sister to just Lewis!
Comes in the pompe, and glorie
Of all her Brothers storie,
And of her Fathers prowess!

6. ERAT. Shee shoves so farre above
The fained Queene of Love,
This sea-girt Isle upon:
As here no Venus were,
But, that shee reigning here,
Had got the Ceston on!

7. CALLI. See, see our active King
Hath taken twice the Ring
Upon his pointed Lance:
Whilst all the ravish'd rout
Doe mingle in a shout,
Hay! for the slowre of France!

8. URA. This day the Court doth measure
Her joy in state, and pleasure;
And with a reverend feare,
The Revells, and the Play,
Summe up this crowned day,
Her two and twentieth year!

9. POLY. Sweet! happy Mary! All
The People her doe call!
And this the wombe divine!
So fruitfull, and so faire,
Hath brought the Land an Heire!
And CHARLES a Caroline.

An Epigram,
To the House-hold.

1630.

WHAT can the cause be, when the K. hath given
His Poet Sack, the House-hold will not pay:
Are they so scantied in their store? or driven
For want of knowing the Poet, to say him nay?
Well, they should know him, would the K. but grant
His Poet leave to sing his House-hold true:
Hec'd frame such ditties of their store, and want,
Would make the very Greene-cloth to looke blew.

And

And rather wish, in their expence of Sack,
So, the allowance from the King to use,
As the old *Sard*, should no *Canary* lack,
T were better spare a Butt, then spill his *Muse*.
For in the *Genius* of a *Poets* Verse,
The Kings fame lives. Go now, denie his *verse*.

Epigram.

To a Friend, and Sonne.

Sonne, and my Friend, I had not call'd you so
To mee; or beene the same to you; if show,
Profit, or Chance had made us: But I know
What, by that name, wee each to other owe,
Freedom, and Truth; with love from those begot.
Wife-crafts, on which the flatterer ventures not.
His is more safe commoditie, or none:
Nor dares he come in the comparison.
But as the wretched Painter, who so ill
Painted a Dog, that now his subtler skill
Was, I have a Boy stand with a Club, and fright
All live dogs from the lane, and his shops sight.
Till he had sold his Piece, drawne so unlike:
So doth the flatterer, with farre cunning strike
At a Friends freedom, proves all circling meanes
To keepe him off; and how-so-e're he gleanes
Some of his formes, he lets him not come neere
Where he would fixe, for the distinctions feare.
For as at distance, few have facultie
To judge; So all men comming neere can spie,
Though now of flattery, as of picture are
More subtle workes, and finer pieces farre,
Then knew the former ages: yet to life,
All is but web, and painting; be the strife
Never so great to get them: and the ends,
Rather to boast rich hangings, then rare friends.

To the immortall memorie, and friendship of
that noble paire, Sir *LUCIUS CARY*,
and Sir *H. MORISON*.

The Turne.

B Rave Infant of *Saguntum*, cleare
Thy comming forth in that great yeare,
When the Prodigious *Hannibal* did crowne
His rage, with razing your immortall Towne.

Thou,

Thou, looking then about,
E're thou wert halfe got out,
Wife child, did'st hastily returne,
And mad'st thy Mothers wombe thine urne.
How summ'd a circle didst thou leave man-kind
Of deepest lore, could we the Center find!

The Counter-turne.

Did wiser Nature draw thee back,
From out the horror of that sack,
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right
Lay trampled on; the deeds of death, and night,
Urg'd, hurried forth, and horrid
Upon th'affrighted world:
Sword, fire, and famine, with fell fury met;
And all on utmost ruine set;
As, could they but lifes miseries fore-see,
No doubt all Infants would returne like thee.

The Stand.

For, what is life, if measur'd by the space,
Not by the act?
Or masked man, if valu'd by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one out-liv'd his Peeres,
And told forth fourescore yeares;
He vexed time, and busied the whole State;
Troubled both foes, and friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this Stirrer, but die late?
How well at twentie had he falne, or stood!
For three of his foure-score, he did no good.

The Turne.

Hee entred well, by vertuous parts,
Got up and thriv'd with honest arts:
He purchas'd friends, and fame, and honours then,
And had his noble name advanc'd with men:
But weary of that sight,
Hee stoop'd in all mens sight
To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunke in that dead sea of life
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup;
But that the Corke of Titleboy'd him up.

The Counter-turne.

Alas, but *Morison* fell young:
Hee never fell, thou fall'st my tongue.
Hee stood, a Souldier to the last right end,
A perfect Patriot, and a noble friend,

I i

But

But most a vertuous Sonne.
All Offices were done
By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, found,
As though his age imperfect might appeare,
His life was of Humanitie the Spheare.

The Stand.

Goe now, and tell out dayes summ'd up with feares,
And make them yeares;
Produce thy masse of miseries on the Stage,
To swell thine age;
Repeat of things a throng,
To shew thou hast beene long,
Not liv'd; for life doth her great actions spell,
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought.
To light: her measures are, how well
Each syllab'e answer'd, and was form'd, how faire;
These make the lines of life, and that's her ayre.

The Turne.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulke, doth make man better bee;
Or standing long an Oake, three hundred yeares;
To fall a logge, at last, dry, bold, and seare;
A Lillie of a Day,
Is fairer farre, in May,
Although it fall, and die that night;
It was the Plant, and flowre of light.
In small proportions, we just beauties see:
And in short measures, life may perfect bee.

The Counter-turne.

Call, noble *Lucius*, then for Wine,
And let thy lookes with gladnesse shine:
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
And thinke, nay know, thy *Marison*'s not dead.
Hee leap'd the present age,
Posselt with holy rage,
To see that bright eternall Day:
Of which we *Priests*, and *Poets* say.
Such truths, as we expect for happy men,
And there he lives with memorie; and *Ben*.

The Stand.

Johnson, who sung this of him, e're he went
Himselfe to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have express,

In this bright *Asterisme*:
Where it were friendships schisme,
(Were not his *Lucius* Long with us to tarry)
To separate these twi-
Lights, the *Dioscari*;
And keepe the one halfe from his *Harry*.
But fate doth so alternate the designe,
Whilst that in heav'n, this light on earth must shine.]

The Turne.

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one Starre:
Of hearts the union. And those not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leas'd out t' advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vaine did chime,
Of rimes, or ryots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drinke, or fain'd protests:
But simple love of greatnesse, and of good;
That knits brave minds, and manners, more then blood.

The Counter-turne.

This made you first to know the Why
You lik'd, then after, to apply
That liking, and approach so one the tother,
Till either grew a portion of the other:
Each stiled by his end,
The Copie of his friend.
You liv'd to be the great surnames,
And titles, by which all made claimes
Unto the Vertue. Nothing perfect done,
But as a *CARY*, or a *MORISON*.

The Stand.

And such a force the faire example had,
As they that saw
The good, and durst not practise it, were glad
That such a Law
Was left yet to Man-kind;
Where they might read, and find
Friendship, indeed, was written, not in words:
And with the heart, nor pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lines her rowles were, and records.
Who, e're the first downe bloomed on the chin,
Had sow'd these fruits; and got the harvest in.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord high
Treasurer of England.

An Epistle Mendicant.

1631.

MY LORDS;

Poore wretched states, prest by extremities,
Are faine to seeke for succours, and supplies
Of Princes aides, or good mens Charities.

Disease, the Enemie, and his Engineeres
Warr, with the rest of his conceal'd compeeres,
Have cast a trench about mee, now five yeares.

And made those strong approaches, by False braies,
Reduicts, Halfe-moones, Horne-workes, and such close wayes,
The Muse not peepes out, one of hundred dayes.

But lyes block'd up, and straightned, narrow'd in,
Fix'd to the bed, and boords, unlike to win
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never bin.

Unlesse some saving-Honour of the Crowne,
Dare thinke it, to relieve, no lesse renowne,
A Red-rid Wit, then a besieged Towne.

To the King.
On his Birth-day.

November 9
1631.

An Epigram Anniversarie.

THIS is King CHARLES his Day. Speake it thou Towne
Unto the Ships, and they from tier, to tier,
Discharge it 'bout the Island, in an houre,
As lowd as Thunder, and as swift as fire.
Let Ireland meet it out at Sea, halfe way,
Repeating all Great Brittain's joy, and more,
Adding her owne glad accents, to this Day,
Like Echoes playing from the other shore.
What Drums, or Trumpets, or great Ord'nance can,
The Potrie of Sutes, with the Bells,
Three Kingdoms Mirth, in light, and aerie man,
Made lighter with the Wine. All noises else,
At Bonfires, Rockets, Fire-workes, with the Shout
That cry that gladnesse, which their hearts would pray,

Had

Had they but grace, of thinking, at these routes,
On th' often coming of this Holy-day:
And ever close the burden of the Song,
Still to have such a CHARLES, but this CHARLES long.

The wish is great, but where the Prince is such,
What prayers (People) can you thinke too much!

On the Right Honourable, and vertuous Lord
Weston, L. high Treasurer of England,
Upon the Day,
Hee was made Earle of Portland.

17. Febr.
1631.

To the Envious.

LOOK up thou seed of envie, and still bring
Thy faint, and narrow eyes, to reade the King
In his great Actions: view whom his large hand,
Hath rais'd to be the Port unto his Land!
WESTON! That waking man! that Eye of State!
Who seldom sleeps! whom bad men only hate!
Why doe I irritate, or stirre up thee,
Thou sluggish spawne, that canst, but wilt not see!
Feed on thy selfe for spight, and shew thy Kind:
To vertue, and true worth, be ever blind.
Dreame thou couldst hurt it, but before thou wake,
T' effect it, Feele, thou hast made thine owne heart ache.

To the Right hon^{ble} Hierome, L. Weston.
An Ode gratulatorie.
For his Returne from
his Embassie.

1632.

SUCH pleasure as the teeming Earth,
Doth take in easie Natures birth,
When shee puts forth the life of ev'ry thing:
And in a dew of sweetest Raine,
Shee lies deliver'd without paine,
Of the prime beautie of the yeare, the Spring.
The Rivers in their shores doe run,
The Cloudes rack cleare before the Sun,
The rudest Winds obey the calmest Ayre:
Rare Plants from ev'ry bank doe rise,
And ev'ry Plant the sense surprize,
Because the order of the whole is faire!

The

The very verdure of her nest,
 Wherein she sits so richly drest,
 As all the wealth of Season, there was spread;
 Dost show, the Graces, and the Houres
 Have multipl'd their arts, and powers,
 In making soft her aromaticke bed,
 Such joyes, such sweet's dost your Returne
 Bring all your friends, (faire Lord) that burne
 With love, to heare your modestie relate,
 The bus'nesse of your blooming wit,
 With all the fruit shall follow it,
 Both to the honour of the King and State.
 O how will then our Court be pleas'd,
 To see great Charles of Travaile eas'd,
 When he beholds a graft of his owne hand,
 Shoot up an Olive fruitfull, faire,
 To be a shadow to his Heire,
 And both a strength, and Beautie to his Land!

EPITHAL

EPITHALAMION;

OR,

A SONG:

CELEBRATING THE
 NVPTIALS OF THAT NOBLE
 Gentleman, M. HIEROME WESTON, Son,

and Heire, of the Lord WESTON, Lord high

Treasurer of England, with the Lady

FRANCES STUART,

Daughter of E S M E D. of Lenox deceased,
 and Sister of the Surviving Duke

EPITHALAMION.

THough thou hast past thy Summer, standing, stay
 A while with us bright Sun, and helpe our light;
 Thou canst not meet more Glory, on the way,
 Betwene thy Tropicks, to arrest thy sight,
 Then thou shalt see to day:
 We woo thee, stay
 And see, what can be seene,
 The bountie of a King, and beantie of his Queene!

See, the Procession! what a Holy day
 (Bearing the promise of some better fate)
 Hath filed, with Cacothes, all the way,
 From Greenwich, hither, to Rom-hampton gate!

When look'd the yeare, at best,
 So like a fealt?

Or were Affaires in tune,

By all the Spheares content, to in the heart of June?

What Beautie of beauties, and bright youth's at charge,
 Of Summers Liveries, and gladding Greene,
 Doe boast their Loves, and Brav'ries so at large,
 As they came all to see, and to be seene!

When

When look'd the Earth so fine,
Or so did shine,
In all her bloome, and flower;
To welcome home a Paire, and deck the nuptiall bower;

It is the kindly Season of the time,
The Month of youth, which calls all Creatures forth
To doe their Offices in Natures Chime,
And celebrate perfection at the worth)
Marriage, the end of life,
That holy strife,
And the allowed warre:
Through which not only we, but all our Species are.

Hark how the Bells upon the waters play
Their Sister-tunes, from Thames his either side,
As they had learn'd new changes, for the day,
And all did ring th'approches of the Bride;
The Lady Frances, drest
Above the rest
Of all the Maidens faire,
In gracefull Ornament of Garland, Gemmes, and Haire;

See, how she paceth forth in Virgin-white,
Like what she is, the Daughter of a Duke,
And Sister: darting forth a dazzling light
On all that come her Simplesse to rebuke!
Her tresses trim her back,
As she did lack
Nought of a Maiden Queene,
With Modestie to crown'd, and Adoration scene.

Stay, thou wilt see what rites the Virgins doe!
The choicest Virgin-troup of all the Land!
Porting the Ensignes of united Two,
Both Crownes, and Kingdomes in their either hand;
Whose Majesties appeare,
To make more cleare
This Feast, then can the Day
Although that thou, O Sun, at our intreaty stay!

See, how with Roses, and with Lillies shine,
(Lillies and Roses, Flowers of either Sexe)
The bright Brides paths, embellish'd more then thine!
With light of love, this Paire doth intertext!
Stay, see the Virgins sow,
(Where she shall goe)
The Emblemes of their way.
O, now thou smil'st, faire Sun, and shin'st, as thou wouldst stay!

With what full hands, and in how plenteous showers
Have they bedew'd the Earth, where she doth tread,
As if her ayrie steps did spring the flowers,
And all the Ground, were Garden, where she led!
See, at another doore,
On the same floore,
The Bridegroome meets the Bride
With all the pompe of Youth, and all our Court beside.

Our Court, and all the Grandees; now, Sun, looke,
And looking with thy best Inquirie, tell,
In all thy age of Journals thou hast tooke,
Saw'st thou that Paire, became these Rites so well,
Save the preceding Two?
Who, in all they doe,
Search, Sun, and thou wilt find
They are th' exampled Paire, and mirror of their kind.

Force from the Phoenix then, no raritie
Of Sex, to rob the Creature; but from Man
The king of Creatures; take his paritie
With Angels, Muse, to speake these: Nothing can
Illustrate these, but they
Themselves to day,
Who the whole Act expresse,
All else we see beside, are Shadowes, and goe lesse.

It is their Grace, and favour, that makes scene,
And wonder'd at the bounties of this day;
All is a story of the King and Queene!
And what of Dignitie, and Honour may
Be duly done to those
Whom they have chose,
And set the marke upon
To give a greater Name, and Title to! Their owne!

Weslon, their Treasure, as their Treasurer,
That Mine of Wisdome, and of Counsell's deep,
Great Say-Master of State, who cannot erre,
But doth his Carraet, and just Standard keepe
In all the prov'd assayes,
And legall wayes
Of Tryals, to worke downe
Mens Loves unto the Lawes, and Lawes to love the Crowne.

And this well mov'd the Judgement of the King
To pay with honours, to his noble Sonne
To day, the Fathers service, who could bring
Him up, to doe the same himselfe had done.
That faire-all-seeing Eye
Could soone espie

What kind of waking Man
He had so highly set, and, in what *Barbican*.
Stand there, for when a noble Nature's rais'd,
It brings Friends Joy, Foes Griefe, Posteritic Fame;
In him the times, no lesse then Prince, are prais'd,
And by his Rise, in active men, his Name
Doth Emulation stirre;
Toth' dull, a Spur
It is: to th' envious meant,
A meere upbraiding Griefe, and tort'ring punishment.
See, now the Chappell opens, where the King
And Bishop stay, to consummate the Rites:
The holy Prelate prayes, then takes the Ring,
Askes first, Who gives her (I *Charles*) then he plights
One in the others hand,
Whilst they both stand
Hearing their charge, and then
The Solemne Quire cryes, Joy, and they returne, Amen.
O happy bands! and thou more happy place,
Which to this use, wer't built and consecrate!
To have thy God to blesse, thy King to grace,
And this their chosen Bishop celebrate;
And knit the Nuptiall knot,
Which Time shall not,
Or canker'd Jealousie,
With all corroding Arts, be able to untie!
The Chappell empties, and thou may'st be gone
Now, Sun, and poss away the rest of day:
These two, now holy Church hath made them one,
Doe long to make themselves, so, another way:
There is a Feast behind,
to them of kind,
Which their glad Parents taught
One to the other, long ere these to light were brought.
Haste, haste, officious Sun, and send them Night
Some houres before it should, that these may know
All that their Fathers, and their Mothers might
Of Nuptiall Sweets, at such a season, owe,
To propagate their Names,
And keepe their Fames
Alive, which else would die,
For Fame keeps Vertue up, and it Posteritic.
Th' Ignoble never liv'd, they were a-while
Like Swine, or other Cattell here on earth:
Their names are not recorded on the File
Of Life, that fall so; Christians know their birth.

Alone,

Alone, and such a race,
We pray may grace,
Your fruitfull spreading Vine,
But dare, not aske our wish in Language *fescennine*.
Yet, as we may, we will, with chaste desires,
(The holy perfumes of the Mariage bed.)
Be kept alive, those Sweet, and Sacred fires
Of Love betwene you, and your Lovely-head:
That when you both are old,
You find no cold
There; but, renewed, say,
(After the last child borne,) This is our wedding day.
Till you behold a race to fill your Hall,
A *Richard*, and a *Hierome*, by their names
Upon a *Thomas*, or a *Francis* call;
A *Kate*, a *Frank*, to honour their Grand-dames,
And 'twene their Grandfires thighs,
Like pretty Spies,
Peepe forth a Gemme, to see
How each one playes his part, of the large Pedigree.
And never may there want one of the Stem,
To be a watchfull Servant for this State;
But like an Arme of Eminence 'mongst them,
Extend a reaching vertue, early and late:
Whilst the maine tree still found
Upright and sound,
By this Sun's Noone sted 's made
So great; his Body now alone projects the shade.
They both are slip'd to Bed; Shut fast the Doore;
And let him freely gather Loves First-fruits,
Hee's Master of the Office, yet no more
Exacts then she is pleas'd to pay: no suits
Strifes, murmures, or delay,
Will last till day;
Night, and the sheetes will show,
The longing Couple, all that elder Lovers know.

Kk 2

The

The humble Petition of poore Ben.
To th' best of Monarchs, Masters, Men,
King CHARLES.

—Doth most humbly show it,
To your Majestie your Poet:

THat whereas your royall Father
JAMES the blessed, pleas'd the rather,
Of his speciall grace to Letters,
To make all the MUSES debtors
To his bountie, by extension
Of a free Poëtiue Pension,
A large hundred Markes annuities,
To be given me in gratuitie
For done service, and to come:
And that this so accepted summe,
Or dispenc'd in bookes, or bread,
(For with both the MUSE was fed)
Hath drawne on me, from the times,
All the envie of the Rymes,
And the ratling pit-pat-noyse,
Of the lesse-Poëtiue boyes;
When their pot-guns ayme to hit,
With their pellers of small wit,
Parts of me (they judg'd) decay'd,
But we last out, still unlay'd.
Please your Majestie to make
Of your grace, for goodnesse sake,
Those your Fathers Markes, your Pounds;
Let their spire (which now abounds)
Then goe on, and doe its worst;
This would all their envie burst:
And so warme the Poets tongue
You'd reade a Snake, in his next Song.

To the right Honourable, the Lord Treasurer
of England.

An Epigram.

IF to my mind, great Lord, I had a state,
I would present you now with curious plate
Of *Norberg*, or *Turkie*, hang your roomes
Not with the Arras, but the *Persian* Loomes.
I would, if price, or prayer could them get,
Send in, what *or Romano*, *Tinaret*,

Titian,

Titian, or Raphael, Michael Angelo

Have left in fame to equal, of our goe
The old Greek-hands in picture, or in stone.
This I would doe, could I know *Weston*, one
Carch'd with the se Arts, wherein the Judge is wise
As farre as sense, and onely by the eyes.
But you, I know, my Lord, and know you can
Discerne betweene a Statue, and a Man;
Can doe the things that Statues doe deserve,
And act the businesse, which they paint, or carve.
What you have studied are the arts of life,
To compose men, and manners; stint the strife
Of murmuring Subjects; make the Nations know
What worlds of blessings to good Kings they owe:
And mightiest Monarchs feeble what large increase
Of sweets, and safeties, they possesse by Peace.
These I looke up at, with a reverent eye,
And strike Religion in the standers-by;
Which, though I cannot as an Architect
In glorious Piles, or Pyramids erect
Unto your honour: I can tune in song
Aloud, and (happ'ly) it may last as long.

An Epigram

To my MUSE, the Lady Digby, on her
Husband, Sir KENELME DIGBY.

THo' happy Muse, thou know my Digby well,
Yet read him in these lines: He doth excell
In honour, courtesie, and all the parts
Court can call hers, or Man could call his Arts.
Hee's prudent, valiant, just, and temperate;
In him all vertue is beheld in State:
And he is built like some imperiall roome
For that to dwell in, and be still at home.
His brest is a brave Palace, a broad Street
Where all heroicque ample thoughts doe meet:
Where Nature such a large survey hath ta'en,
As other soules to his dwelt in a Lane:
Witness his Action done at *Scanderone*,
Upon my Birth-day the eleventh of June;
When the Apostle *Barnabee* the bright
Unto our yeare doth give the longest light,
In signe the Subject, and the Song will live
Which I have vow'd posteritie to give.
Goe, Muse, in, and salute him. Say he be
Busie, or frowne at first, when he sees thee,
He will cleare up his forehead: thinke thou bring it
Good Omen to him, in the note thou sing'st.

Fo

For he doth love my Verses, and will looke
Upon them, (next to *Spenser's* noble booke.)
And praise them too. O! what a fame 't will be?
What reputation to my lines, and me,
When hee shall read them at the Treasurers bord?
The knowing *Weston*, and that learned Lord
Allows them? Then, what copies shall be had,
What transcripts begg'd? how cry'd up, and how glad;
Wilt thou be, *Muse*, when this shall them befall?
Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

New yeares, expect new gifts: Sister, your Harpe;
Lute, Lyre, Theorbo, all are call'd to day.
Your change of Notes, the flat, the meane, the sharpe,
To shew the rites, and t' usher forth the way
Of the New Yeare, in a new silken warpe.
To fit the softnesse of our Yeares-gift: When
We sing the best of Monarchs, Masters, Men;
For, had we here said lesse, we had sung nothing then.

A New-yeares-Gift sung to King

CHARLES, 1635.

Reſtor
Chori. **T**O day old Janus opens the new yeare,
And shuts the old. Haſte, haſte, all loyall Swaines,
That know the times, and ſeaſons when 't appeare,
And offer your juſt ſervice on theſe plaines,
Beſt Kings expect firſt-fruits of your glad gaines.

1. *PAN* is the great Preſerver of our bounds.
 2. To him we owe all profits of our grounds.
 3. Our milke. 4. Our ſells. 5. Our ſteeces. 6. and firſt Lambs.
 7. Our teeming Ewes, 8. and luſtie-mounting Rammes.
 9. See where he walkes with *MIRA* by his ſide.
- Chori. Sound, ſound his praises loud, and with his, hers divide.

Shep.
Chori. Of *PAN* wee ſing, the beſt of Hunters, *PAN*,
That drives the Hart to ſeek unuſed wayes,
And in the chaſe, more then *STLVANUS* can,
Heare, o you Groves, and, Hills, reſound his praife.

Nym.
Chori. Of brighteſt *MIRA*, doe we raiſe our Song,
Sister of *PAN*, and glory of the Spring:
Who walkes on Earth as May ſtill went along,
Rivers, and Valleys, Eccho what wee ſing.

Of *PAN* wee ſing, the Chiefe of Leaders, *PAN*,
That leades our ſlocks and us, and calls both forth
To better Paſtures then great *PALLES* can:
Shep. Chor. Heare, O you Groves, and, Hills, reſound his worth.

Of brighteſt *MIRA*, is our Song, the grace
Of all that Nature, yet, to life did bring;
And were ſhee loſt, could beſt ſupply her place,
Nym. Chor. Rivers, and Valleys Eccho what wee ſing.

1. Where ere they tread th' enamour'd ground,
The Faireſt flowers are alwayes found;
2. As if the beauties of the yeare,
Still waited on 'hem where they were.

1. Hee is the Father of our peace;
2. Shee, to the Crowne, hath brought encrease.

1. Wee know no other power then his,
PAN only our great Shep'ard is,
Our great, our good. Where one's ſo dreſt
Chorus: In truſt of colours, both are beſt.

Haſte, haſte you hither, all you gentler Swaines,
That have a Flock, or Herd, upon theſe plaines;
This is the great Preſerver of our bounds,
To whom you owe all duties of your grounds;
Your Milkes, your Fells, your Fleeces, and firſt Lambs,
Your teeming Ewes, as well as mounting Rammes,
Whoſe praises let's report unto the Woods,
That they may take it eccho'd by the Floods:
'Tis hee, 'tis hee, in ſinging hee,
And hunting, *PAN*, exceedeth thee:
Hee gives all plentie, and encrease,
Hee is the author of our peace.

Where ere he goes upon the ground,
The better graſſe, and flowers are found.
To ſweeter Paſtures lead hee can,
Then ever *PALLES* could, or *PAN*;
Hee drives diſeaſes from our Folds,
The theefe from ſpayle, his preſence holds.
PAN knowes no other power then his,
This only the great Shep'ard is.
'Tis hee, 'tis hee, &c.

Faire Friend, 'tis true, your beauties move
My heart to a reſpect:
Too little to bee paid with love,
Too great for your neglect.

I neither love, nor yet am free,
For though the flame I find
He not intense in the degree,
'Tis of the purest kind.

It little wants of love, but paine,
Your beantie takes my sense,
And lest you should that price disdaine,
My thoughts, too, feel the influence.

'Tis not a passions first access
Readie to multiply,
But like Loves calmest State it is
Possess with victorie.

It is like Love to Truth reduc'd
All the false value's gone,
Which were created, and induc'd
By fond imagination.

'Tis either Fancie, or 't is Fate,
To love you more then I;
I love you at your beauties rate,
Lesse were an Injurie.

Like unstamp'd Gold, I weigh each grace,
So that you may collect,
Th' intrinsic value of your face,
Safely from my respect.

And this respect would merit love,
Were not so faire a sight
Payment enough, for who dare move
Retard for his delight?

On the Kings Birth-day.

Rouse up thy selfe, my gentle Muse,
Though now our Greene conceits be gray,
And yet once more doe not refuse
To take thy Phrygian Harp, and play
In honour of this cheerefull Day:
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of Crownes is such a love.

Make first a Song of Joy, and Love,
Which chastly flames in royall eyes,
Then tune it to the Sphaeres above,
When the benignest Stars doe rise,

And

And sweet Conjunctions grace the skies.
Long may, &c.

To this let all good hearts resound,
Whilst Diadems invest his head;
Long may he live, whose life doth bound
More then his Lawes, and better lead
By high Example, then by dread.
Long may, &c.

Long may he round about him see
His Roses, and his Lillies blowne;
Long may his only Deare, and Hee
Joy in Idas of their owne,
And Kingdomes hopes so timely sowne.
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of Crownes is such a love.

To my L. the King, On the Chriftning His second Sonne IAMES.

THAT thou art lov'd of God, this worke is done,
Great King, thy having of a second Sonne:
And by thy blessing, may thy People see
How much they are belov'd of God, in thee;
Would they would understand it! Princes are
Great aides to Empire, as they are great care
To pious Parents, who would have their blood
Should take first Seisin of the publique good,
As hath thy JAMES, cleans'd from originall dross;
This day, by Baptisme, and his Saviours crosse:
Grow up, sweet Babe, as blessed, in thy Name,
As in renewing thy good Grandfathers fame;
Me thought, Great Brittain in her Sea, before,
Sate safe enough, but now secured more,
At land the triumphs in the triple shade,
Her Rose, and Lilly, interwind, have made,

Oceano secura meo, securior umbra.

An Elegie
On the Lady ANNE PAVLET,
Marchion: of Winton.

What gentle Ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hayles me, so solemnly, to yonder Yewgh:
And beckning wooes me, from the farall tree
To pluck a Garland, for her selfe, or mee?
I doe obey you, Beautie! for in death,
You seeme a faire one! O that you had breath,
To give your shade a name! Stay, stay, I feele
A horrour in mee! all my blood is Steele!
Stiffe! starke! my joynts 'gainst one another knock!
Whose Daughter? ha? Great *Savage* of the Rock?
Hee's good, as great. I am almost a stone!
And e're I can aske more of her shee's gone!
Alas, I am all Marble! write the rest
Thou wouldst have written, Fame, upon my brest:
It is a large faire table, and a true,
And the disposure will be something new,
When I, who would the Poet have become,
At least may beare th'inscription to her Tombe.
Shee was the Lady *Fane*, and *Marchionisse*
Of *Winchester*; the Heralds can tell this.
Earle *Rivers* Grand-Child — serve not formes, good Fame,
Sound thou her Vertues, give her soule a Name.
Had I a thousand Mouthes, as many Tongues,
And voyce to raise them from my brazen Lungs,
I durst not aime at that: The dotes were such
Thereof, no notion can expresse how much
Their Carraet was! I, or my trump must breake,
But rather I, should I of that part speake!
It is too neere of kin to Heaven, the Soule,
To be describ'd! Fames fingers are too foule
To touch these Mysteries! We may admire
The blaze, and splendor, but not handle fire!
What she did here, by great example, well,
't inlive posteritie, her Fame may tell!
And, calling truth to witnesse, make that good
From the inherent Graces in her blood!
Else, who doth praise a person by a new,
But a fain'd way, doth rob it of the true.
Her Sweetnesse, Softnesse, her faire Courtesie,
Her wary guardes, her wise simplicitie,
Were like a ring of Vertues, 'bout her set,
And pietie the Center, where all met.

A reverend State she had, an awfull Eye;
A dazling, yet inviting, Majestie:
What Nature, Fortune, Institution, Fact
Could summe to a perfection, was her Act!
How did she leave the world? with what contempt!
Just as she in it liv'd! and so exempt
From all affection! when they urg'd the Cure
Of her disease, how did her soule assure
Her sufferings, as the body had beene away!
And to the Torturers (her Doctors) say,
Stick on your Cupping-glasses, feare not, put
Your hottest Causticks to, burne, lance, or cut:
'Tis but a body which you can torment,
And I, into the world, all Soule, was sent!
Then comforted her Lord! and blest her Sonne!
Chear'd her faire Sisters in her race to runne!
With gladnesse temper'd her sad Parents teares!
Made her friends joyes, to get above their feares!
And, in her last act, taught the Standers-by,
With admiration, and applause to die!
Let Angels sing her glories, who did call
Her spirit home, to her originall!
Who saw the way was made it! and were sent
To carry, and conduct the Complement
'Twixt death and life! Where her mortalitie
Became her Birth-day to Eternitie!
And now, through circumfused light, she lookes
On Natures secrets, there, as her owne bookes:
Speakes Heavens Language! and discovereth free
To every Order, ev'ry Hierarchie!
Beholds her Maker! and, in him, doth see
What the beginnings of all beauties be,
And all beatitudes, that thence doe flow:
Which they that have the Crowne are sure to know!
Goe now, her happy Parents, and be sad
If you not understand, what Child you had.
If you dare grudge at Heaven, and repent
'T have paid againe a blessing was but lent,
And trusted so, as it deposited lay
At pleasure, to be call'd for, every day!
If you can envie your owne Daughters blisse,
And wish her state lesse happie then it is!
If you can cast about your either eye,
And see all dead here, or about to dye!
The Starres, that are the Jewels of the Night,
And Day, deceasing! with the Prince of light,
The Sunne! great Kings! and mightiest Kingdomes fall!
Whole Nations! nay Mankind! the World, with all
That ever had beginning there, to ave end!
With what injustice should one soule pretend

To escape this common knowne necessitie,
 When we were all borne, we began to die;
 And, but for that Contention, and brave strife
 The Christian hath to enjoy the future life,
 Hee were the wretched'st of the race of men:
 But as he soares at that, he bruiseth then
 The Serpents head: Gets above Death, and Sinne;
 And, sure of Heaven, rides triumphing in.

EUPHEME

EUPHEME; OR, THE FAIRE FAME.

LEFT TO POSTERITIE

Of that truly-noble Lady, the Lady

VENETIA DIGBY, late Wife of Sir KE-
 NELME DIGBY, Knight: A Gentleman
 absolute in all Numbers;

Consisting of these
 Ten Pieces.

The Dedication of her CRADLE.

The Song of her DESCENT.

The Picture of her BODY.

Her MIND.

Her being chosen a MUSE.

Her faire OFFICES.

Her happie MATCH.

Her hopefull ISSE.

Her ANOGENEIS, or Relation to the Saints.

Her Inscription, or CROWN.

Vivam amare voluptas, defunctam Religio.
 Stat.

I.

The Dedication of her CRADLE.

FAIRE FAME, who art ordain'd to crowne
 With ever-green, and great renowne,
 Their Heads, that ENVY would hold downe
 With her, in shade

OF Death, and Darknesse; and deprive
 Their names of being kept alive,
 By THEE, and CONSCIENC-E, both who thrive
 By the just trade

Of Goodnesse still: Vouchsafe to take
This CRADLE, and for Goodnesse sake,
A dedicated Ensigne make
Thereof, to TIME.

That all Posteritie, as wee,
Who read what the CREPUNDIA bee,
May something by that twilight see
Bove rattling Rime.

For, though that Rattles, Timbrels, Toyes,
Take little Infants with their noyse,
As prop'rest gifts, to Girles, and Boyes
Of light expence;

Their Coralls, Whistles, and prime Coates,
Their painted Maskes, their paper Boates,
With Sayles of filke, as the first notes
Surprize their sense:

Yet, here are no such Trifles brought,
No cobweb Call's, no Surcoates wrought
With Gold, or Claspes, which might be bought
On every Stall.

But, here's a Song of her DESCENT;
And Call to the high Parliament
Of Heaven, where SERAPHIM take tent
Of ord'ring all.

This, utter'd by an antient BARD,
Who claimes (of reverence) to be heard,
As comming with his Harpe, prepar'd
To chant her 'gree,

Is sung: as als' her getting up
By JACOBS Ladder, to the top
Of that eternall Port kept ope'
For such as SHEE.

2.

The Song of her DESCENT.

I Sing the just, and uncontrol'd Descent
Of Dame VENETIA DIGBY, fyll'd the Faire;
For Mind, and Body, the most excellent
That ever Nature, or the later Ayre
Gave two such Houses as NORTHUMBERLAND,
And STANLEY, to the which shee was Co-heire.

Speake

Speake it, you bold PENATES, you that stand
At either Stemme, and know the veines of good
Run from your rootes; Tell, testifie the grand
Meeting of Graces, that so swell'd the flood
Of vertues in her, as, in short, shee grew
The wonder of her Sexe, and of your Blood.
And tell thou, ALDE-LEGH, None can tell more true
Thy Neeces line, then thou that gav'st thy Name
Into the Kindred, whence thy Adam drew
Mefchines honour with the Celtian fame
Of the first Lupus, to the Familie
By Ranulph

The rest of this Song is lost;

3.

The Picture of the BODY.

Sitting, and ready to be drawne,
What makes these Velvets, Silkes, and Lawne;
Embroideries, Feathers, Fringes, Lace,
Where every lim takes like a face?

Send these suspected helps, to aide
Some Forme defective, or decay'd;
This beautie without fallshood fayre,
Needs nought to cloath it but the ayre.

Yet something, to the Painters view,
Were fitly interpos'd, so new:
Hee shall, if he can understand,
Worke with my fancie, his owne hand.

Draw first a Cloud: all save her neck;
And, out of that, make Day to breake;
Till, like her face, it doe appeare,
And Men may thinke, all light rose there.

Then let the beames of that, disperse
The Cloud, and show the Universe;
But at such distance, as the eye
May rather yet adore, then spy.

The Heaven design'd, draw next a Spring,
With all that Youth, or it can bring:
Foure Rivers branching forth like Seas,
And Paradise confining these.

Last, draw the circles of this Globe,
And let there be a starry Robe

of

Of Constellations 'bout her world;
And thou hast painted beauties world.

But, Painter, seest thou doe not sell
A Copie of this peece; nor tell
Whole 'tis: but if it favour find,
Next sitting we will draw her mind.

4.
The MIND.

Painter yo' are come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This worke I can performe alone;
And give you reasons more then one.

Not, that your Art I doe refuse:
But here I may no colours use.
Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an Eye,
An Eagle towring in the skye,
The Sunne, a Sea, or soundlesse Pit;
But these are like a Mind, not it.

No, to expresse Mind to sense,
Would aske a Heavens Intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kinne to whence it came.

Sweet Mind, then speake your selfe, and say,
As you goe on, by what brave way
Our sense you doe with knowledge fill,
And yet remaine our wonder still.

I call you *Muse*; now make it true;
Hence-forth may every line be you,
That all may say, that see the frame,
This is no Picture, but the same.

A Mind so pure, so perfect fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine:
And so disdainng any tryer
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the Sphaere,
As it another Nature were,

It moveth all; and makes a flight
As circular, as infinite.

Whose Notions when it will expresse
In speech; it is with thar excess
Of grace, and Musique to the eare,
As what it spoke, it planted there.

The Voyce so sweet, the words so faire,
As some soft chime had stroak'd the ayre;
And, though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an Echo in the sense.

But, that a Mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
It selfe to us, and come so nigh
Earths grossnesse; There's the how, and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And stuck in clay here, it would pull
Us forth, by some Celestiall flight
Up to her owne sublimed hight?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some Paradise, or Palace found
In all the bounds of beautie fit
For her t'inhabit: There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so loftie forme, so streight,
So polish'd, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from Heaven.

Not swelling like the Ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a Cloud,
As smooth as Oyle pour'd forth, and calme
As showers; and sweet as drops of Balme.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a floud
Where it may run to any good;
And where it staves, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice, and gummes.

In action, winged as the wind,
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a banke, or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind, and showers.

In thee, faire Mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possesst,
M m

Thou

Thou entertaining in thy brest,
But such a Mind, mak'st God thy Guest.

A whole quaternion in the midst of this Poem is lost, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole, is the eighth) excepting the very end: which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus:

BUt, for you (growing Gentlemen) the happy branches of two so illustrious Houses as these, where from your honour'd Mother, is in both lines descended; let me leave you this last Legacie of Counsell; which so soone as you arrive at yeares of mature Understanding, open you (Sir) that are the eldest, and read it to your Brethren, for it will concerne you all alike. Vowed by a faithfull Servant, and Client of your Familie, with his latest breath expiring it

B. I.

TO KENELME, JOHN,
GEORGE.

BOast not these Titles of your Ancestors;
(Brave Youths) th'are their possessions, none of yours:
When your owne Vertues, equall'd have their Names,
'T will be but faire, to leane upon their Names;
For they are strong Supporters: But, till then,
The greatest are but growing Gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to trust to reedes;
Which all men doe, that urge not their owne deeds
Up to their Ancestors; the rivers side,
By which yo'are planted, shew's your fruit shall bide:
Hang all your roomes, with one large Pedigree:
'Tis Vertue alone, is true Nobilitie.
Which Vertue from your Father, ripe, will fall;
Study illustrious Him, and you have all.

9.

Elegie on my Muse.

THe truly honoured Lady, the Lady VANESSA DICK-
SON, who living, gave me leave to call her so.
Being
Her ANNOBLED, or Relation to the Saints.

Sens quidem tanto struitur medicina labori.

Elegie

An Elegie on my Muse.

TWere time that I dy'd too, now shee is dead,
Who was my Muse, and life of all I fey'd.
The Spirit that I wrote with, and conceiv'd,
All that was good, or great in me she weav'd,
And set it forth; the rest were Cob-webs fine,
Spun out in name of some of the old Nine!
To hang a window, or make darke the roome,
Till I wept away, th' were cancell'd with a broome!
Nothing, that could remaine, or yet can stirre
A sorrow in me, fit to wait to her!
O I had I seene her laid out a faire Corse,
By Death, on Earth, I should have had remorse
On Nature, for her: who did let her lie,
And saw that portion of her selfe to die:
Sleepie, or stupid Nature, couldst thou part
With such a Raritie, and not rowle Art
With all her aydes, to save her from the seize
Of Vulture death, and those relentlesse cleies:
Thou wouldst have lost the Phoenix, had the kind
Beene trusted to thee: not to 't selfe assign'd.
Looke on thy sloth, and give thy selfe undone,
(For so thou art with me) now shee is gone.
My wounded mind cannot sustaine this stroke,
It rages, runs, flies, stands, and would provoke
The world to ruine with it; in her Fall,
I summe up mine owne breaking, and with all.
Thou hast no more blowes, Fate, to drive at one:
What's left a Poet, when his Muse is gone?
Sure, I am dead, and know it not! I feele
Nothing I doe; but, like a heaveie wheele,
Am turned with an others powers. My Passion
Whoorles me about, and to blaspheme in fashion!
I murmur against God, for having ta'en
Her blessed Soule, hence, forth this valley vane
Of teares, and dungeon of calamitie!
I envie it the Angels amitie!
The joy of Saints! the Crowne for which it lives,
The glorie, and gaine of rest, which the place gives!
Dare I prophane, so irreligious bee
To greet, or grieve her soft Euthanasie!
So sweetly taken to the Court of blisse,
As spirits had stolne her spirit, in a kisse,
From off her pillow, and deluded bed;
And left her lovely body unthought dead!
Indeed, she is not dead! but laid to sleepe
In earth, till the last Trumpe awake the Sheepe

Mm 2

And

And *Gosses* together, whither they must come
 To heare their Judge, and his eternall doome.
 To have that small retribution,
 Expected with the fleshes restitution.
 For, as there are three *Natures*, *Scholemen* call
 One *corporall*, only, th'other *spirituall*,
 Like single; so, there is a third, commixt,
 Of *Body* and *Spirit* together, plac'd betwixt
 Those other two; which must be judg'd, or crown'd:
 This as it guilty is, or guiltlesse found,
 Must come to take a sentence, by the sense
 Of that great Evidence, the *Conscience*!
 Who will be there, against that day prepar'd,
 To accuse, or quit all *Parties* to be heard!
 O Day of joy, and suretie to the just!
 Who in that feast of *Resurrection* trust!
 That great eternall *Holy-day* of rest,
 To *Body*, and *Soule*! where *Love* is all the guest!
 And the whole *Banquet* is full sight of *God*!
 Of joy the *Circle*, and sole *Period*!
 All other gladnesse, with the thought is barr'd,
Hope, hath her end! and *Faith* hath her reward!
 This being thus: why should my tongue, or pen
 Presume to interpell that fulnesse, when
 Nothing can more adorne it, then the feat
 That she is in, or, make it more compleat?
 Better be dumbe, then superstitious!
 Who violates the *God-head*, is most vitious
 Against the Nature he would worship. *Hee*
 Will honour'd be in all simplicitie!
 Have all his actions, wondred at, and view'd
 With silence, and amazement! not with rude
 Dull, and prophane, weak, and imperfect eyes,
 Have busie search made in his mysteries!
 Hee knowes, what worke h' hath done, to call this *Guest*,
 Out of her noble body, to this *Feast*:
 And give her place, according to her blood
 Amongst her *Peeres*, those *Princes* of all good!
Saints, *Martyrs*, *Prophets*, with those *Hierarchies*,
Angels, *Arch-angels*, *Principalities*,
 The *Dominations*, *Virtues*, and the *Powers*,
 The *Thrones*, the *Cherubs*, and *Seraphick* bowers,
 That, planted round, there sing before the *Lamb*,
 A new Song to his praise, and great *I AM*:
 And she doth know, out of the shade of *Death*,
 What 't is to enjoy, an everlasting breath!
 To have her captiv'd spirit freed from flesh,
 And on her Innocence, a garment fresh
 And white, as that, put on: and in her hand
 With boughs of *Palme*, a crown'd *Villicie* stand!

And

And will you, worthy *Sonne*, Sir, knowing this,
 Put black, and mourning on: and say you misse
 A *Wife*, a *Friend*, a *Lady*, or a *Love*,
 Whom her *Redeemer*, honour'd hath above
 Her fellowes, with the oyle of gladnesse, bright
 In heav'n *Empire*, and with a robe of light
 Thither, you hope to come; and there to find
 That pure, that pretious, and exalted mind
 You once enjoy'd: A short space severs yee,
 Compar'd unto that long eternitie,
 That shall re-joyne yee. Was she, then, so deare,
 When shee departed: you will meet her there,
 Much more desir'd, and dearer then before,
 By all the wealth of blessings, and the store
 Accumulated on her, by the *Lord*
 Of life, and light, the *Sonne of God*, the *Word*!
 There, all the happy soules, that ever were,
 Shall meet with gladnesse in one *Theatre*:
 And each shall know, there, one anothers face:
 By beatifick vertue of the *Place*:
 There shall the *Brother*, with the *Sister* walke,
 And *Sons*, and *Daughters*, with their *Parents* talke;
 But all of *God*, They still shall have to say,
 But make him *All in All*, their *Theme*, that *Day*:
 That happy *Day*, that never shall see night!
 Where *Hee* will be, all *Beautie* to the *Sight*,
 Wine, or delicious fruits, unto tee *Taste*,
 A *Musique* in the *Eares*, will ever last,
 Unto the *Sent*, a *Spicerie*, or *Balme*,
 And to the *Touch*, a *Flower*, like soft as *Palme*!
 Hee will all *Glory*, all *Perfection* be,
God, in the *Union*, and the *Trinitie*:
 That holy, great, and glorious *Mysterie*,
 Will there revealed be in *Majestie*:
 By light, and comfort of *Spirituall Grace*,
 The vision of our *Saviour*, face, to face
 In his *humanitie*! To heare him preach
 The price of our *Redemption*, and to teach
 Through his inherent righteousnesse, in death,
 The safetie of our soules, and forfeit breath!
 What fulnesse of beatitude is here:
 What love with mercy mixed doth appeare:
 To stile us *Friends*, who were, by Nature, *Foes*:
 Adopt us *Heires*, by grace, who were of those
 Had lost our selves: and prodigally spent
 Our native portions, and possessed rent,
 Yet have all debts forgiven us, and advance
 B'imputed right to an inheritance
 In his eternall Kingdome, where we sit
 Equall with *Angels*, and Co-heires of it,

et

Not

Nor dare we under blasphemy conceive
 He that shall be our supreme Judge, should leave
 Himselfe so un-inform'd of his elect
 Who knows the hearts of all, and can dissect
 The smallest Fibre of our flesh; he can
 Find all our Atomes from a point t' a span
 Our closest Creekes, and Corners, and can trace
 Each line, as it were graphick, in the face.
 And best he knew her noble Character,
 For 't was himselfe who form'd, and gave it her,
 And to that forme, lent two such veines of blood
 As nature could not more increase the flood
 Of rile in her! All Nobilitie
 (But pride, that schisme of incivilitie)
 She had, and it became her! she was fit
 T' have knowne no envy, but by suffering it!
 She had a mind as calme, as she was faire;
 Not tost or troubled with light Lady-aire;
 But, kept an even gate, as some streight tree
 Mov'd by the wind, so comely moved she.
 And by the awfull manage of her Eye
 She swaid all bus'nesse in the Familie!
 To one she said, Doe this, he did it; So
 To another, Move; he went; To a third, Go;
 He run, and all did strive with diligence
 T' obey, and serve her sweet Commandments;
 She was in one, a many parts of life;
 A tender Mother, a discreeter Wife,
 A solemne Mistresse, and so good a Friend,
 So charitable, to religious end,
 In all her petite actions, so devote,
 As her whole life was now become one note
 Of Pietie, and private holinesse.
 She spent more time in teares her selfe to dresse
 For her devotions, and those sad essayes
 Of sorrow, then all pompe of gaudy daies:
 And came forth ever cheered, with the rod
 Of divine Comfort, when sh' had talk'd with God.
 Her broken sighes did never misse whole sense:
 Nor can the bruised heart want eloquence:
 For, Prayer is the Incense most perfumes
 The holy Altars, when it least presumes.
 And hees were all Humilitie! they beat
 The doore of Grace, and found the Mercy-Seat.
 In frequent speaking by the pious Psalmes
 Her solemne houres she spent, or giving Almes,
 Or doing other deeds of Charitie,
 To cloath the naked, feed the hungry. Shee
 Would sit in an Infirmary, whole dayes
 Poring, as on a Map, to find the wayes

To that eternall Rest, where now sh'hath place
 By sure Election, and predestin'd grace!
 Shee saw her Saviour, by an early light,
 Incarnate in the Manger, shining bright
 On all the world! Shee saw him on the Crosse
 Suffring, and dying to redeeme our losse!
 Shee saw him rise, triumphing over Death
 To justifie, and quicken us in breath!
 Shee saw him too, in glory to ascend
 For his designed worke the perfect end
 Of raising, judging, and rewarding all
 The kind of Man, on whom his doome should fall!
 All this by Faith she saw, and fram'd a Plea,
 In manner of a daily *Apostrophe*,
 To him should be her Judge, true God, true Man,
 Jesus, the onely gotten Christ! who can
 As being Redecmer, and Repairer too
 (Of lapsed Nature) best know what to doe,
 In that great Act of judgement: which the Father
 Hath given wholly to the Sonne (the rather
 As being the Sonne of Man) to shew his Power,
 His Wisdom, and his Justice, in that houre,
 The last of houres, and shutter up of all;
 Where first his Power will appeare, by call
 Of all are dead to life! His Wisdom show
 In the discerning of each conscience, so!
 And most his Justice, in the fitting parts,
 And giving dues to all Mankinds deserts!
 In this sweet *Extasie*, she was rapt hence.
 Who reades, will pardon my Intelligence,
 That thus have ventur'd these true strains upon;
 To publish her a Saint. My Muse is gone.

*In pietatis memoriam
 quam prestat
 Venetiae tue illustrissimi
 Mariti digni Digbeie
 Hanc ANTOINETTEIN, tibi, tuissq. sacro.*

The Tenth, being her Inscription, or C R OWNE, is lost!

Vita Rusticae Laudes.

BEatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
 Ut prisca gens mortalium,
 Paterna rura bobus exerceat suis,
 Solutus omni furore:
 Nec excitatur classico milite truci,
 Nec horret litatum mare:
 Formosam vitat, & superba Civium
 Potentiorum limina.
 Ergo aut adultæ vitium propagine
 Aleas maritus Populos:
 Aut in reducta Valle mugientium
 Prospicit errantes Grege:
 Inutileisque falce ramos amputans,
 Feliciores inserit:
 Aut pressa puris malla condit amphoris,
 Aut tondet infirmis Ovis:
 Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
 Autumnus arum extulit:
 Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
 Cortantem & nudam Purpuræ,
 Quæ muneretur te, Priape, & te, Pater
 Sylvane, tuor finium!
 Libet jacere modo sub antiqua Illice:
 Modo in tenaci gramine.
 Labuntur alii interim ripis aque:
 Queruntur in Sylvis aves,
 Fontesque Lymphi obstreperunt manantibus,
 Somnos quod invitet levis.
 At cum tonantis annus hibernus Jovis
 Imbreis nivisque comparat,
 Aut truat acris hinc, & hinc multâ cant
 Apras in obstantia plagas:
 Aut amittit levis rara tendit retia;
 Turdis edacibus dolos,
 Pavidumque leporem, & advenam laqueo gruem
 Fucunda capiat præmia:
 Quis non malorum, quas amor curas habet
 Hac inter obliviscitur?
 Quod si pudica Mulier in parcom juvet
 Domum, atque dulces liberos,
 (Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
 Pernicu uxor Appuli
 Sacrum vetustis extruit lignis focum
 Lassi sub adventum viri)
 Claudensque textis cratibus latum pecun
 Dissenta siccet ubera,

The praises of a Countrey life.

HAppie is he, that from all Businesse cleere,
 As the old race of Mankind were,
 With his owne Oxen tills his Sires left lands,
 And is not in the Usurers bands:
 Nor Souldier-like started with rough alarms,
 Nor dreads the Seas intruded harmes:
 But flees the Barre and Courts, with the proud bords,
 And waiting Chambers of great Lords.
 The Poplar tall, he then doth marrying twine
 With the growne issue of the Vine;
 And with his hooke lops off the fruitlesse race,
 And sets more happy in the place:
 Or in the bending Vale beholds a-farre
 The lowing herds there grazing are:
 Or the prest honey in pure pots doth keepe
 Of Earth, and sheares the tender Sheepe:
 Or when that Autumne, through the fields lifts round
 His head, with mellow Apples crown'd,
 How plucking Peares, his owne hand grafted had,
 And purple-matching Grapes, hee's glad!
 With which, Priapus, he may thanke thy hands,
 And, Sylvane, thine that keptst his Lands!
 Then now beneath some ancient Oke he may
 Now in the rooted Grasse him lay,
 Whilst from the higher Bankes doe slide the floods:
 The soft birds quarrell in the Woods,
 The Fountaines murmur as the streames doe creepe,
 And all invite to easie sleepe.
 Then when the thundring Jove, his Snow and showres
 Are gathering by the Wintry houres,
 Or hence, or thence, he drives with many a Hound
 Wild Bores into his toyles pitch'd round:
 Or straines on his small forke his subrill nets
 For th' eating Thrush, or Pit-falls sets:
 And snares the fearfull Hare, and new-come Crane,
 And 'counts them sweet rewards so ta'en.
 Who (amongst these delights) would not forget
 Loves cares so evill, and so great?
 But if, to boot with these, a chaste Wife meet
 For household aid, and Children sweet;
 Such as the Sabines, or a Sun-burnt-blowfe,
 Some lustie quick Apulians spoule,
 To deck the hallow'd Harth with old wood fir'd
 Against the Husband comes hometir'd,
 That penning the glad flock in hurdles by
 Their swelling udders doth draw dry:
 N n

Et bona dulci Fina promens dolis
 Dapes inemptas apparet,
 Non me Lucina iuvet: Conchylia,
 Magisve Rhombus, aut Scari,
 Si quis Eux immanata stultibus
 Hiems ad hoc veritas Mare:
 Non Afra ovis descendat in ventrem meum:
 Non Attago Ionicus
 Fecundior, quam lecta de pinguis simis
 Olivarum arborum:
 Aut herba Lapatii prata amantem, & gravi
 Malva salubres corpori:
 Vel Aqua fessis caesa Terminalibus:
 Vel Hadus creptus Lupo.
 Hinc inter epulas, ut iuvat pastas Ovis
 Fidere propter antea domum:
 Fidere fessis vomerem inversum Boves
 Calla trahentis languida,
 Pessusque vernas, diti examen damas,
 Circon residentem Larva:
 Hic ubi locus generatur Alphius,
 Fam jam futurus rusticus,
 Omnia relegit idibus pecuniam,
 Quærit Calendis ponere.

Ode 1.
 Lib. quarto.
 Ad Venerem.

Intermissa Venus ara,
 Rursus bella moves: parce precor, precor,
 Dic sum qualis eras bona
 Sub regna Cynaræ: desine, dulcium
 Mater sava Cupidinum,
 Circa lustra decem stollere Mallibus
 Jam durum imperium: abi
 Quo blandæ fœverum te revocant præter.
 Temporeas in domo
 Paull perpureas alas aloribus,
 Camissæ Maximi,
 Si tuerere iecur quæris idonum.
 Namque & subilis, & decens,
 Et pro felicitate non tacitus res.
 Et centum puer Artium,
 Lati signa foret militis tua.
 Et quandoque poterant
 Lægu muneribus referre amicti,
 Albanæ prope te lacus
 Fœtus marmoream sub irada Cypra.

And from the sweet Tub Wine of this yeare takes,
 And unbought viands ready makes:
 Not Lucrine Oysters I could then more prize,
 Nor Turbot, nor bright Golden eyes:
 If with bright floods, the Winter troubled much,
 Into our Seas send any such:
 Th' Ioman God-wit, nor the Ginny hen
 Could not goe downe my belly then
 More sweet then Olives, that new gather'd be
 From fattest branches of the Tree:
 Or the herb Sorrell, that loves Meadows still,
 Or Mallows loosing bodyes ill:
 Or at the Feast of Bounds, the Lambe then slaine,
 Or Kid forc't from the Wolfe againe.
 Among these Cates how glad the sight doth come
 Of the fed flocks approaching home!
 To view the weary Oxen draw, with bare
 And fainting necks, the turned Share!
 The wealthy household swarme of bondmen met,
 And 'bout the steeming Chimney set!
 These thoughts when Usurer Alphius, now about
 To turne more farmer, had spoke out
 'Gainst th' Ides, his moneys he gets in with paine,
 At th' Calends, puts all out againe.

Ode the first.
 The fourth Booke.
 To Venus.

Venus againe thou mov'st a warre
 Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee spare:
 I am not such, as in the Reigne
 Of the good Cynara I was: Refraine,
 Sower Mother of sweet Loves, forbear
 To bend a man now at his fiftieth yeare
 Too stubborne for Commands, so slack:
 Goe where Youths soft intreaties call thee back.
 More timely hie thee to the house,
 With thy bright Swans, of Paulus Maximus:
 There jest, and feast, make him thine host,
 If a fit livor thou dost seeke to roast;
 For he's both noble, lovely, young,
 And for the troubled Clyentyl's his tongue,
 Child of a hundred Arts, and faire
 Will he display the Ensignes of thy warre.
 And when he smiling finds his Grace
 With thee 'bove all his Rivals gifts take place,
 He will thee a Marble Statue make
 Beneath a Sweet-wood Rooft, neere Alba Lake:
 N n 2

Ille plurima Naribus
 Dues tura, Lyrae, & Berynthia
 Delectabere tibia
 Mistis carminibus non sine fistula.
 Illic bis pueri die,
 Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
 Laudantes, pede candido
 In mortem Salium ter quascent humum.
 Me nec famina, nec puer,
 Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
 Nec certare iuvat mero:
 Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
 Sed cur, heu Ligurine, cur
 Manas rara meas lacryma per genos?
 Cur facunda parum decoro
 Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
 Nocturnis te ego Somnis
 Jam captum teneo, jam volucrum sequor:
 Te per gramina Martii
 Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubilis.

Ode ix. lib. 3. Ad Lydiam.
 Dialogus Horatii & Lydiæ.

HOR. **D**onec gratus eram tibi,
 Nec quisquam potior brachia candida
 Cervici juvenis dabat;
 Persarum vigui rege beator.
 LYD. Donce non aliam magis
 Arsisisti, neque eras Lydia post Chloën,
 Multi Lydia nominis
 Romana vigui clarior Illia.
 HOR. Me nunc Thressa Cloë regit,
 Dulceis docta modos, & Cithara sciens:
 Pro qua non metnam mori,
 Si parcent anime fata superstiti.
 LYD. Me torret face mutua
 Thurini Calais filius Ornithi:
 Pro quo bis pariar mori,
 Si parcent puero fata superstiti.
 HOR. Quid si prisca redit Venus,
 Diductosque iugo cogit aheneo?
 Si flava excutitur Chloë
 Rejactæque patet ianua Lydiæ?
 LYD. Quamquam sidere pulchrior
 Ille est, tu levior Cortice, & improbo
 Iracundior Adria,
 Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

Fragmentum

There shall thy dainty Nostrill take
 In many a Gumme, and for thy soft cares sake
 Shall Verse be set to Harpe and Lute,
 And Phrygian Hau'boy, not without the Flute.
 There twice a day in sacred Laies,
 The Youths and tender Maids shall sing thy praise:
 And in the Salian manner meet
 Thrice 'bout thy Altar with their Ivory feet.
 Me now, nor Wench, nor wanton Boy,
 Delights, nor credulous hope of mutuall Joy,
 Nor care I now healths to propound,
 Or with fresh flowers to girt my Temple round.
 But, why, oh why, my Ligurina,
 Flow my thin teares, downe these pale cheeks of mine:
 Or why, my well-grac'd words among,
 With an uncomely silence failes my tongue?
 Hard-hearted, I dreame every Night
 I hold thee fast! but fled hence, with the Light,
 Whether in Mars his field thou bee,
 Or Tybers winding streames, I follow thee.

Ode ix. 3 Booke, to Lydia.
 Dialogue of Horace, and Lydia

HOR. **W**hilst Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
 And 'bout thy Ivory neck, no youth did sing,
 His armes more acceptable free,
 I thought me richer then the Persian King.
 LYD. Whilst Horace lov'd no Mistres more,
 Nor after Cloë did his Lydia sound;
 In name, I went all names before,
 The Roman Illia was not more renown'd.
 HOR. 'T is true, I am Thracian Chloes, I
 Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning plaies,
 As, for her, I'd not feare to die,
 So Fate would give her life, and longer daies.
 LYD. And, I am mutually on fire
 With gentle Calais Thuringe, Orniths Sonne;
 For whom I doubly would expire,
 So Fates would let the Boy a long thred run.
 HOR. But, say old Love returne should make,
 And us dis-joyn'd force to her brazen yoke,
 That I bright Cloë off should shake;
 And to left-Lydia, now the gate stood ope.
 LYD. Though he be fairer then a Starre;
 Thou lighter then the barke of any tree,
 And then rough Adria, angrier, farre;
 Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

The

Fragmentum Petron. Arbitr.

Fœda est in coitu, & brevis voluptas,
 Et tædet Venerem statim peracta.
 Non ergo ut pecudes libidinosæ,
 Cæci protinus irruamus illuc:
 Nam languescit Amor peritq; Flamma,
 Sed sic, sic, sine fine feriati,
 Et tecum jaceamus osculantes:
 Hic nullus labor est, raborq; nullus,
 Hoc juvat, juvat, & diu juvabit:
 Hoc non deficit, incipitq; semper.

Epigramma Martialis.
Lib. viii. Lxxvii.

Liber, amicorum dulcissima cura tuorum,
 Liber in æterna vivere digne rosa;
 Si sapis Assyrio semper tibi crinis amomo
 Splendeat, & cingant florea sertæ caput:
 Candida nigrescant vetulo cristalla Falerno,
 Et caleat blando mollis amore thorax.
 Qui sic, vel medio finitus vixit in ævo,
 Longior huic facta, quam data vita fuit.

THE

The same translated.

Doing, a filthy pleasure is, and short;
 And done, we straight repent us of the sport:
 Let us not then rush blindly on unto it,
 Like lustfull beasts, that onely know to doe it:
 For lust will languish, and that heat decay,
 But thus, thus, keeping endlesse Holy-day,
 Let us together closely lie, and kisse,
 There is no labour, nor no shame in this;
 This hath pleas'd doth please, and long will please; never
 Can this decay, but is beginning ever.

The same translated.

Liber, of all thy friends, thou sweetest care,
 Thou worthy in eternall Flower to fare,
 If thou be'st wise, with Syrian Oyle let shine
 Thy locks, and rosie garlands crowne thy head;
 Darke thy cleare glasse with old Falernian Wine;
 And heat, with softest love, thy softer bed.
 Hee, that but living halfe his dayes, dies such,
 Makes his life longer then 't was given him, much.

THE

THE KINGS ENTERTAINMENT AT WELBECK,

IN
NOTTINGHAM-SHIRE,

A house of the Right Honourable, WILLIAM
Earle of Newcastle, Vicount Mansfield, Baron of
Bosle, and Bolsover, &c.

At his going into Scotland.
1633.

His Ma^{tie} being set at Dinner,

A Song was sung:
A Dialogue betweene the Passions,
Doubt and Love.

DOUBT. **W**hat softer sounds are these salute the Eare
From the large Circle of the Hemisphære,
As if the Center of all sweets met here!

LOVE. It is the breath, and Soule of every thing,
Put forth by Earth, by Nature, and the Spring,
To speake the Welcome, Welcome of the King.

CHORVS. *The joy of plants. The spirit of flowers,
Of The smell, and verdure of the bowers,
Affections, The waters murmur, with the showers
Joy, Distilling on the new-fresh bowers:
Delight, &c. The whistling winds, and birds, that sing
The Welcome of our great, good King.
Welcome, O Welcome, is the generall voyce,
Wherin all Creatures practise to rejoyce.*

The second Straine.

LOVE. **W**hen was old Sherewood's head more quaintly cur'd?
Or look'd the Earth more Greene upon the world?
Or Nature's Cradle more inchas'd, and pur'd?

When

When did the Aire so smile, the Winds so chime?
As Quiristers of Sealon, and the Prime!
Doubt. If what they doe, be done in their due time.

CHORVS.

*Hee makes the time for whom's is done,
From whom the warmth, heat, life, begun,
Into whose fostering armes doe run
All that have being from the Sun.
Such is the fount of light, the King,
The heart, that quickens ev'ry thing,
And makes the Creatures language all one voyce;
In Welcome, Welcome, Welcome, to rejoyce:
Welcome is all our Song, is all our sound,
The Treble part, the Tenor, and the Ground.*

After Dinner.

The King, and the Lords being come downe, and ready to take horse,
In the Crowd were discover'd two notorious persons, and men of
business, as by their eminent dressing, and habits did soone appeare.

One in a costly Caslock of black Buckram girt unto him, whereon
was painted *Party-per pale*:

On the one side.

On the other side.

Noun.

Pronoun.

Verbe.

Participle.

declined

Adverbe.

Conjunction.

Undeclined.

Preposition.

Interjection.

With his Hart, Hat-band, Stockings, and Sandals luted, and marked,
A.B.C. &c.

The other in a Taberd, or Herald's Coat of *Azurs*, and *Gules* quarter-
ly chang'd of Buckram, Linn'd with yellow, in stead of Gold, and pa-
sted over with old Records of the two Shires, and certaine fragments of
the Forrest, as a Coat of *Antiquitie*, and *President*, willing to be scene, but
heard to be read, and as loth to be understood, without the Interpreter,
who wore it: For the wrong end of the letters were turn'd upward, there-
fore was a labell fix'd to, *To the Curious Prier, advertising*:

*Looke not so neere, with hope to understand,
Omit, Sir, you can read with the left hand.*

O o

Their

*Their Names were,
Accidence, Fitz-Ale.*

Acci. **B**Y your faire leave Gentlemen of Court; for leave is ever faire being ask'd; and granted is as light, according to our English Proverbe, *Leave is light*. Which is the King I pray you?

Fitz. Or rather the King's Lieutenant? For we have nothing to say to the King, till we have spoken with my Lord Lieutenant.

Acc. Of Nottinghamshire.

Fitz. And Derbyshire, for he is both. And we have businesse to both sides of him from either of the Counties.

Acc. As farre as his Command stretcheth.

Fitz. Is this he?

Acc. This is no great man by his *timber* (as we say i^t the Forrest) by his *thevas* he may. I'll venture a Part of Speech, two, or three at him; to see how hee is declin'd. My Lord, Pleaseth your good Lordship, I am a poore Neighbour, here, of your Honours, i^t the Countie.

Fitz. Mr. A-B-Cee Accidence, my good Lord, Schoole-master of Mansfield, the painfull Instructor of our Youth in their Countrey elements, as appeareth by the signe of correction, in his hat, with the trust of the Towne-Pen-and-Inke-horne, committed to the Sure-tie of his Girdle, from the whole Corporation.

Acc. This is the more remarkable man, my very good Lord; Father Fitz-ale, Herald of Darbie, Light, and Lanthorne of both Counties; the learned Antiquarie o^t the North: Conserver of the Records of either Forrest, as witnesseth the briefe Tabard, or Coat Armour he carries, being an industrious Collection of all the written, or reported Wonders of the Peake.

Saint Anne of Buxstons boyling Well,
Or Elden bottomlesse, like Hell:
Pooles-hole, or Satans sumptuous Arse,
(Surreverence) with the Mine-mens Farce.
Such a light, and metall'd Dance
Saw you never yet in France,
And by Lead-men, for the ronce,
That turne round like grindlestones:
Which they dig out fro^t the Delves,
For their Bairnes bread, Wives, and sell's:
Whom the Wheirstone sharpes to eat,
And cry Millstones are good meat,
He can flie o^r hills, and dales,
And report you more odde tales,
Of our Outlaw Robinhood
That revell'd here in Sherewood;
And more stories of him show
(Though he ne^r shot in his Bow.)
Then an men, or helieve, or know.

Fitz.

Fitz. Stint, stint, your Court;
Grow to be short,
Throw by your Clatter,
And handle the matter:

We come with our Peeres;

And crave your eares,

To present a Wedding,

Intended a bedding,

Of both the Shires;

Father Fitz-ale

Hath a Daughter stale

In Darbie-Towne,

Knowne, up, and downe

For a gear Antiquitie;

And *Pem* she hight

A solemne Wight

As you should meet

In any street;

In that Ubiquitie.

Her, he hath brought

As having sought

By many a draught

Of Ale, and Craft;

With skill to graft

In some old Stock,

O^t the Yeoman blocky

And Forrest blood,

Of old Sherewood.

And he hath found

Within the ground,

At last no Shrimpe,

Whereon to impe,

His jolly Club,

But a bold Stub

O^t the right wood,

Fitz. A Champion good;

Who here in place,

Presents himselfe,

Like doughtie Elfe,

Of Greenwood Chase.

Here *Stub* the Bridegroome presented himselfe, being appparelled in a yellow Canvas Doublet, cut, a greene Jerkin, and Hose, like a Ranger. A Munmouth Cap, with a yellow Feather, yellow Stockings, and Shooes, for being to dance, he would not trouble himselfe with Bootes.

Stub of *Stub-hall*,

Some doe him call;

But most doe say

Hee's *Stub*, will stay

O o 2

To

To run his race,
Not run away
Acc. At *Quintin*, hee,
In honour of this *Bridaltee*,
Hath challeng'd either wide *Cowntee*,
Come *Cut*, and *Long-tail*. For there be
Sixe *Batchelers*, as bold as hee,
Adjuring to his *Companee*,
And each one hath his *Liverie*,
FITZ. Sixe *Hoods* they are, and of the blood,
They tell of ancient *Robinhood*.

Here the sixe *Hoods* presented themselves severally, in their *Livery*
Hoods, whil't *Fitz-ale* spoke on.

Red-hood the first that doth appeare *Red-hood*.
In *Stamel*. Acc. *Scarlet* is too deare.
FITZ. Then *Green-hood*. Acc. He's in *Kendal Green*, *Green-hood*.
As in the *Forrest* Colour scene.
FITZ. Next *Blew-hood* is, and in that hue *Blew-hood*.
Doth vaunt a heart as pure, and true
As is the *Skie*; (give him his due.)
Acc. Of old *England* the *Yeoman* blew.
FITZ. Then *Tawney* fra' the *Kirke* that came. *Tawney-hood*.
Acc. And cleped was the *Abbotsman*.
FITZ. With *Motley-hood*, the *Man of Law*. *Motley-hood*.
Acc. And *Ruffet-hood* keepes all in *Awe*. *Ruffet-hood*.
Bold *Batchelers* they are, and large,
And come in at the *Cowntrey* charge,
Horse, *Bridles*, *Saddles*, *Stirrups*, *Girts*,
All reckon'd o' the *Cowntie* skirts!
And all their *Courses*, misse, or hit,
Intended are, for the *Sheere-wit*,
And so to be receiv'd. Their game
Is *Cowntrey* sport, and hath a name
From the *Place* that beares the cost,
Else all the *Fat* i' the *Fire* were lost.
Goe *Captaine Stub*, lead on, and show
What house you come on, by the blow
You give Sir *Quintin*, and the *Cuffe*,
You scape o' th' *Sand-bags* *Counterbuffe*.

A Flourish.

Acc. O well run, *Yeoman Stub*!
Thou hast knock'd it, like a *Club*,
And made Sir *Quintin* know:
By this his race so good,
He himsele is also wood;
As by his furious blow.

Flourish.

Flourish.

Red-hood's Course.

FITZ. Bravely run *Red-hood*,
There was a shock,
To have buff'd out the blood
From ought but a block.

Flourish.

Greene-hoods Course.

Acc. Well run *Green-hood*, got betweene,
Under the *Sand-bag*, he was scene,
Lowring low, like a *Forster* greene:
FITZ. Hee knowes his tackle, and his treene.

Flourish.

Blew-hoods Course.

Acc. Gi' the old *England* *Yeoman* his due,
H' has hit Sir *Quintin*: just i' the *Qu*;
Though that be black, yet he is blew.
It is a brave patch, and a new!

Flourish.

Tawny-hoods Course.

FITZ. Well run *Tawney*, the *Abbots* *Churle*
His *Jade* gave him a *Jerk*,
As he woul' have his *Rider* hurle
His *Hood* after the *Kirke*.
But he was wiser, and well beheft,
For this is all, that he hath left.

Flourish.

Motley-hoods Course.

FITZ. Or the *Saddle* turn'd round, or the *Girths* brake,
For low on the ground (w'd for his sake)
The *Law* is found.
Acc. Had his paire of *tongues*, not so much good,
To keepe his head, in his *Motley-hood*.

Flourish.

Ruffet-hoods Course.

FITZ. *Ruffet* ran fast, though he be throwne,
Acc. He lost no *stirrup*, for he had none.

His

1. His horse, it is the Herald's weft.
2. No 'tis a mare, and hath a cleft.
3. She is Countrey-borrow'd, and no vail,
But 's hood is forfeit to *Fitz-ale*.

Here *Accidence* did breake them off, by calling them to the Dance, and to the *Bride*, who was dress'd like an old *May-Lady*, with Skarves, and a great wrought Handkerchiefe, with red, and blew, and other habiliments. Sixe Maids attending on her, attir'd, with Buckram Bride-laces beguile: White sleeves, and Strammell Petticoates, dress'd after the cleanliest Countrey guise, among whom *Mistress Alphabet*, *Master Accidence's* Daughter, did beare a prime sway.

The two *Bride Squires*, the *Cake-bearer*, and the *Boll-bearer*, were in two yellow leather Doublers, and russet Hose, like two twin-Clownes prest out for that office, with Livery Hatts, and Ribbands.

Acc. Come to the *Bride*, another fit,
Yet show, Sirs, o' your Countrey wit,
But o' your best, Let all the Steele
Of back, and braines fall to the heele;
And all the Quick-silver i' the mine
Run i' the foot-veines, and refine
Your *Firk-hum-ferk-hum* to a Dance,
Shall fetch the Fiddles out of *France*;
To wonder at the *Horne-pipes*, here,
Of *Nottingham*, and *Darbishire*.

Fitz. With the Phant'sies of *Hey-troll*,
Trol about the *Bride-all Boll*,
And divide the broad *Bride-Cake*
Round about the *Brides-stake*.

Acc. With, here is to the fruit of *Pem*,

Fitz. Grafted upon *Stub* his Stem,

Acc. With the *Peakish Nicetic*,

Fitz. And old *Sherewoods Vicetic*.

The last of which words were set to a Tune, and sung to the Bagpipe, and Measure of their Dance, the Clownes, and companie of Spectators drinking, and eating the while.

The Song.

Let's sing about, and say, *Hey-troll*,
Troll to me the *Bridall Boll*,
And divide the broad *Bride-Cake*,
Round about the *Brides-stake*.
With, Here, is to the fruit of *Pem*,
Grafted upon *Stub* his Stem;
With the *Peakish Nicetic*,
And old *Sherewoods Vicetic*.

But

But well daunc'd *Pem* upon record,
Above thy *Yecoman*, or *May-Lord*.

Here it was thought necessarie they should be broken off, by the coming in of an Officer, or servant of the *Lord Lieutenants*, whose face had put on, with his Clothes, an equall authoritie for the businesse.

Gentleman.

I've end unto your rudenesse: Know at length
Whose time, and patience you have urg'd, the *King*.
Whom if you knew, and truly, as you ought,
I would strike a reverence in you, even to blushing,
That *King* whose love it is, to be your Parent!
Whose Office, and whose Charge, to be your Pastor!
Whose single watch, defendeth all your sleepes!
Whose labours, are your rests! whose thoughts and cares,
Breed you delights! whose bus'nesse, all your leasures!
And you to interrupt his serious houres,
With light, impertinent, unworthy objects,
Sights for your selves, and sav'ring your owne tast's;
You are too blame. Know your disease, and cure it,
Sports should not be obtruded on great Monarchs,
But wait when they will call for them as servants,
And meanest of their servants, since their price is
At highest, to be styl'd; but of their pleasures!
Our *King* is going now to a great worke
Of highest Love, Affection, and Example,
To see his Native Countrey, and his Cradle,
And find those manners there, which he suck'd in
With Nurfes Milke, and Parents pietie!
O Sister *Scotland*! what hast thou deserv'd
Of joyfull *England*, giving us this *King*!
What Union (if thou lik'st) hast thou not made?
In knitting for Great *Brittaine* such a Garland:
And letting him, to weare it? Such a *King*!
As men would wish, that knew not how to hope
His like, but seeing him! A Prince, that's Law
Unto himselfe. Is good, for goodnesse-sake;
And so becomes the Rule unto his Subjects!
That studies not to seeme, or to show great,
But be! Not dress'd for others eyes, and cares,
With Vizors, and false rumours; but make Fame
Wait on his Actions, and thence speake his Name!
O blese his Goings out, and Commings in,
Thou mighty God of Heaven, lend him long
Unto the Nations, which yet scarcely know him,
Yet are most happy, by his Government.
Blesse his faire *Bed-mate*, and their certaine Pledges,
And never may he want those nerves in Fate;

For

For sure Succession fortifies a State.
 Whilst he himselfe is mortall, let him feele
 Nothing about him mortall, in his house;
 Let him approve his young increasing *Charles*,
 A loyall Sonne: and take him long to be
 An aid, before he be a Successor.
 Late, come that day, that Heaven will aske him from us:
 Let our Grand-child, and their issue, long
 Expect it, and not see it. Let us pray
 That Fortune never know to exercise
 More power upon him, then as *Charles* his servant,
 And his great *Brittaines* slave: ever to waite
 Bond-woman to the GENIUS of this State.

*Perform'd, the xxi. of May,
 1633.*

LOVE

LOVES
 VVEL-COME.

THE
 KING AND QVEENES
 ENTERTAINMENT

AT

BOLSOVER:

AT

The Earle of *Newcastles*,
 The thirtieth of Iuly,
 1634.

The Song at the Banquet; Sung by two
Tenors, and a *Base*.

IF Love be call'd a lifting of the Sense
 To knowledge of that pure intelligence,
 Wherein the Soule hath rest, and residence:

CHORUS.

1. TEN. When were the Senses in such order plac'd?

2. TEN. The Sight, the Hearing, Smelling, Touching, Taste,
 All at one Banquet? BAS. Would it ever last!

1. Wee wish the same: who set it forth thus? BAS. Love!

2. But to what end, or to what object? BAS. Love!

1. Dost Love then feast it selfe? BAS. Love will feast Love!

2. Ten make of Love, a riddle, or a chaine,
 A circle, a mere knott, untie't againe.

BAS. Love is a Circle, both the first, and last
 Of all our Actions, and his knotes, too, fast.

1. A true-love Knot, will hardly be untid,
And if it could, who would this Payre divide.

- BA. God made them such, and LOVE. TEN. Who is a ring,
The likest to the yeare of anything,
2. And runs into it selfe. BA. Then let us sing,
And run into one sound.

CHORUS { Let Welcome fill
Our thoughts, hearts, voyces, and that one word trill,
Through all our Language, Welcome, Welcome still.

Complement.

1. Could we put on the beautie of all Creatures,
2. Sing in the Aire, and notes of Nightingales,
1. Exhale the sweets of Earth, and all her features,
2. And tell you, softer then in Silke, these tales,
BA. Welcome should season all for Taste.

CHORUS { And hence,
At every reall banquet to the Sense,
Welcome, true Welcome fill the Complements.

After the Banquet, the King and Queene
retir'd, were entertain'd with Coronell

VITRUVIUS his Oration to his Dance of
Mechanickes.

VIT. Come forth, boldly put forth, I your Holy-day
Clothes, every Mothers Sonne of you. This is
the King, and Queene, Majesticall Holy-day. My Lord has it
granted from them, I had it granted from my Lord: and doe
give it unto you gratis, that is *bona fide*, with the faith of a Sur-
veyour, your Coronell VITRUVIUS. Doe you know what a
Surveyour is now? I tell you a Supervisor! A hard word,
that, but it may be softened, and brought in, to signifie some-
thing. An Overseer! One that oversee-eth you. A busie man!
And yet I must seeme busier then I am, (as the Poet sings, but
which of them, I will not now trouble my selfe to tell you.)
O Captaine Smith! or Hammer-armed Vulcan! with your
three Sledges, you are our Musique, you come a little too tar-
die, but wee remit that, to your post-foot, we know you are
lame. Plant your selves there, and beat your time out at the
Anvile. Time, and Measure, are the Father, and Mother of
Musique.

The full
Surrey
Captaine
Smith, at
Vulcan, with
three Sledges.

Musique, you know, and your Coronell VITRUVIUS knowes a little. O Chesil! our curious Carver! and Master Maul, our
Free-Mason, Squire Summer, our Carpenter, and Twybil his
Man, stand you foure, there, I the second ranke, worke upon
that ground. And you Dreffer, the Plomber, Quarrel, the Gla-
sier, Fret, the Plaisterer, and Beater, the Morterman, put all
you on I the reere, as finishers in true footing, with Tune, and
Measure. Measure is the Soule of a Dance, and Tune the Tickle-
foot thereof. Use Holy-day legges, and have hem: Spring,
Leape, Caper, and Gingle, Pumpes, and Ribbands, shall be
your reward, till the Soles of your feet swell, with the surfet
of your light and nimble Motion.

Well done, my Muscicall, Arithmeticall, Geometricall
Gamesters! or rather my true Mathematicall Boyes! It is car-
ried, in number, weight, and measure, as if the Aires were all
Harmonie, and the Figures a well-tim'd Proportion! I cry
still, Deserve Holy-dayes, and have hem. I'll have a whole
Quarter of the yeare cut out for you in Holy-dayes, and lac'd
with Statute-Tunes, and Dances, fitted to the activitie of your
Treffels, to which you shall trust, Ladds, in the name of your
Iniquo VITRUVIUS. Hay for the Lilly, for, and the blended Rose.

The Dance ended.

And the King, and Queene, having a second Banquet, set
downe before them from the Cloudes by two Loves; One, as
the Kings, the other as the Queenes; differenced by their Gar-
lands only: His of White, and Red Roses, the other of Lilly's
inter-weav'd, Gold, Silver, Purple, &c. With a bough of
Palme (in his hand) cleft a little at the top. They were both
arm'd, and wing'd: with Bowes and Quivers, Calstocks, Bree-
ches, Buskins, Gloves, and Perukes alike. They stood silent
awhile, wondering at one another, till at last the lesser of them
began to speake.

Eros. Anteros.

ER. A Nother Cupid? AN. Yes, your second selfe,
A Sonne of Venus, and as meere an elfe,
And wagge as you. ER. Eros? AN. No, Anteros:
Your Brother, Cupid, yet not sent to crosse's,
Or spie into your favours, here, at Court.

EROS. What then? AN. To serve you, Brother, and report
Your graces from the Queenes side to the Kings,
In whose name I salute you. ER. Breake my wings
I feare you will. AN. O be not jealous, Brother!
What bough is this? ER. A Palme. AN. Give me't. ER. Another
You may have. AN. I will this. ER. Divide it. AN. So.
This was right Brother-like! The world will know

By

Anteros
March'd at
the Palme,
but Eros di-
vid'd it.

- By this one Act, both natures. You are *Love*,
I Love, againe. In these two Spheares we move,
Eros, and *Anteros*. ER. We ha' cleft the bough,
 And struck a tallie of our loves, too, now.
- AN. I call to mind the wisdom of our Mother
Venus, who would have *Cupid* have a Brother —
- ER. To looke upon, and thrive. Mee seemes I grew
 Three inches higher sin' I met with you.
 It was the Counsell, that the *Oracle* gave
 Your Nurfes the glad *Graces*, sent to crave
Themis advice. You doe not know (quoth shee)
 The nature of this Infant. *Love* may be
 Brought forth thus little, live a while alone,
 But ne're will prosper, if he have not one
 Sent after him to play with. ER. Such another
 As you are *Anteros*, our loving brother.
- AN. Who would be alwayes, planted, in your eye;
 For *Love*, by *Love* increaseth mutually.
- ER. Wee, either, looking on each other, thrive;
- AN. Shoot up, grow galliard — ER. Yes, and more alive!
- AN. When one's away, it seemes we both are lesse.
- ER. I was a Dwarf, an Urchin, I confesse,
 Till you were present. AN. But a bird of wing,
 Now, fit to flie before a Queene, or King.
- ER. I ha' not one sick feather sin' you came,
 But turn'd a jollier *Cupid*. AN. Then I am.
- ER. I love my Mothers braine, could thus provide
 For both in Court, and give us each our side,
 Where we might meet. AN. Embrace. ER. Circle each other.
- AN. Conferre, and whisper. ER. Brother, with a Brother.
- AN. And by this sweet Contention for the *Palme*,
 Unite our appetites, and make them calme.
- ER. To will, and nill one thing. AN. And so to move
 Affection in our Wills, as in our Love.
- ER. It is the place sure breeds it, where wee are,
- AN. The King, and Queenes Court, which is circular,
 And perfect. ER. The pure schoole that we live in,
 And is of purer Love, a Discipline.

Philaethes.

NO more of your Poetrie (prettie *Cupids*) lest presuming on your little wits, you prophane the intention of your service. The Place I confesse, wherein, by the Providence of your Mother *Venus*, you are now planted, is the divine Schoole of Love. An Academic, or Court, where all the true lessons of Love are thoroughly read and taught. The Reasons, the Proportions, and Harmonie, drawne forth in analyrick Tables, and made demonstrable to the *Senses*. Which if you (Brethren) should report, and sweate to, would hardly get credit above a Fable, here in the edge of *Darbyshire* (the region of *Ale*) because you relate in

Rime.

Rime. O, that Rime is a shrewd disease, and makes all suspected it would perswade. Leave it, prettie *Cupids*, leave it. Rime will undoe you, and hinder your growth, and reputation in Court, more then any thing beside you have either mention'd, or fear'd. If you dable in Poetrie once, it is done of your being believ'd, or understood here. No man will trust you in this Verge, but conclude you for a meere case of *Canterers*, or a paire of wandering Gipsies.

Returne to your selves (little Deities) and admire the Miracles you serve, this excellent King, and his unparallel'd Queene, who are the Canons, the Decretals, and whole Schoole-Divinitie of Love. Contemplate, and studie them. Here shall you read *Hymen*, having lighted two Torches, either of which enflame mutually, but waste not. One Love by the others aspect increasing, and both in the right lines of aspiring. The Fates spinning them round and even threads, and of their whitest wooll, without brack, or purle. Fortune, and Time fetter'd at their feet with Adamantine Chaines, their wings deplum'd, for starting from them. All amiableness in the richest dresse of delight and colours, courting the season to tarry by them, and make the *Idea* of their Felicitie perfect, together with the love, knowledge, and dutie of their Subjects perpetuall. So witheth the glad, and gratefull Client, seated here, the over-joy'd Master of the house, and prayeth that the whole Region about him could speake but his language. Which is, that first the Peoples love would let that People know their owne happinesse, and that knowledge could confirme their duties, to an admiration of your sacred Persons; descended, one from the most peacefull, the other the most warlike, both your pious, and just progenitors; from whom, as out of Peace came Strength, and out of the Strong came sweetnesse, alluding to the holy Riddle, loin you joynd by holy marriage in the flower and ripenesse of yeares, live the promise of a numerous Succession to your Scepters, and a strength to secure your owne Ilands, with their owne Ocean, but more your owne *Palme*-branches, the Types of perpetuall Victorie. To which, two words be added, a zealous *Amen*, and ever roundged, with a Crowne of *Welcome*. Welcome, Welcome.

MORTIMER

HIS
FALL.

A
TRAGEDIE,
VVITTEN
BY
BEN. JOHNSON.

HOR. in Art. Poetic.

Et docuit magnamq; loqui, nitidq; cothurno.

Printed M.DC.XL.

MORTIMER

III

FALL

A

TRAGEDIE

WRITTEN

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

He is a man

in a way of life, and in a way of life

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The Persons Names.

MORTIMER. Earle of March.

ISABELL. Queene Mother.

ADAM D'ORLTON. B. of Worcester.

CHORUS. Of Ladies, Knights, and Squires.

EDWARD. 3. K. of England.

JOHN, the K. Brother. Earle of Cornwall.

HEN. the K. Cousin. Earle of Lancaster.

W. MOUNTACUTE. K. Servant.

RO. D'ELAND. Const. of New Castle.

NUNCIUS. Or a Herald.

Argu.

Arguments.

The first Act comprehends Mortimers pride and securitie, rayed to the degree of an Earle, by the Queenes favour, and love, with the Counsell of Adam D'orlton, the politique B. of Worcester, against Lancaster.

The Chorus of Ladyes, celebrating the worthinesse of the Queene, in rewarding Mortimers services, and the Bishops.

The second Act shewes the Kings love, and respect to his Mother, that will heare nothing against Mortimers greatnesse, or beleve any report of her extraordinary favours to him, but imputes all to his Cousin Lancasters envie; and commands there-after, an utter silence of those matters.

The Chorus of Courtiers, celebrating the Kings worthinesse of Nature, and Affection to his Mother, who will heare nothing, that may trench upon her honour, though deliver'd by his Kinsman, of such neerenesse, and thereby take occasion to extoll the Kings pietie, and their owne happinesse under such a King.

The third Act relates, (by the occasion of a vision, the blind Earle of L. had) to the Kings Brother E. of Cornwall, the horreur of their Fathers death, and the cunning making away of their Uncle, the Earle of K. by Mortimers hired practise.

The Chorus of Countrey Justices, and their Wives, telling how they were deluded, and made beleve, the old King liv'd, by the shew of him in Corfe Castle; and how they saw him eat, and use his knife, like the old King, &c. with the description of the feigned Lights, and Masques there, that deceiv'd hem, all which came from the Court.

The fourth Act expresseth by conference betwene the K. and his Brother a change, and intention to explore the truth of those reports, and a charge of employing W. Montacute, to get the keyes of the Castle of Nott. into the K. power, and draw the Constable, Sir Rob. D'Eland, to their party.

Mortimers securitie, scorne of the Nobilitie, too much familiaritie with the Queene, related by the Chorus, the report of the Kings surprizing him in his Mothers bed-chamber, a generall gladnesse, his being sent to execution.

The fifth Act, the Earle of Lancasters following the crie, and meeting the report. The Celebration of the Kings Justice.

MOR-

MORTIMER HIS FALL.

Act I.

MORTIMER.

THis Rise is made, yet! and we now stand, rack'd,
To view about us, all that were above us!
Nought hinders now our prospect, all are even,
We walke upon a Levell. *Mortimer*
Is a great Lord of late, and a new thing! — *A Prince, an Earle, and*
At what a divers price, doe divers men *Cousin to the King.*
Act the same things! Another might have had
Perhaps the Hurdle, or at least the Axe,
For what I have this Crownet, Robes, and Waxe.
There is a Fate, that flies with trowing spirits
Home to the marke, and never checks at conscience.
Poore plodding Priests, and preaching Friars may make
Their hollow Pulpits, and the empty Iles
Of Churches ring with that round word: But wee
That draw the subtil, and more piercing ayre,
In that sublimed region of Court,
Know all is good, we make so, and goe on
Secur'd by the prosperity of our crimes.
To day, is *Mortimer* made Earle of *March*.
For what? For that, the very thinking it
Would make a Citizen start! some politique Tradesman
Curle with the Caution of a Constable!
But I, who am no common Councell man,
Knew, injuries of that darke nature done
Were to be thoroughly done, and not be left
To feare of a revenge. They are light offences
Which admit that. The great ones get above it.
Man doth not nurse a deadlier peece of follie
To his high temper, and brave soule, then that
Of fancying goodnesse, and a scale to live by
So differing from mans life. As if with Lyons,
Beares, Tigers, Wolves, and all those beasts of Prey,
He would affect to be a Sheepe! Can man

Neglect

Neglect what is, so, to attaine what should be,
 As rather he will call on his owne ruine,
 Then worke to assure his safetie: I should thinke
 When 'mongst a world of bad, none can be good,
 (I meane so absolutely good, and perfect,
 As our religious Confessors would have us)
 It is enough, we doe decline the rumour
 Of doing monstrous things: And, yet, if those
 Were of emolument, unto our ends,
 Even of those, the wiseman will make friends
 For all the brand, and safely doe the ill,
 As Usurers rob, or our Physicians kill.

ISABEL. MORTIMER.

My Lord! sweet *Mortimer*! Mor. My Q. my Mistresse!
 My Sovereigne! nay, my Goddesse! and my *Junio*!
 What name, or title, as a marke of Power
 Upon me, should I give you? *Isa. Isabel*,
 Your *Isabel*, and you my *Mortimer*:
 Which are the markes of Paritie, nor power
 And these are titles, best become our love.

Mor. Can you fall under those? *Isa. Yes, and be happie.*
 Walke forth, my lov'd, and gentle *Mortimer*,
 And let my longing eyes enjoy their feast,
 And fill of thee, my faire-shap'd, God-like man:
 Thou art a banquet unto all my Senses;
 Thy forme doth feast mine eye, thy voyce mine eare,
 Thy breath, my smell, thy every kisse my taste,
 And softnesse of thy skin, my very touch:
 As if I felt it daile through my blood.
 I ne're was reconciled to these robes,
 This garbe of *England*, till I saw thee in them.
 Thou mak'st, they seeme not boistrous, nor rude,
 Like my rough haughty Lords of *Engle-terre*,
 With whom I have so many yeares bene troubled.
 Mor. But now redeem'd, and set at libertie,
 Queene of your selfe, and them.

Left unfinished.

CHRISTMAS, HIS MASQUE, AS IT VVAS PRESEN- TED AT COVRT. 1616.

Enter *Christmas* with two or three of the Guard.

HE is attir'd in round Hose, long Stockings, a close Doublet, a high crown'd Hat
 with a Broach, a long thin beard, a Truncheon, little Ruffes, white Shoes,
 his Scarffes, and Garters tyed crosse, and his Drum beaten before him.



Hy Gentlemen, doe you know what you doe? ha!
 would you ha' kept me out? *Christmas*, old *Christ-*
mas? *Christmas* of London, and Captaine *Christ-*
mas? Pray you let me be brought before my
 Lord Chamberlaine, I'll not be answer'd else:
 tis merrie in hall when beards wag all: I ha' seene
 the time you ha' wish'd for me, for a merry *Christ-*
mas, and now you ha' me; they would not let me
 in: I must come another time! a good yeast, as if I could come more then
 once a yeare; why, I am no dangerous person, and so I told my friends,
 o' the Guard. I am old *Gregoric Christmas* still, and though I come out of
Popes-head-alley as good a Protestant, as any i' my Parish. The troth is,
 I ha' brought a Masque here, out o' the Citie, o' my owne making, and
 doe present it by a sett of my Sonnes, that come out of the Lanes of *Lon-*
don, good dancing boyes all: It was intended I confesse for *Curriers*
 Hall, but because the weather has bene open, and the Livory were not
 at leisure to see it till a frost came that they cannot worke. I thought it
 convenient, with some little alterations, and the Groome of the *Revells*
 hand to't, to fit it for a higher place, which I have done, and though I
 say it, another manner of devise then your Newyeares night. Bones
 o' bread, the King! Sonne *Rowland*, Son *Clem*, be ready there in a trice;
 quicke, Boyes.

End

Enter his Sonnes and Daughters being ten in number, led in, in a string by Cupid, who is attir'd in a flat Cap, and a Prentises Coat, with wings at his shoulders.

The names of his Children, with their attyres.

MIS-RULE.

IN a velvet Cap with a Sprig, a short Cloake, great yellow Ruffe like a Reveler, his Torch-bearer bearing a Rope, a Cbeese and a Basket,

CAROLL.

A Long tawny Coat, with a red Cap, and a Flute at his girdle, his Torch-bearer carrying a Song booke open.

MINC'D-PIE.

LIke a fine Cookes Wife, drest neat, her Man carrying a Pie, Dish, and Spoones.

GAMBOLL.

LIke a Tumbler, with a hoope and Bells; his Torch-bearer arm'd with a Colstaffe, and a blinding cloth.

POST AND PAIRE.

With a paire-Royall of Aces in his Hat; his Garment all done over with Payres, and Purrs; his Squier carrying a Box, Cards, and Counters.

NEW-YEARES-GIFT.

IN a blew Coat, serving-man like, with an Orange, and a sprig of Rosemarie guilt on his head, his Hat full of Broaches, with a collar of Gingerbread, his Torch-bearer carrying a March-paine, with a bottle of wine on either arme.

MUMMING.

IN a Masquing pied suite, with a Visor, his Torch-bearer carrying the Boxe, and ringing it.

WASSALL.

LIke a neat Sempster, and Songster, her Page bearing a browne bowle, drest with Ribbands, and Rosemarie before her.

OFFERING.

IN a short gowne, with a Porters staffe in his hand; a Wyth borne before him, and a Bason by his Torch-bearer.

Babic-

BABIE-COCKE.

DRest like a Boy, in a fine long Coat, Biggin, Bib, Muckender, and a little Dagger; his Fisher bearing a great Cake with a Beane, and a Pease.

They enter singing.

Now God preserve, as you well doe deserve,
your Majesties all, two there;
Your Highnesse small, with my good Lords all,
and Ladies, how doe you do there?
Gi' me leave to aske, for I bring you a Masque
from little little little London;
Which say the KING likes, I ha' passed the Pikes,
if not, old Christmas is undone.

CHR. A peace, whats the matter there?

GAMB. Here's one, o' Fridaystreet would come in.

CHR. By no meanes, nor out of neither of the Fishstreets, admit not a man; they are not Christmas creatures: Fish, and fasting dayes, foh! Sonnes, sayd I well? looketoo't.

GAMB. No bodie out o' Friday-street, nor the two Fish-streets there, doe yo heare?

CAROL. Shall John Butter o' Milke-street come in? aske him.

GAMB. Yes, he may slip in for a Torch-bearer, so he melt not too fast, that he will last till the Masque be done.

CHR. Right Sonne.

Sing agen.

Our Dances freight, is a matter of eight,
and two, the which are Wenches;
In all they be ten, foure Cockes to a Hen,
and will swim to the tune like Tenches.
Each hath his knight, for to carry his light,
which some would say are Torches;
To bring them here, and to lead them there,
and home againe to their owne porches.
Now their intent —

Enter Venus, a deafe Tire-woman.

VEN. Now, all the Lords blesse me, where am I tro? where is Cupide serve the King? they may serve the Coblér well enough, some of 'em, for any courtesie they have y' wisse, they ha' need o' mending: unrude people they are, your Courtiers, here was thrust upon thrust indeed! was it ever so hard to get in before, tro?

CHR. How now? what's the matter?

VEN. A place forsooth, I do want a place, I would have a good place to see my Child as in before the KING, and QUEENS Majesties (God blesse 'em) to night.

B 2

chr.

CHR. Why, here is no place for you.

VEN. Right forsooth, I am *Cupid's* Mother, *Cupid's* owne Mother: forsooth; yes forsooth: I dwell in pudding-lane; I forsooth, he is Prentise in Love-lane with a Bugle-maker, that makes of your Bobs, and Bird-bolts for Ladies.

CHR. Good Lady Venus of Pudding-lane, you must go out for all this.

VEN. Yes forsooth, I can sit any where, so I may see *Cupid* act; hee is a pretty Child, though I say it that perhaps should not, you will say: I had him by my first Husband, he was a Smith forsooth, we dwelt in Doe-little lane then, he came a moneth before his time, and that may make him somewhat imperfect: But I was a Fishmongers daughter.

CHR. No matter for your Pedigree, your house; good Venus will you depart?

VEN. I forsooth, he'll say his part I warrant him, as well as ere a Play boy of 'emall: I could ha' had money enough for him, an I would ha' beene tempted, and ha' let him out by the weeke, to the Kings Players: Master *Burbadge* has beene about and about with me; and so has old Mr. *Hemings* too, they ha' need of him, where is he tro'a? I would faine see him, pray God they have given him some drinke since he came.

CHRIST. Are you readie Boyes? strike up, nothing will drown this noise but a Drum: a' peace, yet, I ha' not done

Sing---*Now their intent, is above to present---*

CAROL. Why? here be halfe of the properties forgotten, Father.

OFFERING. Post and Paire wants his pur-chops, and his pur-dogs!

CAROL. Ha' you nere a Son at the Groom-Porters to beg, or borrow a paire of Cards quickly?

GAMB. It shall not need, heer's your Son *Chrater* without; has Cards in his pocket.

OFFERING. Odds so, speake to the Guard to let him in, under the name of a propertie.

GAMB. And heer's *New-yeares-gift* h'as an Orenge, and Rosmarie, but not a clove to sticke in't.

NEVV-YEER. Why, let one go to the Spicery.

CHR. Fic, fic, fic; it's naught, it's naught boyes.

VEN. Why, I have cloves, if it be cloves you want, I have cloves in my purse, I never goe without one in my mouth.

CAROL. And *Mumming*, has not his vizard neither.

CHR. No matter, his owne face shall serve for a punishment, and 'tis bad enough; has *Wassell* her boule, and *Mince-pie* her spoones?

OFFER. I, I; but *Mis-rule* doth not like his suite: he saies the Players have lent him one too little, on purpose to disgrace him.

CHR. Let him hold his peace, and his disgrace will bee the lesse: what? shall wee proclaime where wee were furnisht? *Mum! Mum!* a' peace, be readie good Boyes.

Sings agen.

*Now their intent, is above to present
with all the appurtenances
A right Christmas, as of old it was,
so be gathered out of the Dances.*

Which

*Which they doe bring, and afore the King,
the Queene, and Prince, as it were now
Drawne hereby Love: who, over and above,
doth draw himselfe to the geere too*

Here the Drum, and Fife sounds, and they march about once; at the second comming up he proceeds in his song.

*Hum drum, sauce for a Coney;
no more of your Martiall musicke:
Even for the sake, o' the next new stake,
for there I doe meane to use it.*

*And now to yee, who in place are to see,
with Roll and Farthingale hooped:
I pray you know, though he want his bon
by the wings, that this is Cupid.*

*He might goe backe, for to cry what you lack,
but that were not so wittie:
His Cap, and Coat, are enough to note
that he is the Love o' the Cittie.*

*And he leades on, though he now be gon,
for that was onely his-rule:
But now comes in, Tom of Bosoms Inne,
and he presenteth Mis-rule.*

*Which you may know, by the very show,
albeit you never aske it:
For there you may see what his Ensignes bee,
the Rope, the Cheefe, and the Basket.*

*This Carol plaies, and has beene in his dayes
a chirping boy, and a kill pot:
Kit Cobler it is, I'm a Father of his,
and he dwells in the lane, call'd Fil-pot.*

*But who is this? O my daughter Sis
Mince-pie, with her doe not dally
On paine o' your life: She's an honest Cooks wife,
and comes out of Scalding-Alley.*

*Next in the trace, comes Gambol in place,
and to make my tale the shorter:
My Sonne Hercules, tane, out of Distaffe-lane
but an affire man, and a Porter.*

*Now Post and Paire, old Christmasses heire
doth make, and a gingling Sally:
And wote you who, it is one of my two
Sons, Cardmakers in Pur-alley.*

B 2

Next

A Masque

PRESENTED
IN THE HOUSE
OF THE RIGHT
HONORABLE THE
LORD HAYE.

BY DIVERS OF
NOBLE QUALITY,
HIS FRIENDS.

FOR THE ENTERTAIN-
ment of Monsieur LE BARON
DE TOVR, extraordinarie Am-
bassadour for the FRENCH
KING.

On Saturday the 22. of FEBRUARY, 1617.

MART.

Quid titulum pascis? Versus duo trésvé legantur.

1617.

THE
VISION OF
DELIGHT
PRESENTED AT
COVRT IN
CHRISTMAS,

1617.

THE SCENE.

A Street in perspective of faire building discovered.

DELIGHT

Is scene to come as afarre off, accompanied with
Grace, Love, Harmonie, Revell, Sport, Laughter.

WONDER following.

DELIGHT spake
in song (style recitativo.)

Let us play, and dance, and sing,
let us now turne every sort;
O'the pleasures of the Spring,
to the graces of a Court.

From ayre, from cloud, from dreams, from toys,
to sounds, to sence, to love to joyes;
Let your shewes be new, as strange,
let them oft and sweetly varie;
Let them haste so to their change,
as the Seers may not tarric;
Too long t'expect the pleasing t' fight
doth take away from the delight.

Here the first Anti-maske enter'd.

A she Monster delivered of sixe Burratines, that dance with sixe Pantalones,
which done

DELIGHT, spake againe.

Yet heare what your delight doth pray
all fowre and fullen looks away,

that

that are the servants of the day;
Our sports are of the humorous night,
Who feeds the stars that give her light,
and useth (then her wont) more bright,
to help the vision of DELIGHT.

Here the Night rises, and tooke her Chariot be spangled with starres.

DELIGHT, proceeds.

See, see her Scepter, and her Crowne
are all of flame, and from her gowne
a traine of light comes waving down.

This night in dew she will not sleepe
The braine, nor locke the sence in sleepe;
but all awake, with Phantomes keepe,
and those to make DELIGHT more deep.

By this time the Night, and Moone being both risen, Night hovering over
the place, Sung

Breake Phant'sie from thy cave of cloud,
and spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allow'd,
and various shapes of things;
Create of ayrie formes, a streame;
it must have bloud, and naught of fleame,
And though it be a waking dreame,

Yet let it like an odour rise
to all the Sences here,
And fall like sleep upon their eies,
or musick in their eare.

The Scene here changed to Cloud, and Phant'sie breaking forth, spake.

Bright Night, I obey thee, and am come at thy call
But it is no one dreame that can please these all;
Wherefore I would know what Dreames would delight'em;
For never was Phant'sie more loth to affright'em.
And Phant'sie I tell you has dreams that have wings,
And dreams that have honey, and dreams that have stings;
Dreames of the maker, and Dreames of the teller,
Dreames of the kitchen, and Dreames of the Cellar:
Some that are tall, and some that are Dwarfes,
Some that were halter'd, and some that weare scarffes;
Some that are proper, and signifie o' thing,
And some another, and some that are nothing:
For say the French Verdingale, and the French hood
Were here to dispute, must it be understood
A feather, for a wisp were a fit moderator?
Your Ostrich beleve it's no faithfull translator
Of perfect Utopian, And then it were an od-piece

D

To

To see the conclusion peepe forth at a cod-piece.

The politike pudding hath still his two ends,
Tho the bellows, and the bag-pipe were nev'r so good friends:
And who can report what offence it would be

For the Squirrell to see a Dog cline a tree?

If a Dreame should come in now to make you afeard,

With a Windmill on his head, and bells at his beard;

Would you streight weare your spectacles, here, at your toes,

And your boots o' your browes, and your spurs o' your nose?

Your Whale he will swallow, a hogs-head for a pill;

But the maker o' the mouse-trap, is he that hath skill.

And the nature of the Onion, is to draw teares,

As well as the Mustard; peace, pitchers have eares,

And Shillecocks wings, these things doe not mind'em,

If the Bell have any sides, the clapper will find'em:

There's twice so much musicke in beating the tabor,

As i' the Stock-fish, and somewhat lesse labour.

Yet all this while, no proportion is boasted

T'wixt an egge, and an Oxe, though both have been roasted,

For grant the most Barbers can play o' the Citterne,

Is it requisite a Lawyer should plead to a Ghitterne?

You will say now, the Morris-bells were but bribes

To make the heele forget that ev'r it had kibes;

I say let the wine make nev'r so good jelly,

The conscience o' the bottle, is much i' the belly:

For why? doe but take common Councell i' your way,

And tell me who'le then ser a bottle of kay

Before the old Usurer, and to his horse

A slice of salt-butter, perverting the course

Of civill societie? open that gap,

And out skip your fleas, foure and twenty at a clap,

With a chaine and a trundle-bed following at th' heeles,

And will they not cry then, the world runs a wheeles:

As for example, a belly, and no face,

With the bill of a Shoveler, may here come in place;

The haunches of a Drum, with the feet of a pot,

And the raylor of a Kentishman to it; why not?

Yet would I take the stars to be cruell,

If the Crab, and the Ropemaker ever fight duell,

On any dependance, be it right, be it wrong,

But mum; a thread may be drawne out too long.

Here the second Anti-masque of Phantomes came forth, which danced.

PHANTOMES proceeded.

Why? this you will say was phantasticall now,

As the Cocke, and the Bull, the Whale, and the Cow;

But vanish away, I have change to present you,

And such as I hope will more truly content you:

Behold!

Behold the gold-haired *Hour* descending here,
That keeps the gate of Heaven, and turnes the yeare,

Alreadie with her sight, how she doth cheare,
And makes another face of things appeare.

Here one of the Hournes descending, the whole Scene changed to the Bower of Zephyrus, whilst, Peace sung, as followeth

Why looke you so, and all turne dumbe!

to see the opener of the New-yeare come?

My presence rather should invite,

and ayd, and urge, and call to your delight,

The many pleasures that I bring

are all of youth, of heate, of life, and spring,

And were prepar'd to warme your blood,

not fixe it thus as if your Statutes stood.

The Quire { we see, we heare, we feele, we taste,
we smell the change in every flowre,
we onely wish that all could last,
and be as new still as the houre.

The Song ended.

WONDER spake.

WONDER must speake, or breake; what is this? growes

The wealth of Nature here, or Art? it shoves

As if *Favonius*, father of the Spring,

Who, in the verdant Meads doth reigne sole king,

Had rowld him here, and shooke his feathers, wet

With purple swelling Nectar? and had let

The sweet and fruitfull dew fall on the ground

To force out all the flowers that might be found?

Or a *Minerva* with her needle had

Th' enamour'd earth with all her riches clad,

And made the downie *Zephire* as he flew

Still to be follow'd with the Springs best hue?

The gaudie Peacocke boasts not in his traine,

So many lights and shadowes, nor the raine-

Resolving *Iris*, when the Sun doth court her,

Nor purple Pheasant while his Aunt doth sport her

To heare him crow; and with a pearched pride

Wave his dis-coloured necke, and purple side?

I have not scene the place could more surprize,

It looks (me thinkes) like one of natures eyes,

Or her whole bodie set in art? behold!

How the Blew-binde weed doth it selfe infold

With Honey-suckle, and both these intwine

Themselves with *Bryonie*, and *Jessamine*,

To cast a kinde and odouriferous shade?

D 2

PHANT

PHANT'SIE.

How better then they are, are all things made
By WONDER? But a while refresh thine eye,
He put thee to thy oftner, what, and why?

*Here (to a loud musicke) the Bower opens, and the Maskers discovered,
as the glories of the Spring.*

WONDER, againe spake.

Thou wilt indeed, what better change appears?
Whence is it that the ayre so sudden cleares,
And all things in a moment turne so milde,
Whose breath or beams, have got proud earth with child,
Of all the treasure that great Natur's worth,
And makes her every minute to bring forth?
How comes it Winter is so quite forc't hence,
And lockt up under ground? that every sence
Hath severall objects? Trees have got their heads,
The fields their coats? that now the shining Meads
Doe boast the Pounce, the Lillie, and the Rose;
And every flower doth laugh as Zephire blowes?
That Seas are now more even then the Land?
The Rivers runne as smoothed by his hand;
Onely their heads are crisped by his stroake:
How plaies the Yeareling with his brow scarce broke
Now in the open Grasse? and frisking Lambs
Make wanton Salts about their drie-suckt Dams;
Who to repaire their bags doe rob the fields?
How is't each bough a severall musicke yeilds?
The lusty Thrush, early Nightingale
Accord in tune, though varie in their tale?
The chirping Swallow cald forth by the Sun,
And crested Larke doth his division run?
The yellow Bee, the ayre with murmure fill?
The Finches caroll, and the Turtles bill:
Whose power is this? what God?

PHANT'SIE

Behold a King
Whose presence maketh this perpetuall Spring.
The glories of which Spring grow in that Bower,
And are the marks and beauries of his power.

To which the Quire answered.

Tis he, tis he, and no power els
That makes all this what Phant'sie tels.
The founts, the flowers, the birds, the Bees,

The

The herds, the flocks, the grasse, the trees,
Do all confesse him, but most these
Who call him lord of the foure Seas,
King of the less and greater Hes,
And all those happy when he smiles
Advance, his favour calls you to advance,
And do your (this nights) homage in a dance.

Here they danced their entry, after which they sung againe.

Againe, againe, you cannot be
Of such a true delight too free,
Which who once saw would ever see;
And if they could the object prize,
Would while it lasts not thinke to rise,
But wish their bodies all were eyes.

They Danc'd their maine Dance, after which they sung.

In curious knots and mazes so
The Spring at first was taught to go;
And Zephire, when he came to wooe
His Flora, had their motions too,
And thence did Venus learne to lead
Th' Italian Braules, and so tread
As if the wind, nor she did walke,
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalke.

*They Danc'd with Ladies, and the whole Revells followed;
after which Aurora appeared (the Night and
Moone) descended, and this Epilogue
followed.*

I was not wearier where I lay
By frozen Tythons side to night;
Then I am willing now to stay,
And be a part of your delight.
But I am urged by the Day,
Against my will to bid you come away.

The Quire.

They yeild to Time, and so must all.
As Night to sport, Day doth to action call,
Which they the rather doe obey,
Because the Morne, with Roses strews the way.

Here they Danc'd their going off, and Ended.

PLEASURE RECONCILED

TO
VERTVE.

A Masque.

AS IT WAS
PRESENTED AT
COURT BEFORE
KING JAMES.

1619.

The SCENE was the Mountaine
ATLAS.

WHO had his top ending in the figure of an old man, his head and beard all hoary, and frost, as if his shoulders were covered with snow; the rest Wood, and Rocks. A Grove of Ivie at his feet; out of which, to a wilde Musicke of Cymbals, Flutes, and Tabers is brought forth, COMUS the God of Cheere, or the Belly, riding in Triumph, his head crown'd with Roses, and other flowers, his haire curled: They that waite upon him crown'd with Ivie, their Favelins done about with it; one of them going with Hercules his Boule bare before him, while the rest presented him with this Hymne.

Roome, roome, make roome for the bouncing bellic,
First father of sauce, and deviser of jellie;
Prime master of Arts, and the giver of wit,
That found out the excellent Engine, the spit;
The plough, and the flail, the mill, and the hopper,
The hatch, and the boulder, the furnace and copper,
The oven, the baven, the mawkin, the peeke,
The harth, and the range, the dogge, and the wheele;
He, he first invented the hogthead and tun,

The

The gimlet and vice too, and taught 'em to run,
And since with the funnell, and Hippocras bag,
Has made of himselfe, that now he cries swag;
Which shoves though the pleasure be but of foure inches,
Yet he is a Weesell, the gullet that pinches
Of any delight, and not spares from this backe,
What ever to make of the bellie a sacke!
Haile, haile plump paunch, o the founder of taste,
For fresh-meats, or powder'd, or pickle, or paste,
Devourer of broyl'd, back'd, roasted, or sod;
And emptier of cups, be they even or odd;
All which have now made thee so wide i'the waste,
As scarce with no pudding thou art to be lac'd,
But eating and drinking untill thou dost nod,
Thou break'st all thy girdles, and break'st forth a god.

To this the Boule-bearer.

DOE you heare my friends? to whom did you sing all this now?
pardon me onely that I aske you, for I doe not looke for an answer; He answer my selfe, I know it is now such a time as the Saturnalls for all the World, that every man stands under the eaves of his own hat, and sings what please him; that's the right, and the liberty of it. Now you sing of god COMUS here the bellie-god; I say it is well, and I say it is not well: It is well as it is a ballad, and the bellie worthie of it; I must needes say, and 'twere forty yards of ballad more, as much ballad as tripe. But when the bellie is not edified by it, it is not well; for where did you ever read or heare, that the bellie had any eares? Come never pumpe for an answer, for you are defeated; Our fellow Hunger there that was as ancient a retainer to the bellie as any of us, was turned away for being unseasonable, not unreasonable, but unseasonable; and now is he poore thin-gut, faine to get his living with teaching of Starlings, Mag-pies, Parrots, and Jacke-dawes, those things he would have taught the bellie. Beware of dealing with the bellie, the bellie will not be talk'd too, especially when he is full; then there is no venturing upon Venter, he will blow you all up, he will thunder indeed-la: Some in disition call him the father of farts; but I say he was the first inventor of great Ordnance, and taught us to discharge them on Festivall dayes, would we had a fit feast for him y'faith, to shew his activity; I would have something now fetcht in to please his five senses, the throat, or the two senses the eyes: Pardon mee for my two senses, for I that carry Hercules Boule i'the service, may see double by my place; for I have drunke like a frog to day: I would have a Tun now brought in to dance, and so many bottles about him. Ha! you looke as if you would make a probleme of this, doe you see? do you see? a probleme: why bottles? and why a tun? and why a tun? and why bottles to dance? I say that men that drinke hard, and serve the bellie in any place of qualitie (as the jerviall Tinkers, or the lusty kindred) are living measures of drinke, and can transforme themselves, and doe every day to bottles, or tuns when they please.

please: And when they ha' done all they can, they are as I say againe,
(for I thinke I said somewhat like it afore) but moving measures of drink,
and there is a peece i' the Cellar can hold more than all they. This will
I make good, if it please our new god but to give a nod, for the bellie
doe's all by signes; and I am all for the bellie, the truest clocke i' the
world to goe by.

Here the first Anti-maske, after which

HERCULES.

WHat Rites are these? breeds earth more monsters yet?
Ameus scarce is cold: what can beget
This store? (and stay) such contraries upon her,
Is earth so fruitfull of her owne dishonour?
Or cause his vice was inhumanitie,
Hopes she by vicious hospitalitie
To worke an expiation first? and then
(Helpe vertue) these are sponges, and not men:
Bottles? meere vessels? halfe a tun of paunch?
How? and the other halfe thrust forth in haunch?
Whose feast? the bellies? *Comus*? and my cup
Brought in to fill the drunken Orgies up?
And here abus'd? that was the crowne reward,
Of thirstie *Heroes*, after labour hard?
Burdens, and shames of nature, perish, die,
(For yet you never liv'd) but in the stie
Of vice have wallow'd, and in that swines strife
Beene buried under the offence of life:
Goe reele and fall under the load you make,
Till your swollen bowells burst with what you take.
Can this be pleasure, to extinguish man?
Or so quite change him in his figure? can
The bellie love his paine? and be content
With no delight but what's a punishment?
These monsters plague themselves, and fitly too,
For they doe suffer, what, and all the doe,
But here must be no shelter, nor no shrowd
For such: Sincke *Grove*, or vanish into cloud.

*At this the whole Grove vanished, and the whole Musicke was discovered, sit-
ting at the foot of the Mountaine, with Pleasure, and Vertue seated
above them. The Quire invited Hercules to rest with this*

Song.

Great friend and servant of the good,
Let coole a while thy heated blood,
And from thy mighty labour cease.
Lie downe, lie downe,
And give thy troubled spirits peace,
Whilst vertue, for whose sake

Thou

Thou dost this god-like travaile take,
May of the choysrest herbage make
(Here on this Mountaine bred,)
A crowne, a crowne
For thy immortall head.

*Here Hercules being layd down at their feet, the second Anti-maske
which was of Pigmies, appeared.*

I. PIGMIE.

Attains dead! and *Hercules* yet live!
Where is this *Hercules*? what would I give
To meet him now? meet him? nay, three such other,
If they had hand in murder of our brother?
With three? with foure? with ten? nay with as many
As the name yeelds? pray anger there be any
Whereon to feed my just revenge, and soone:
How shall I kill him? hurle him gainst the Moone,
And breake him in small portions? give to Greece
His braine? and every tract of earth a peece.

2 *Pig.* He is yonder.

1 Where?

3 At the hill foot, asleepe.

1 Let one goe steale his club.

2 My charge, Ile creepe.

4 He's ours.

1 Yes, peace.

3 Triumph, we have him boy.

4 Sure, sure, he is sure.

1 Come, let us dance for joy.

*At the end of their dance they thought to surprize him, when sud-
denly being awak'd by the musicke, he rowled himselfe,
they all runne into holes.*

Song.

Wake *Hercules*, awake, but heave up thy blacke eye,
'Tis onely ask'd from thee to looke, and these will die,

Or flie:

Already they are fled,

Whom scorne had else left dead.

*At which Mercury descended from the hill, with a garland of
Poplar to crowne him.*

MERCURY.

Rest still thou active friend of vertue; These
Should not disturbe the peace of *Hercules*.
Earths wormes, and Honors dwarfs (at too great odds)

E

Prove

Prove, or provoke the issue of the gods,
 See, here a *Crowne* the aged *Hill* hath sent thee,
 My Grand-sire *Atlas*, he that did present thee
 With the best sheepe that in his fold were found,
 Or golden fruit in the *Hesperian* ground,
 For rescuing his faire Daughters, then the prey
 Of a rude Pirate as thou cam'st this way,
 And taught thee all the learning of the Sphere,
 And how like him thou might'st the heavens up-bear;
 As that thy labours vertuous recompence
 He, though a Mountaine now, hath yet the lance
 Of thanking thee for more, thou being still
 Constant to goodnesse, guardian of the hill;
Anteus by thee suffocated here,
 And the voluptuous *Cornus* god of cheere
 Beate from his Grove, and that defac'd, but now
 The time's arriv'd that *Atlas* told thee of, how
 B'unalter'd law, and working of the Stars,
 There should be a cessation of all jars,
 Twixt *Virtue* and her noted opposite
Pleasure; that both should meet here in the sight
 Of *Hesperus*, the glory of the West,
 The brightest starre that from his burning cress
 Lights all on this side the *Atlanticke-Seas*,
 As farre as to thy Pillars, *Hercules*,
 See where he shines, *Justice*, and *Wisedome* plac'd
 about his throne, and those with honour grac'd
Beauty, and *Love*: It is not with his Brother
 Bearing the world, but ruling such another
 Is his renowne, *Pleasure*, for his delight
 Is reconcil'd to *Virtue*, and this night
Virtue brings forth, twelve Princes have beene bred
 In this rough mountaine, and neere *Atlas* head
 The hill of knowledge; one, and chiefe of whom
 Of the bright race of *Hesperus* is come,
 Who shall in time, the same that he is be,
 And now is onely a lesse light then he;
 These now she trusts with *Pleasure*, and to these
 She gives an entrance to the *Hesperides*
 Faire beauties garden; neither can she feare
 They should grow soft, or waxe effeminate here;
 Since in her sight, and by her charge all's done,
Pleasure the servant, *Virtue* looking on.

Here

Here the whole Quire of Musicke call'd the twelve Maskers forth from
 the top of the Mountaine, which then opened with this
 Song.

OPE aged *Atlas*, open then thy lappe,
 And from thy beamy bosome strike a light,
 That men may read in the mysterious mapp

All lines

And signes

Of royall education, and the right,

See how they come and show,

That are but borne to know.

Descend

Descend

Though pleasure lead,

Feare not to follow:

They who are bred

Within the Hill

Of skill,

May safely tread

What path they will,

No ground of good is hollow.

In their descent from the Hill, *Dædalus* came downe before them,
 of whom *Hercules* questioned *Mercury*.

HERCULES.

BUT *Hermes* stay, a little let me pause,
 Who's this that leads? *MER.* A guide that gives them lawes
 To all their motions, *Dædalus* the wise;
H. And doth in sacred harmonic comprise
 His precepts? *M.* Yes. *H.* they may securely prove
 Then any laborinth, though it be of love.

Here while they put themselves in forme, *Dædalus* had his first
 Song.

Come on, come on; and where you go,
 so interweave the curious knot,
 As ev'n the observer scarce may know
 which lines are Pleasures, and which not:
 First figure out the doubtfull way,
 at which a while all youth should stay,
 Where she and *Virtue* did contend,
 which should have *Hercules* to friend.
 Then as all actions of mankinde,
 are but a laborinth, or maze;
 So let your Dances be entwined,
 yet not perplex men und' gaze;

E 2

But measur'd, and so numerous too,
as men may read each act they doe;
And when they see the graces meet,
admire the wisdom of your feet:
For dancing is an exercise,
not onely shewes the movers wit,
But maketh the beholders wise,
as he hath power to rise to it.

The first Dance.
After which *Dedalus* againe.

Song 2.

More, and more, this was so well,
As praise wanes halfe his voyce to tell,
again your selves compose,
And now put all the aptnesse on,
Of figure, that proportion,
or colour can disclose.
That if those silent Arts were lost,
Designe, and picture, they might boast,
from you a newer ground,
Instructed by the heightning sence
Of dignitie and reverence,
in their true motions sound.
Begin, begin, for looke, the faire
Do longing, listen to what ayre
you forme your second touch;
That they may vent their murmuring hymnes,
Just to the — you move your limbs,
and wish their owne were such.
Make haste, make hast, for this
The Labyrinth of beautie is.

The second Dance.
That ended. *Dedalus*

Song 3.

It followes now you are to prove
The subtilst maze of all, that's Love,
and if you stay too long,
The faire will thinke you do'em wrong:
Goe choose among — But with a minde
as gentle as the stroaking winde
runs ore the gentler flowers.
And so let all your actions smile,
As if they meant not to beguile,
the Ladies but the houres.
Grace, laughter, and discourtey meet,

and yet the beauty not goe lesse:
For what is noble should be sweet,
But not dissolv'd in wantonnesse.
Will you that I give the Lame
to all your sport and some-it,
It should be such should envie draw,
but — — — overcome it.

Here they Danced with the Ladies, and the whole Revells
followed; which ended, *Mercury* cald to him in this
following speech: which was after repeated in
Song by two Trebles, two Tenors, a Bass,
and the whole Chorus.

Song 4.

An eye of looking backe were well,
Or any murmure that would tell
Your thoughts, how you were sent,
and went
To walke with Pleasure, not to dwell.
These, these are houres by vertue spar'd
Her selfe, she being her owne reward:
But she will have you know,
that though
Her sports be soft, her life is hard:
You must returne unto the Hill
and their advance
With labour, and inhabit still
that height and Crowne,
From whence you ever may looke downe
upon triumphed chance.
She, she it is in darknesse shines,
'Tis she that still her selfe refines,
by her owne light to every eye:
More scene, more knowne when vice stands by.
And though a stranger here on earth,
In Heaven she hath her right of birth:
There, there is Vertues seat,
Strive to keepe her your own,
'Tis onely she can make you great,
Though place here make you knowne.

After which, they Danced their last Dance, returned into the Scene,
which closed, and was a Mountaine againe as before,

The End.

This pleas'd the KING so well, as he would see it againe, when
it was presented with these additions.

For

FOR
THE HONOUR
OF
WVALES.

The SCENE standing as before, a Mountaine; but now the
name changed from ATLAS, to CRAIG-ERIRI.

Enter Gentlemen.

Griffith, Fenkin, Evan, a Welsh Attorney.

GRIF. Cossin, I know what belongs to this place sym what peiter
then you; and therefore give mee leave to be pold to ad-
vise you. Is not a small matter to offer your selfe into presence of a king,
and aull his Court? Be not too byssic and forward, till you be cauld, I
tauke reason to you.

JEN. Cym, never tauke any taukes: if the King of gread Prittaine
keepe it Affizes here, I will cym into Court: Loog yow, doe you see
now, and please Got.

GRIF. Taw, d yn ynbydd, y, dhwyt i n abl i anabby, pob peth oth solineb, ag y
tyn gwatwar ar dy wlae.

JEN. Gadwyn! Length. I say I will appeare in Court.

EV. Appeare as yow sud doe then, Dab Fenkin in good sort, do not
discredit the nation, and pyt wrong upon us aull by your raffnes.

JEN. What doe yow caull raffnesle Evan y Gynrn, is not aull the
Cyntric, and aull Welfe, and the Prince of Wales too abus'd in him? by
this hand, I will tell it the Kings owne cares every 'oord, doe you see
him now? Blesse your urfip, pray God is in Heaven blesse ever ince of
your urfip, and Wales is comend it to your urfip, from top to toe, with
aull his hearts aull over, by got utch me, and would bee glad as a filling
to see yow in him. Come it downe once a day and trie, I tell yow now,
yow fall be as welcomely there, as where you were in your owne Cyn-
tries last two Symmers, and pershance wee'll made yow as good f'cere
too; wee'll promise your urfip as good a peece of Seeze, as yow need
pit in your head, and pleas yow fall bee roasted too. Goe too, see him
once upon a time your owne fellive, is more good meane you, then is a-
ware of: By got is very hard, but fall make yow a Sheffice of Peace the
first daies yow come; and pershance (say nothing) Knight o'the S'ire too:
Is not Woflers, nor Penbrokes, nor Montgomeryes fall carry him from yow.
But aull this while fall I tell you a liddell now: is a great huge deale of
anger

anger upon yow, from aull Wales and the Nation, that your urfippe
would suffer our yong Master Sarles your 'urhips Sonne and Heire, and
Prince of Wales, the first time he ever play Dance, to be pit up in a Moun-
taine (got knowes where) by a palterly Pott, how doe you say him
Evan?

EVAN. Libia.

JEN. Wellby! Libia. And how doe you caull him the Mountaine,
his name is

EV. Atlas.

JEN. Hynno, hynno. Atlas? I please your urfip is a Welfe Attorney,
and a preddilie schollers, a weare him his long coat, line with Seepes
skin, as yow see every daies o'the weeke. A very sufficient litigious
fellow's in the Termes, and a finely Poets out o'the Termes, hee has a
sprig of Lawrell already towards his girlonds. He was get in here at
Twelfe-night and see aull, what doe you call it, your matters, and sayes
is naught, naught, starke naught.

EV. I doe say 'and't please his Madestee, I doe not like him with aull
his heart, his plugd in by the cares, without all piddies, or mercies of
propriedies or decorums. I will doe injuries to no man before his Ma-
destee; but 'is a very vile and absurd as a man would wisse, that I doe
say, to pyt the Prince of Wales in an outlandis Mountaine; when hee is
knowne, his Highnesse has as goodly Mountaines and as rawll a Hills of
his owne (looke yow, do you see now) and of as good standing, and as
good discent, as the proudest Atlas christned.

JEN. I good Evan, I pray you reckon his Madestee some of the Welfe
Hills, the Mountaines.

EV. Why there is Talgar.

JEN. Well sayd.

EV. Eliemiesh.

JEN. Well sayd Evan.

EV. Cadier Arthur.

JEN. Toudge him, toudge him.

EV. Pen-maen-maur.

JEN. Is good boyes, Evan.

EV. And Craig-eriri.

JEN. Aw't vellhy? why law you now? Is not Pen-maen-maur, and
Craig-eriri as good sound, as Atlas every whit of him.

EV. Is cauld the British Aulpes, Craig-eriri, a very sufficient Hills.

JEN. By got we will play with him Hills for Hills, for sixteene and
forty fillings when he dares.

EV. I pray you let it alone your wachers a liddle while Cossin Davy
ap Fenkin, and give it leave I may give his Madestee, and the Court in-
formations toudging now the Reformatations.

JEN. Why? cannot yow and I tauke too Cossin? the Haul (God
blesse it) is big enough to hold both our taukes, and we were twice as
much as we are.

EV. Why, tauke it aull then, if you think is reason in you.

JEN. No; I know is no reason, Evan, I confes him; but every man
would shew himselfe a good subject as he can to his meanes, I am a
subject by my place, and two heads is better then one I imagine under
correction.

Ev. Got's ownes, here is no corrections man; imagine what yow please, doe in got's name, imagine, imagine, why doe you not imaginee? here is no pennyrths of corrections.

GR. *Aw d'gwin Tawson.*

Ev. 'Is so invincibles, so in mercifullys ignorant, a man knowes not upon what inces of ground to stand to him; doe's conceive it no more as I am a true Welse christian, then (sirreverence 'o the cympany) the hilts of his dagger.

JEN. Go too, I will make the hilts conceive a knocke upon your pate, and perhance a bumpe to if yow tauke.

Ev. How! upon my pate?

JEN. Yes upon your pate; your Poeticke pate, and your Law pate too.

GR. *Tawson, Tawson.* Fore'got yow will goe nere to hazard a thumbe, and a fowre finger of your best hand; if you knocke him here, you may knocke him better 'scape at *Ludlow* a great deale: do you know the place where it is?

Ev. Well, I can be patient, I trust, I trust it is in a presence I presume that loves no quarrells, nor replies, nor the lies, nor the challenge, nor the Duells: but---I will doe my byssinesse now, and make this a byssinesse for another daies hereafter: Pleas' your Madestee---By got I am out of my tempers terribly well, got forgive me, and pyt me in my felive againe. How doe's your Highnes---I know not a 'oord or a sil-lable what I say; 'is doe me that vexations.

GR. O *Evan*; for the honour of *Wales*.

Ev. I remember him now, 'is inough, blessings upon me 'is out o'my head againe; lost, quite lost: this knocke, o'my pate has knock aull my wits out o'my braines I thinke, and turne my reasons out of doores. Be-leave it I will rub, and breake your 'fins for this, I will not come so high as your head, but I will take your nose in my way, very sufficiently.

JEN. Hang your sufficiency.

Ev. 'Tis well, very well; tis better, better, exceedingly well.

Howell, and Rheese to them

How. What?---you meane (hough) to make us so long tarric here, ha?

GR. Marrie, here is aull undone with distempers me thinkes, and an-gers, and passions.

RHE. Who is angry?

Ev. Why it is I is angry, and hungry too, if you marke me; I could eate his Flint-seere face now, offer to knock my pate in the hearing of aull these, and more too: well, before his Madestee I doe yet forgive him now with aull my heart, and will be reveng'd another time.

How. Why that is good *Evan*, honest brave *Evan*.

RHE. Ha' yow told the Kings Madestee of the alterations.

Ev. I am now once againe about him: peace; please your Madestee, the Welse Nation hearing that the Prince of *Wales* was to come into the Hills againe, afore your Madestee have a desire of his Highnesse for the honour of *Wales*, to make him a Welse hills, which is done without any manner

manner of sharshere to your Madestee, onely shanging his name: He is caull now *Craig-Eriri*, a Mountaine in *Carnarvan-Seere*, has as gray beard, and as much snow upon his head aull the yeare long,

JEN. As *Adlas* for his gutts.

Ev. He tells your Madestee true, for aull he is a liddle out of season: but cym every man tell as much as he can now, my qualitie is I hope suf-ficiently knowne to his Madestee, that I am *Rector Chori* is aull my am-bitions, and that I would have it aull Welse; that is the port and the long of the Requests. The Prince of *Wales* we know is aull over Welse.

JEN. And then my Lord Marquise.

Ev. Both my Lord Marquise is as good, noble, true *Briton*, as any e-ver is come out of *Wales*.

JEN. My Lord *Mongymerie* is as sound Welse too, as fiese and blood can make him.

HO. And the *Howard's* by got, is Welse as strait as any arrow.

Ev. *Houghton* is a Towne beare his name there by *Pipidiauke*.

HO. And *Erwin*, his name is *Wyn*; but the *Duts-men* come here in *Wales*, and caull him *Heer-win*.

RH. Then *Caris* plaine Welse, *Caerleon*, *Caermardin*, *Cardiffe*.

JEN. And *Palmer*, his Ancestors was call him *Pen-maure*.

RH. And *Acmooty*, is *Ap mouth-rye* of *Llanmowthrye*.

JEN. And *Abercromy*, is aull one as *Abermarlys*.

Ev. Or *Abertan*.

HO. Or *Aberdugled haw*.

RH. Or *Abes hodney*.

JEN. Or *Abergevenny*.

HO. Or *Aberconway*.

Ev. *Aberconway* is very like *Abercromy*, a liddell hard fiste has pit'em aull into *Wales*, but our desires and petitions is, that the musiques be aull Welse, and the dances, and no *Erculus* brought in now with a gread staffe, and a pudding upon him.

JEN. Aw; was his distaffe, was not his club.

Ev. What need of *Erculus*, when *Cadwallader*---

JEN. Or *Lluellin*, or *Reese ap Griphin*, or *Craddock*, or *Owen Glendower*, with a Welse hooke, and a Goats skinn on his backe, had done very bet-ter, and twice as well?

Ev. Nay, and to pyt apparrell on a pottell of hay, and caull him *Lantaus*.

GR. The Bellic-gods too, was as proper a monster as the best of hem.

Ev. I stand to it, there was neither Poetries, nor Architectures, nor de-signes in that bellie-god; nor a note of musicks about him. Come, bring forth our musickes, yow s'all heare the true *Pritan* straines now, the an-cient Welse Harpe---yow tauke of their *Pigmees* too, here is a *Pigmees* of *Wales* now; set forth another *Pigmees* by him!

Two Women, and Musickes to them.

1 Wo. *Aw Diesus!* what a bravely companie is here? This's a finely Haull indeed!

2 What a deale of fine candle it is?

F

JEN.

JEN. I, peace; let his Madestee heare the Musicke.

2. Blemae yr Brenini

JEN. Docko we.

1. Diesus blesse him; Saint Davy blesse him. I bring my boy o'my
backe ten mile here to loog upon him: Loog Hullin, loog Hullin, spewch
himmaven nayd Duvima braveris: yow s'all heare him play too.

EV. Peace, no more pradling; begin set him downe.

Song.

EVAN.

1 Song.

I Is not come here to tanke of Brut,
from whence the Welse do's take his root;
Nor tell long pedegree of Prince Camber,
whose linage would fill nall this Chamber;
Nor sing the deeds of old Saint Davy,
the w'sip of which would fill a Navy.
But harke yow me now, for a liddell tales
s'all make a gread deale to the credit of Wales;

Chorus { In which wee'll toudg your eares,
with the praise of her thirteen S'ceres;
And make yow as glad, and merrie
as fourteene pot of Perrie.

Still, still wee'll toudg your eares with the praise, &c.

HCVVELL.

2 Song.

T Is true, was weare him Sherkin freize,
but what is that? we have store of s'cize,
And Got his plenty of Goats milke
that sell him well, will buy him silke
Inough to make him fine to quarrell
At Hereford-sizes in new apparrell;
And get him as much greene Melmet perhap,
s'all give it a face to his Monmouth cap.
But then the ore of Lemster,
By got is never a Stempster;
That when he is spun, ore did,
Yes match him with his thrid
Still, still, &c.

RHEESE.

3 Song.

A F'll this's the backs now, let us tell yee,
of some provisions for the bellie:
As Cid, and Goat, and great Goates mother,
and Runt, and Cow, and good Cowes V'her.
And once but taste o' the Welse-mutton,
your Englis-sheep's not worth a button.
And then for your Fiss, s'all shoofe it your diss.
Looke but about, and there is a Trout.

A Salmon, Cor, or Chevin,
Will feed you six, or seven,
As taull man as ever swagger,
With Welse-hooke, or long dagger,
Still, still, &c.

EVAN.

4 Song.

B Vt aull this while was never thinke
a word in praise of our Welse drinke,
Tet for aull that, is a cup of Bragat,
all England S'cere, may cast his Cab-at:
And what you say to Ale of Webley,
toudge him as well, you'll praise him trebly,
As well as Meibeglin, or Sidar, or Meath,
S'all S'ake it your dagger quite out o' the scath.
And Oat-cake of Guarthinion,
With a goodly Lecke, or Onion,
To give us sweet a Rellis
As ere did Harper, Ellis.
Still, still, &c.

HCVVELL.

5 Song.

A Nd yet, is nothing now aull this,
if of our Musiques we doe misse;
Both Harpes, and Pipes too, and the Crowd,
must aull come in and tanke aloud,
As lowd as Bangu, Davies bell,
of which is no doubt yow have here tell,
As well as our lowder Wrexham, Organ,
and rumbling Rocks in S'cere Glamorgan;
Where looke but in the ground there,
And you s'all see a sound there,
That put him aull togadder,
Is sweet as measure pedder.
Still, still, &c.

RHEESE.

6 Song.

A V, but what say yow should it shance too,
that we should leape it in a Dance too,
And make it you as great a pleasure,
if but your eyes be now at leasure;
As in your eares s'all leave a laughter,
to last upon you sixe dayes after?
Ha! wella-goe too, let us try to do
as your old Britton, things to be writ on,
Come put on asher lookes now,
And lay away your hookes too,
And though yet you ha' no pump sirs,
Let hem heare that yow can jump sirs.
Still, still, &c.

E 2

JEN.

JEN. **S**peake it your conscience now; did your Ursp ever see such a song in your daies; is not as finely a tunes as a man would wisse to put in his eares.

EVA. Come, his Madestee f'all heare better to your Dance.

Here a Dance of men.

EV. Haw, well danc'd, verie well danc'd.

JEN. Well plaid *Howell*, well plaid *Rheefe*: *Dawharry wellbee*; well danc'd y'faith.

EV. Goodboyes, good boyes; pold, and *Prittan*, pold, and *Prittan*.

After the Dance.

JEN. Is not better this now then *Pigmies*? this is men, this is no monsters, and you marke him: Well caull forth you Goates now, your Ursp f'all see a properly naturall devise come from the Welse Mountaines; Is no Tuns, nor no Bottills: Stand by there, f'ow his Ursp the Hills, was drunkenry in his cies that make that devise in my minde. But now, marg, marg your Ursp I pray yow now, and yow f'all see natures and proprieties; the very beasts of *Wales* f'all doe more then your men pyt in bottills, and barrills, there was a tale of a tub y'faith. 'Is the Goat-heard and his dog, and his sonne, and his wife make musiques to the Goates as they come from the Hills; give 'hem roomes, give 'hem roomes, now the cym: The elderly Goates is indifferently grave at first, because of his beard, and onely tread it the measures; byt yow will see him pyt off his gravities by and by well inough, and friske it as fine as ere a Kid on 'hem aull. The Welse Goate is an excellent dancer by birth, that is written of him, and of as wisely carriage, and comely behaviours a beast (for his tooting especially) as some one or two man, God blesse him.

EV. A Haul, a haul; come a haul, *An wellbee*.

Here the Dance of Goates.

After the Dance.

W. Nay, and your Madestee bid the Welse Goats welcome; The Welse Wen-ces f'all sing your praises, and dance your healths too.

Song.

- 1 **A**W, God blesse in our good King S'ames,
- 2 His Wife, and his S'ildren, and aull his Reames,
- 1 And aull his urspfull S'istice of peace about him,
- 2 And send that his Court be never without him,
- 1 Ow, that her would come downe into Wales,
- 2 Her f'ad be very welcome to Welse Ales.
- 1 I have a Cow,
- 2 And I have a hen;
- 1 S'all give it milke,
- 2 And eggs for aull his men.

Chorus

CHORUS.

*'It selfe f'all have venison, and other Seere,
And may it be served, that steale him his Deere,
there, there, and every where.*

JEN. Cym dance now, let us heare your dance, dance.

EV. Ha! well plaid *Ales*.

HO. For the Honour of *Wales*.

Here was the Dance of men and women.

After the Dance.

JEN. **D**iggon. Inough, inough, *Diggon*, well now aull the absurdities is remov'd and cleer'd; the rest and please your Grace f'all carrie still, and goe on as it was; *Virtue*, and *Pleasure* was well inough, indifferently well inough: Onely we will intreat *Pleasure* to cym out of *Driffindore*, that is the *Gilden Valley*, or *Geltbleedore*, that is the *Golden Grove*, and is in *Care Marden the Welse Garden*. 'Is a thousand place in *Wales* as finely places as the *Esperides* every crum of him: *Merlin* was borne there too, put wee would not make him rise now and wake him, because we have his Prophecies alreadie of your Madestee's name to as good purpose, as if he were here in presence, *Pod by geller Evan*?

EV. You will still pyt your selve to these plunses, you meane his Madestes Anagrams of *Charles James Stuart*.

JEN. I that is *Claines Arthurs Seate*, which is as much as to say, your Madestee f'ud be the first King of gread *Prittan*, and sit in *Cadier Arthur*, which is *Arthurs Chaire*, as by Gods blessing you doe: And then your Sonne Master *S'harles* his, how doe you caull him? is *Charles Stuart*, *eals true hearts*, that is us, he calls us, the Welse Nation to beever at your service, and love you, and honour you, which we pray you understand it his meaning. And that the Musicians yonder, are so many *Brittis bards* that sing o'pen the Hills to let out the Prince of *Wales*, and his Welse freinds to you, and all is done.

GR. Very homely done it is I am well assur'd, if not very rudely: But it is hop'd your Madestee will not interpret the honour, merits, love, and affection of so noble a portion of your people, by the povertie of these who have so imperfectly uttered it: Yow will rather for their saks, who are to come in the name of *Wales*, my Lord the Prince, and the others; pardon what is past, and remember the Cyntrie has alwaies been fruitfull of loyall hearts to your Majestie; a very garden and seed plot of honest mindes and men: What lights of learning hath *Wales* sent forth for your Schooles? What industrious Students of your Lawes? what able Ministers of your Justice? whence hath the Crowne in all times better servitors, more liberall of their lives and fortunes? where hath your Court or Councell (for the present) more noble ornaments or better aydes? I am glad to see it, and to speake it, and though the Nation bee sayd to be unconquer'd, and most loving liberty, yet it was never mutinous (and please your Majestie;) but stout, valiant, courteous, hospitable, temperate, ingenious, capable of all good Arts, most lovingly constant,

constant, charitable, great Antiquaries, Religious preservers of their Gentry, and Genealogie, as they are zealous and knowing in Religion. In a word, It is a Nation better'd by prosperitie so far, as to the present happinesse it enjoyes under your most sacred Majestie, it wishes nothing to be added, but to see it perpetuall in You, and your Issue.

*God of his great goodnesse grant it, and show he is an errant knave,
and no true Brittain doe's not say Amen too
with his heart.*

NEWES FROM
THE NEVV VVORLD
DISCOVER'D IN THE
MOONE.

A Masque,

AS IT VVAS PRESEN-
TED AT COVRT BE-
FORE KING JAMES.

1610.

Nascitur e tenebris: & se sibi vindicat Orbis.

Enter 1 Herald, 2 Herald, Printer, Chronicler, Factor.

1 HER. **N**Ewes, newes, newes.

2 HER. **B**old, and brave new!

1 HER. Newes as the night they are borne in;

2 HER. Or the Phant'sie that begot them.

1 HER. Excellent newes!

2 HER. Will you heare any newes?

P. INT. Yes, and thanke you too sir; what's the price of them?

1 HER. Price, Cocks-combe! what price, but the price o' your ears:
As if any man used to pay for any thing here.

2 HER. Come forward, you should be some dull tradesman by your pig-headed Sconce now, that thinke there's nothing good any where, but what's to be sold.

P. INT. Indeed I am all for sale Gentlemen, you say true, I am a Printer, and a Printer of Newes, and I doe hearken after them, where ever they

they be at any rates; I'll give any thing for a good Copie now, be't true or false, so't be newes.

1 HER. A fine youth!

CHRO. And I am for matter of State Gentlemen, by consequence, story, my Chronicle, to fill up my great booke, which must bee three Reames of paper at least; I have agreed with my Stationer aforehand to make it so big, and I want for ten quire yet. I ha' bene here ever since seven a clocke i'th morning to get matter for one page, and I thinke I have it compleate; for I have both noted the number, and the capacity of the degrees here; and told twice over how many candles there are i'th roome lighted, which I will set you downe to a snuffe precisely, because I love to give light to posteritie in the truth of things.

1 HER. This is a finer youth!

FACT. Gentlemen, I am neither Printer, nor Chronologer, but one that otherwise take pleasure i' my Pen; A Factor of newes for all the Shieres of England; I doe write my thousand Letters a weeke ordinary, sometim twelve hundred, and maintaine the businesse at some charge, both to hold up my reputation with mine owne ministers in Towne, and my friends of correspondence in the Countrey; I have friends of all rankes, and of all Religions, for which I keepe an answering Catalogue of dispatch; wherein I have my Puritan newes, my Protestant newes, and my Pontificall newes.

2 HER. A Superlative this!

FACT. And I have hope to erect a Staple for newes ere long, whether all shall be brought, and thence againe vented under the name of Staple-newes; and not trusted to your printed Conundrums of the serpent in *Suffex*, or the witches bidding the Devill to dinner at *Derbie*: Newes, that when a man sends them downe to the Shieres where they are said to be done, were never there to be found.

PRIN. Sir that's all one, they were made for the common people; and why should not they ha' their pleasure in beleeving of lies are made for them, as you have in *Pauls* that make hem for your selves.

1 HER. There he speakes reason to you sir.

FACT. I confesse it, but it is the Printing I am offended at, I would have no newes printed, for when they are printed they leave to bee newes; while they are written, though they be false, they remaine newes still.

PRIN. See mens divers opinions! It is the Printing of hem makes hem newes to a great many, who will indeed beleeve nothing but what's in Print. For those I doe keepe my Presses, and so many Pens going to bring forth wholsome relations, which once in halfe a score yeares (as the age growes forgetfull) I Print over againe with a new date, and they are of excellent use.

CHRO. Excellent abuser rather.

PRIN. Mr. Chronicler doe not you talke, I shall---

1 HER. Nay Gentlemen, bee at peace one with another; wee have enough for you all three, if you dare take upon trust.

PRIN. I dare, I assure you.

FACT. And I, as much as comes.

CHRO. I dare too, but nothing so much as I ha' done; I have bene so cheated with false relations i' my time, as I ha' found it a far harder thing to correct my booke, then collect it.

FACT.

FACT. Like enough; but to your newes Gentlemen, whence come they?

1 HER. From the Moone, ours sir.

FACT. From the Moone! which way? by sea? or by Land?

1 HER. By Moone-shine, a neerer way I take it.

PR. Oh by a Trance! I know it, a thing no bigger than a Flute-case; A neighbour of mine, a spectacle-maker, has drawn the Moone through i'th boare of a whistle, and made it as great as a Dram-head twentie times, and brought it within the length of this Roome to me, I know not how often.

CHRO. Tut, that's no newes; your perplexive Glasses are common. No, it will fall out to be *Pythagoras* way I warrant you, by writing, and reading i'th Moone.

PR. Right, and as well read of you, I faith: for *Cornelius Agrippa* has it, *In disco Luna*, there tis found.

1 HER. Sir, you are lost I assure you, for ours came to you neither by the way of *Cornelius Agrippa*, nor *Cornelius Dribble*.

2 HER. Nor any glasse of--

1 HER. No Philosophers phantasie.

2 HER. Mathematicians Periscope.

1 HER. Or brother of the Rosie crosses intilligence, no forc'd way, but by the neat and cleane power of Poetrie,

2 HER. The Mistis of all discovery.

1 HER. Who after a world of these curious uncertainties, hath employed thither a servant of hers in search of truth: who has been there--

2 HER. In the Moone.

1 HER. In person.

2 HER. And is this night return'd.

FACT. Where? which is he? I must see his Dog at his girdle, and the bush of thornes at his backe, ere I beleeve it.

1 HER. Doe not trouble your faith then, for if that bush of thornes should prove a goodly Grove of Okes; in what case were you, and your expectation.

2 HER. Those are stale Ensignes o'th Stages, man i'th Moone, deliverd downe to you by musty Antiquitie, and are of as doubtfull credit as the makers.

CHRO. Sir, nothing againe Antiquitie I pray you, I must not heare ill of Antiquitie.

1 HER. Oh! you have an old Wife belike, or your venerable *Jerkin* there, makemuch of hem: Our relation I tell you still is newes.

2 HER. Certaine, and sure newes.

1 HER. Of a new World,

2 HER. And new creatures in that World.

1 HER. In the Orbe of the Moone.

2 HER. Which is now found to be an Earth inhabited!

1 HER. With navigable Seas, and Rivers.

2 HER. Varietie of Nations, Politics, Lawes.

1 HER. With Havens in't, Castles, and Port-Townes!

2 HER. In-land Cities, Boroughes, Hamlets, Faires, and Markets!

1 HER. Hundreds, and Weapontakes! Forrests, Parks, Coney-ground, Meadow-pasture, what not?

G

1 HER.

2 HE. But differing from ours.
 FAC. And has your Poet brought all this?
 CH. Troth, here was enough; tis a pretty piece of Poetrie as 'tis.
 1 HE. Would you could heare on, though.
 2 HE. Gi' your mindes to't a little.
 FAC. What Innes, or Alehouses are there there? does he tell you?
 1 HE. Truly I have not askt him that.
 2 HE. Nor were you best, I beleeve.
 FAC. Why, in travaile a man knowes these things without offence;
 I am sure if he be a good Poet, hee has discover'd a good Taverne in his
 time.
 1 HE. That he has, I should thinke the worfe of his Verse else.
 PR. And his Prose too i'faith.
 CH. Is he a Mans Poet, or a Womans Poet I pray you?
 2 HE. Is there any such difference?
 FAC. Many, as betwixt your mans Taylor, and your womans Taylor.
 1 HE. How? may we beseech you?
 FAC. He shew you; your Mans Poet may break out strong and deep
 i'th mouth, as he said of Pindar, *Monte decurrens velut amnis*. But your
 Womans Poet must flow, and stroak the eare, and (as one of them sayd of
 himselfe sweetly)

*Must write a Verse as smooth, and calm as Creame,
 In which there is no torrent, nor scarce streame.*

2 HE. Ha' you any more on't?
 FAC. No, I could never arrive but to this Remnant.
 1 HE. Pittie! would you had had the whole piece for a patterne to
 all Poetrie.
 PR. How might we doe to see your Poet? did he undertake this jour-
 ney (I pray you) to the Moone o' foot?
 1 HE. Why doe you aske?
 PR. Because one of our greatest Poets (I know not how good a one)
 went to *Endenburgh* o' foot, and came backe; marry he has beene rellive
 they say ever since, for we have had nothing from him; he has set out
 nothing I am sure.
 1 HE. Like enough, perhaps he has not all in, when he has all in, he
 he will set out (I warrant you) at least those from whom he had it, it is
 the very same party that has beene i'th Moone now.
 PR. Indeed! has he beene there since? belike he rid thither then.
 FAC. Yes Post, upon the Poets horse for a wager.
 1 HE. No I assure you, he rather flew upon the wings of his Muse.
 There are in all but three wayes of going thither; one is *Endymions* way,
 by rapture in sleepe, or a dreame. The other *Minipus* his way, by wing,
 which the Poet tooke. The third, old *Empedocles* way; who when
 he leapt into *Aetna*, having a drie seare bodie, and light, the smoake took
 him and whist him up into the Moone, where he lives yet waving up and
 downe like a feather, all soot and embers comming out of that cole-pit;
 our Poet met him, and talkt with him.
 CH. In what language good sir?
 2 HE. Onely by signes and gestures, for they have no articulate voy-

ces there, but certaine motions to musicke: all the discourse there is
 harmonie.

FAC. A fine Lunatique language i'faith; how doe their Lawyers
 then?

2 HER. They are *Pythagorians*, all dumbe as fishes, for they have no
 controverfies to exercise themselves in.

FAC. How do they live then?

1 HE. O'th deaw o'th Moone like Grasshoppers, and conferre with
 the Doppers.

FAC. Ha' you Doppers?

2 HE. A world of Doppers! but they are there as lunatick persons,
 walkers onely; that have leave onely to hum, and ha, not daring to pro-
 phetic, or start up upon stooles to raise doctrine.

1 HE. The brethren of the *Rosse-Crosse* have their Colledge within
 a mile o'th Moone; a Castle i'thayre that runs upon wheelles with a
 wing'd lanthorne----

PR. I ha' seen't in print.

2 HER. All the phantastickall creatures you can thinke of, are
 there.

FAC. 'Tis to be hop'd there are women there then?

1 HE. And zealous women, that will out-grone, the groning wives
 of *Edinburgh*.

FAC. And Lovers as phantasticke as ours?

2 HE. But none that will hang themselves for Love, or cate candles
 ends, or drinke to their Mistresse-eyes, till their owne bid'hem good
 night, as the *Sublunary Lovers* doe.

FAC. No sir?

2 HER. No, some few you shall have, that sigh or whistle them-
 selves away; and those are presently hung up by the heeles like Meteors,
 with Squibs i'their tayles, to give the wiser sort warning.

PR. Excellent!

FAC. Are there no selfe-Lovers there?

2 HER. There were, but they are all dead of late for want of
 Taylors.

FAC. S'light what lucke is that? we could have spar'd them a Colo-
 nie from hence.

2 HE. I thinke some two or three of them live yet, but they are turn'd
Moone-Calves by this.

PR. O, I, *Moone-Calves*! what Monster is that I pray you?

2 HER. Monster? none at all; a very familiar thing, like our foole
 here on earth.

1 HER. The Ladyes there, play with them instead of little
 Dogges.

FAC. Then there are Ladies?

2 HER. And Knights, and Squires.

FAC. And servants, and Coaches?

1 HE. Yes, but the Coaches are much o'the nature of the Ladies,
 for they goe onely with wind.

CH. Prittie, like *China-waggons*.

FAC. Ha' they any places of meeting with their Coaches, and take-
 ing

king the fresh open aire, and then covert when they please, as in our *Hide-Parks*, or so?

2 H^{ER}. Above all the *Hide-parks* in Christendome, farre more hiding and private, they doe all in clouds there; they walke i'the clouds, they sit i'the clouds, they lie i'the clouds, they ride and tumble i'the clouds, their very Coaches are clouds.

P^R. But ha' they no Carmen to meet and breake their Coaches?

2 H^{ER}. Alas! Carmen, they will over a Carman there, as hee will doe a Child here; you shall have a Coachman with cheekes like a trumpeter, and a wind in his mouth blow him afore him as farre as he can see him; or skirre over him with his batts wings a mile and a halfe, ere hee can steere his wry necke to looke where he is.

F^{AC}. And they ha' their new Wells too, and phisicall waters I hope to visit all time of yeare?

1 H^E. Your *Tunbridge*, or the *Spaw* it selfe are meere puddle to'em: When the pleasant months o'the yeare come, they all flocke to certaine broken Islands which are called there, the *Isles of delight*.

F^{AC}. By clouds still?

1 H^E. What else? Their Boates are clouds too.

2 H^{ER}. Or in a mist; the mists are ordinary i'the Moone, a man that owes money there, needs no other protection; onely buy a mist and walk in't, hee's never discern'd, a matter o'fa *Banbee* doe's it.

1 H^E. Onely one Island they have, is call'd the Isle of the *Epeenes*, because there under one Article both kindes are signified, for they are fashioned alike, male and female the same, not heads and broad hats, short doublets, and long points; neither do they ever untrusse for distinction, but laugh and lie downe in Moone-shine, and stab with their ponyards; you doe not know the delight of the *Epiceues* in Moon-shine.

2 H^{ER}. And when they ha' tasted the Springs of pleasure enough, and biled, and kist, and are readie to come away; the shee's onely lay certain egges (for they are never with Child there,) and of those egges are disclosed a race of Creatures like men, but are indeed a sort of Fowle, in part covered with feathers (they call'hem *Volatees*), that hop from Island to Island, you shall see a covey of hen if you please presently.

1 H^E. Yes faith, tis time to exercise their eies, for their cares begin to be wearie.

2 H^{ER}. Then know, we doe not move these wings so soone,
On which our Poet mounted to the Moone
Menippus-like, but all twixt it and us,
Thus cleares and helpe to the presentment, thus.

The Antimaske of Volatees.

2 H^{ER}. **W**E have all this while (though the *Muses* *Heralds*) adventured to tell your Majestie no newes; for hitherto we have mov'd rather to your delight, than your belcife. But now be pleased to expect a more noble discovery worthie of your care, as the object will be your eye; A race of your owne, form'd, animated, lightned, and heightned by you, who rapt above the Moone far in speculation of your vertues, have remain'd their intanc'd certaine houres, with

with wonder of the pietie, wisdom, Majesty reflected by you, on them, from the Divine light, to which onely you are lesse. These by how much higher they have beene carried from earth to contemplate your greatness, have now conceiv'd the more haste and hope in this their returne home to approach your goodness, and led by that excellent likeness of your selfe, the truth, imitating *Procris* endeavour, that all their motions be form'd to the musicke of your peace, and have their ends in your favour, which alone is able to resolve and thaw the cold they have presently contracted in coming through the colder Region.

They descend and shake off their Isles.

I. Song.

How ere the brightness may amaze,
Move you, and stand not still at gaze,
As dazled with the light;
But with your motions fill the place,
And let their fulnesse win your Grace,
Till you collect your sight.
So while the warmth you doe confesse,
And temper of these Raies no lesse,
To quicken then refine:
You may by knowledge grow more bold,
And so more able to behold
The bodie whence they shine.

The first Dance follows.

II. Song.

Now looke and see in yonder throne,
How all those beames are cast from one.
This is that Orbe so bright,
Has kept your wonder so awake;
Whence you as from a mirror take
The Suns reflected light.
Read him as you would doe the booke
Of all perfection, and but looke
What his proportions be;
No measure that is thence contriv'd,
Or any motion thence deriv'd,
But is pure harmonie.

Maine Dance, and Revells.

III. Song.

Not that we thinke you wearie be,
That did this motion give,
And made it so long live,
for he
Could

Could likewise give it perpetuitie.

Nor that we doubt you have not more,
and store

Of changes to delight,

For they are infinite,

As is the power that brought forth those before.

But since the earth is of his name,
and fame

So full you cannot adde,

Be both the first, and glad

To speake him to the Region whence you came.

The last Dance.

III. Song.

Looke, looke alreadie where I am,
bright fame,

Got up unto the skie,
thus high,

Vpon my better wing,
to sing

The knowing King,

And make the musicke here,

With yours on earth the same.

CHORUS.

Joyne then to tell his name,
and say but JAMES is he;

All eares will take the voyce,

And in the tune rejoyce,

Or truth hath left to breath, and fame hath left to be.

1 HER. See, what is that this musicke brings,
And is so carried in the ayre about?

2 HER. Fame that doth nourish the renowne of Kings,
And keepes that sayre, which envie would blot out.

The End.

A
MASQUE OF
THE
METAMORPHOSD
GYPSIES.

AS
IT WAS THRICE
PRESENTED TO
KING JAMES.

FIRST,
AT BURLEIGH
on the Hill.

NEXT,
AT BELVOYR.

AND LASTLY,
AT WINDSOR.

AUGVST,
1621.

THE
PROLOGUE
AT WINDSOR.

As many blessings as there be bones
In *Prolome's* fingers and all at ones,
Held up in *Andrewes* Crosse for the nones.
Light on you good Master,
I dare be no waster
Of time, or of speech
Where you are in place:
I onely beseech
You take in good grace,
Our following the Court,
Since 'tis for your sport
To have you still merrie,
And not make you wearie.
We may strive to please,
So long (some will say) till we grow a disease
But you Sir, that twice
Have grac't us already, encourage to thrice;
Wherein if our boldnesse your patience invade,
Forgive us the fault that your favour hath made.

If

THE
SPEECH AT THE
KINGS ENTRANCE
AT BURLEIGH.

If for our thoughts there could but speech be found,
And all that speech be uttered in one sound,
So that some power above us would afford
The meanes to make a language of a word,
It should be welcome: In that onely voyce
We would receive, retaine, enjoy, rejoyce,
And all effects of love, and life dispence,
Till it were call'd a copious eloquence:
For should we vent our spirits (now you are come,)
In other sillables, were as to be dumbe.
Welcome, & welcome then, and enter here,
The House your bounty hath built, and still doth reere
With those high favours, and those heapt increases,
Which shewes a hand not greiv'd, but when it ceases.
The Master is your creature, as the place;
And every good about him is your grace:
Whom though he stand by silent, thinke not rude,
But as a man turn'd all to gratitude.
For what he never can hope, how to restore,
Since while he meditates one, you heape on more.
Vouchsafe to thinke, he onely is oppress'd
With their abundance, not that in his breast
His powers are stupid growne; for please you enter
Him, and his house, and search them to the center:
You'll finde within no thanks, or voices there shorter;
For having trusted thus much to his Porter.

H

The

THE
PROLOGUE
AT WINDSOR.

As many blessings as there be bones
In *Ptolome's* fingers and all at ones,
Held up in *Andrewes* Crosse for the nones,
Light on you good Master,
I dare be no waster
Of time, or of speech
Where you are in place:
I onely beseech
You take in good grace,
Our following the Court,
Since 'tis for your sport
To have you still merrie,
And not make you wearie.
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H

The

THE
GYPSIES
METAMORPHOSD.

Enter a Gypsic, leading a Horse laden with five little Children bound in a trace of scarffes upon him. A second, leading another Horse laden with stoll'n Poultry: The first leading Gypsic speaks, being the

JACKMAN.

Roome for the five Princes of *Agipt*, mounted all upon the Horse like the foure Sonnes of *Aymon*, to make the miracle the more, by a head, if it may be: gaze upon them, as on the Off-spring of *Ptolomie*, begotten upon severall *Cleopatras*, in their severall Countries, especially on this brave Sparke strooke out of *Flint-shire*, upon Justice *Fugges* Daughter then Sheriffe of the County; who running away with a kinsman of our Captaines, and her Father pursuing her to the Marshes, Hee great with Justice, She great with Juggling, they were both for the time turn'd stone upon the sight each of other, in *Chester*: Till at last (see the Wonder) A Jugg of the Towne Ale reconciling them; the memoriall of both their gravities, his in beard, and hers in bellie, hath remain'd ever since preserv'd in picture upon the most stone Jugs of the Kingdome. The famous impe yet grew a wretchcocke, and though for seven yeares together, he were very carefully carried at his mothers backe, rock'd in a cradle of Welch-cheese, like a Maggot, and there fed with broken beere, and blowne wine o'the best dayly; yet looks he, as if he never saw his *Guinquennium*. Tis true, he can thread needles o' horse-backe, to draw a yard of inckle through his nose: But what's that to a growne Gypsic, one of the blood, and of his time if he had thriv'd: Therefore, till with his painefull Progenitors, he be able to beat it on the hard hoofe, or the bene *Bawse*, or the *Starling*, *Ken* to nip a *fan*, and *Cly* the *Jack*; tis thought fit he march in the Infants equipage.

*With the Convoy, Cheats, and peckage,
Out of Clutch of Harman Beckage,
To their libkins at the Crackmans,
Or some skipper of the Blackmans.*

A Gypsic.

2 GIPSIER.

Where the Cacklers, but no Grunners,
Shall uncas'd be for the Hunters,
Those we still must keepe alive;
I, and put them out to thrive
In the Parkes, and in the Chafes,
And the finer walled places
As Saint *James-es*, *Greenwich*, *Tibballs*,
Where the Acornes plump as *Chibballs*,
Soone shall change both kinde and name,
And proclaime 'em the Kings game.
So the act no harme may be
Unto their keeper *Barnabee*,
It will prove as good a service,
As did ever Gypsic Jervice,
To our Captaine *Charles* the tall man,
And a part too of our *Salmon*.

JACKMAN.

If we here be a little obscure, it is our pleasure, for rather than wee will offer to be our owne interpreters, we are resolv'd not to be understood: yet if any man doubt of the significancie of the language, wee referre him to the third vollume of reports, set forth by the learned in the lawes of *Canting*, and published in the Gipsies tongue: Give me my *Guittara*, and roome for our Chiefe.

Dance.

Which is the entrance of the Captaine, with sixe more attendants;
After which the Jackman sings.

Song.

From the famous Peacke of Darby,
And the Devils arse there hard-by,
Where we yearly keepe our musters,
Thus the *Agiptians* throng in clusters.
Be not frighted with our fashion,
Though we seeme atattered Nation;
We account our ragges, our riches,
So our tricks exceed our stitches.
Give us Bacon, rindes of Walnuts,
Shells of Cockles, and of Smalnuts,
Ribands, bells, and Safrond linnen,
All the World is ours to winne in.
Knackes we have that will delight you,
Sight of hand that will invite you,
To endure our sunny faces.

H 2

Wo.

Wo. *Quit your places, and not cause you cut your lacer.*
All your fortunes we can tell yee,
Be they for the backe or bellie;
In the Moodes too, and the Tenses,
That may fit your fine five senses.
Draw but then your gloves we pray you,
And sit still, we will not fray you;
For though we be heere at Burley,
Wee'd be loth to make a hurly.

PATRICO.

S Tay my sweet Singer,
 The touch of thy finger,
 A little, and linger;
 For me that am bringer
 Of bound to the border,
 The rule and Recorder,
 And mouth of the order,
 As Priest of the game,
 And Prelate of the same.

T Hee's a Gentry Cove here,
 Is the top of the Shiere,
 Of the Bever Ken,
 A man among men;
 You need not to feare,
 I have an eye, and an eare
 That turnes here and there,
 To looke to our geare.
 Some say that there be
 One or two, if not three,
 That are greater then he.

A Nd for the Roome-Moris,
 I know by their ports,
 And their jollie resorts,
 They are of the sorts
 That love the true sports
 Of King *Ptolemeus*,
 Or great *Coriphæus*,
 And *Queene Cleopatra*,
 The *Gipsies* grand *Matra*.
 Then if we shall shatke it,
 Here *Fayre* is, and *Market*.
 Leave *Pig* by, and *Goose*,
 And play fast, and loose,
 A short cut, and long,
 Some inch of a song,
Pythagoras lot,

Drawn

Drawne out of a pot;
 With what sayes *Alchindus*?
 And *Pharones Indus*,
John de Indagine
 With all their *Pagine*
 Offaces and *Palmistrie*,
 And this is *Almistrie*.

Lay by your wimbles,
 Your boring for thimbles,
 Or using your nimbles,
 In diving the pockets,
 And sounding the sockets
 Of *Simper-the Cockets*;
 Or angling the purses,
 Of such as will curle us;
 But in the strict duell
 Be merry, and cruell,
 Strike faire at some jewell,
 That mine may accrue well,
 For that is the fuell,
 To make the Town brew well,
 And the pot wring well,
 And the braine sing well,
 Which we may bring well
 About by a string well,
 And doe the thing well.

It is but a straine
 Of true legerdemaine,
 Once twice and againe.
 Or what will you say now
 If with our fine play now,
 Our feates, and our fingring;
 Here without lingring;
 Cosening the sights
 Of the Lords, and the knights.
 Some one of their Georges
 Come off to save charges.
 Or what will you say now?
 If with our fine play now,
 Our knackes, and our dances,
 We worke on the fancies
 Of some of these Nancies,
 These trinkets, and tripies,
 And make'em turne Gipsies.
 Heer's no Justice Lippas
 Will seeke for to nip us,
 In *Cramping*, or *Cippus*,
 And then for to strip us,
 And after to whip us,
 His justice to vary,

While

While here we doe tarty,
But be wife, and wary,
And we may both carry,
The *Kate*, and the *Mary*,
And all the bright ac'ry,
Away to the quarry.
The George and the Garter,
Into our owne quarter;
Or durst I goe further
In methood and order:
Ther's a purse and a Scale,
I have a great minde to scale.
That when our tricks are done,
We might scale our owne pardon,
All this we may doe,
And a great deale more too,
If our brave *Ptolomee*,
Will but say follow mee.

3. GIPSY.

Captaine, if ever at the *Boz'ing Ken*,
You have in draught of *Darby* drill'd your men;
And we have serv'd there armed all in Ale,
With the browne bowle, and charg'd in bragget stale;
If muster'd thus, and disciplin'd in drinke,
In our long watches we did never shrinke,
But so commanded by you kept our station,
As we preserv'd our selves a royall Nation;
And never yet did branch of Statute breake,
Made in your famous *Pallas* of the Peake.
If we have deem'd, that Mutton, Lambe, or Veale,
Chicke, Capon, Turkey, sweetest we did steale,
As being by our *Magna Charta* taught
To judge no urands wholesome that are bought.
If for our Linnen we still us'd the list,
And with the hedge (our trades increase) made shift;
And ever at your solemne feast, and calls,
We have beene readie with the *Egyptian* bralls;
To set *Kitt Callos* forth in Prose or Rhime,
Or who was *Cleopatra* for the time.
If we have done this, that, more, such, or so;
Now lend your care but to the *Patrico*.

Cap

CAPTAINE.

Well, Dance another straine, and wee'l thinke how

Dance 2.

1. Straine. Song 2.

He faery beame upon you,
The starres to glister on you;
A Moone of light,
In the noone of night,
Till the Fire-drake hath ore gon you,
The wheele of fortune guide you,
The Boy with the bow beside you;
Runne eye in the way,
Till the bird of day,
And the luckier lot beside you.

CAPTAINE.

Blesse my sweet Masters, the old, and the young,
From the gall of the heart, and the stroke of the tongue;
With you luckie Bird I begin, let me see,
I ayne at the best, and I trow you are he,
Heer's some lucke alreadie, if I understand
The grounds of mine Art, here's a Gentlemans hand.
Il'e kisse it for lucks sake, you shall by this line
Love a Horse, and a Hound, but no part of a swine.
To hunt the brave Stagge, not so much for the food,
As the weale of your bodie, and the health o' your blood.
Your a man of good meanes, and have Territories store
Both by Sea, and by Land, and were borne Sir to more,
Which you like a Lord, and the Prince of your peace,
Content with your havings, dispise to increase:
You are no great Wencher, I see by your table,
Although your *Mons Veneris* sayes you are able;
You live chaste, and single, and have buried your Wife,
And meane not to marrie, by the line of your life.
Whence he that conjectures, your qualitie learns,
You are an honest good man, and care of your Barnes.
Your *Mercuries* hill too, a wit doth betoken,
Some booke-craft you have, and are pretty well spoken.
But stay, in your *Jupiters* mount, what's here?
A King, a Monarch, what wonders appeare!
High, Bountifull, Just: a *Jove* for your parts,
A Master of men, and that Reigne in their hearts.

He tell it my trayne,
And come to you againe.

Song

Song 3.

To the old, long life and treasure,
To the young, all health and pleasure;
To the faire, their face
With eternall grace,
And the soule to be lov'd at leisure.

To the witty, all cleare mirrors,
To the foolish, their darke errors;
To the loving sprite,
A secure delight,
To the jealous his owne false terrors;

After which the Kings fortune is pursued by the

CAPTAIN.

Could any doubt that saw this hand,
Or who you are, or what command
You have upon the fate of things,
Or would not say you were let downe
From Heaven, on earth to be the Crowne,
And top of all your neighbour Kings?
To see the wayes of truth you take,
To fallance businesse, and to make
All Christian differences cease,
Or till the quarrell, and the cause
You can compose, to give them lawes,
As arbitror of Warre, and Peace.
For this, of all the world you shall
Be stiled *Janes*, the just, and all
Their states dispose, their Sons and daughters,
And for your fortune you alone,
Among them all shall worke your owne,
By peace, not by humane slaughters.
But why doe I presume, though true,
To tell a Fortune, Sir, to you,
Who are the maker here of all;
Where none doe stand, or sit in view,
But owe their fortune unto you,
At least what they good fortunes call?
My selfe a *Gipsie* here doe shine,
Yet are you maker, Sir, of mine.
Oh that confession could content
So high a bounty, that doth know
No part of motion, but to flow,
and giving never to repent.
May still the matter wayte your hand,
That it not feele, or stay, or stand;
but all desert still over charge.

And

And may your goodnesse ever finde
In me whom you have made, a minde,
As thankfull as your owne is large.

2 Dance. 2 Straine.

After which, the Princes fortune is offered at by the

2 GIPSY.

As my Captaine hath begun
With the Sire, I take the Sonne,
Your hand Sir.
Of your fortune be secure,
Love, and she, are both at your
Command Sir.
See what States are here at strife,
Who shall tender you a Wife,
A brave one;
And a fitter for a man,
Then is offer'd here, you can
Not have one.
She is Sister of a starre,
One the noblest now that are,
Bright *Hesper*.
Whom the *Indians* in the East,
Phosphore call, and in the West,
Hight *Vesper*.
Courses even with the Sunne,
Doth her mighty brother runne,
For splendor.
What can to the marriage night,
More then morne, and evening light
Attend her?
Save the promise before day,
Of a little *Janes* to play
Hereafter.
Twixt his Grandfathers knees, and move
All the pretty wayes of love,
And laughter.
Whil'st with care you strive to please,
In your giving his cares ease,
And labours;
And by being long the ayd
Of the *Empire*, make afraid
Ill Neighbours.
Till your selfe shall come to see
What we wish, yet farre to be
Attending;
For it skills not when, or where
That begins, which cannot feare
An ending.

I

Since

Since your name in peace, or warres,
Nought shall bound untill the starres
up take you.

2 Dance. Straine 3.

After which, the Ladie Marques Buckingham by the

3 GIPSY.

Hurle after an old shooe,
He be merrie what ever I doe,
Though I keepe no time,
My words shall chyme,
He over-take the sence with a ryme.

Face of a rose

I pray thee depose

Some small piece of silver: It shall be no losse,

But onely to make the signe of the crosse;

If your hand you hallow,

Good fortune will follow.

I sweare by these ten,

You shall have it agen,

I doe not say when,

But Ladie, either I am tipfic,

Or you are to fall in love with a Gypsie;

Blush not Dame Kate,

For early, or late,

I doe assure you it will be your fate;

Nor need you be once asham'd of it Madam,

Hee's as handsome a man, as ever was Adam.

A man out of waxe,

As a Ladie wouldaxe,

Yet hee's not to wed yee:

H'has enjoyd you alreadie,

And I hope he has sped yee.

A dainty yong fellow,

And though he looke yellow,

He never will be jealous,

But love you most zealous.

Ther's never a line in your hand but doth tell us.

And you are a soule so white, and so chaste,

A rable so smooth, and so newly ra'ste,

As nothing cald foule,

Dare approach with a blot,

Or any least spot;

But still you controule,

Or make your owne lot,

Preserving love pure as it first was begot:

But Dame I must tell yee,

The fruit of your bellie,

Is that you must tender,
And care so to tender;
That as your selfe came
In blood, and in name,
From one house of fame,
So that may remaine
The glory of twaine.

2 Dance. 4 Straine.

After which, the Countesse of Rutlands by the

3 GIPSY.

You sweet Ladie have a hand too,
And a fortune you may stand too;
Both your brav'ry, and your bounty
Stile you Mistris of the County;
You will finde it from this night,
Fortune shall forgether spight,
And heape all the blessings on you,
That she can poure out upon you;
To be lov'd, where most you love,
Is the worst that you shall prove;
And by him to be imbrac't,
Who so long hath knowne you chaste;
Wife, and faire; whilst you renew
Joyes to him, and he to you:
And when both your yeares are told,
Neither thinke the other old.

And the Countesse of Exeters by the

PATRICK

Madam we know of your coming so late,
We could not well fit you a nobler fate
Then what you have readie made,
An old mans wife,
Is the light of his life,
A young one is but his shade.
You will not importune,
The change of your fortune;
For if you dare trust to my forecasting,
T'is presently good, and will be lasting.

Dance 2. 5 Straine.

After which, the Countesse of Buckingham by the

4 GIPSY.

Your pardon Ladie, here you stand,
If some should judge you by your hand
The greatest felon in the Land
Detected;

I cannot tell you by what Arts,
But you have stolne so many hearts,
As they would make you at all parts

Suspected.

Your very face first, such a one
As being view'd it was alone,
Too slipperie to be lookt upon;

And threw men.

But then your graces they were such,
As none could e're behold too much;
Both ev'ry taste, and ev'ry touch

So drew men.

Still blest in all you thinke, or doe,
Two of your Sons are *Gipsies* too,
You shall our *Queene* be, and see who

Importunes

The heart of either yours, or you;
And doth not with both *George*, and *Sue*,
And every Barne besides, all new

Good fortunes.

The Lady Purbeck by the

A GIPSY.

Help me wonder, her's a booke,
Where I would for ever looke;
Never yet did *Gipsie* trace,
Smoother lines in hands, or face:
Venus here doth *Saturne* move
That you should be *Queene* of love;
And the other *Starres* consent,
Onely *Cupid* not content;
For though you the theft disguise,
You have told him of his eyes:
And to shew his envie further,
Here he chargeth you with murther;
Sayes, although that at your sight,
He must all his troches light,
Though your either cheeks discloses,
Mingled bathes of milke and Roses,
Though your lips be banks of blisses,
Where he plants, and gathers kisses,
And your selfe the reason why,
Wise men for love may dye,
You will turne all hearts to tinder,
And shall make the World one cinder.

And

And the Ladie Elizabeth Hartons by the

5 GIPSY.

Mistris, of a fayrer table
Hath not history, nor fable;
Others fortunes may be showne,
You are builder of your owne.
And what ever Heav'n hath given you,
You preserve the state still in you,
That which time would have depart,
Youth without the helpe of Art,
You doe keepe still, and the glory
Of your Sex, is but your story.

The Lord Chamberlaine by the

JACKMAN.

Though you Sir be Chamberlaine, I have a key
To open your fortune a little by the way;
You are a good man,
Deny it that can,
And faithfull you are,
Deny it that dare.

You know how to use your sword and your Pen,
And you love not alone the Arts, but the men;
The graces and Muses ev'ry where follow
You, as you were their second *Apollo*;
Onely your hand here tells you to your face,
You have wanted one grace,
To performe, what has beene a right of your place;
For by this line which is *Mars* his Trench,
You never yet help'd your Master to a Wench:
Tis well for your honour hee's pious, and chaste,
Or you had most certainly beene displaste.

Dance 2. Straine 3.

The Lord Keepers fortune by the

PATRICO.

As happie a *Palme* Sir, as most i'the Land,
It should be a pure, and an innocent hand,
And worthe the trust,
For it sayes youle be just,
And carry that Purse,
Withour any curse
Of the Publique-weale,
When you take out the Seale.

You

Proxeny
 You doe not appeare,
 A Judge of a yeare.
 He venter my life
 You never had wife,
 But he venter my skill,
 You may when you will.
 You have the Kings conscience too in your brest,
 And that's a good guest,
 Which you will have true touch of,
 And yet not make much of,
 More then by truth your selfe forth to bring,
 The man that you are, for God, and the King.

The Lord Treasurers fortune by the

3 GIPSY.

I Come to borrow, and you'll grant my demand Sir,
 Since tis for no money, pray lend me your hand Sir;
 And yet this good hand if you please to stretch it,
 Had the Errant beene money, could easily fetch it;
 You command the Kings treasure, and yet on my soule
 You handle not much, for your palme is not foule:
 Your fortune is good, and will be to set
 The Office upright, and the King out of debt;
 To put all that have Pensions soone out of their paine,
 By bringing th' Exchequer in credit againe.

The Lord Privie-Seales,

2 GIPSY.

Honest, and old,
 In those the good part of a fortune is told;
 God send you your health,
 The rest is provided, honour, and wealth;
 All which you possesse,
 Without the making of any man lesse,
 Nor need you my warrant, enjoy it you shall,
 For you have a good Privie-Seale for it all.

The Earle Marshalls,

3 GIPSY.

Next the great Master, who is the Donor,
 I reade you here the preserver of honour,
 And spee it in all your singular parts,
 What a father you are, and a nurse of the Arts.
 By cherishing which, a way you have found,
 How the free to all, to one may be bound,
 And they againe love their bonds, for to bee
 Obliged to you, is the way to be free:

But

But this is their fortune; Hearken to your owne
 Yours shall be to make true Gentry knowne
 From the fictitious, not to prize blood
 So much by the greatnesse, as by the good:
 To shew, and to open cleere vertue the way,
 Both whether she should, and how farre she may;
 And whilst you doe judge twixt valour, and noyse
 To'extinguish the race of the roaring boyes.

The Lord Stewards by the

4 GIPSY.

I finde by this hand
 You have the command
 Of the very best mans house in the land:
 Our Captaine, and wee,
 Ere long will see
 If you keepe a good table,
 Your Master's able.
 And here be bountifull lines that say
 You'll keepe no part of his bounty away.
 Thus written to Franke
 On your Venus banke,
 To prove a false steward you'll find much ado
 Being a true one by blood, and by office too.

Lord Marquess Hamiltons by the

3 GIPSY.

Onely your hand, and welcome to Court,
 Here is a man both for earnest, and sport.
 You were lately employ'd
 And your Master is joy'd
 To have such in his traine
 So well can sustaine
 His person abroad,
 And not shrinke for the load:
 But had you beene here,
 You should have beene a Gipsie I sweare;
 Our Captaine had summond you by a doxie,
 To whom you would not have answer'd by proxie;
 One, had she come in the way of your Scepter,
 Tis odds, you had layd it by to have leapt her.

The Earle of Buckclougs by the

PATRICK.

A Hunter you have beene heretofore,
 And had game good store,

But

But ever you went
Upon a new sent,
And shifted your loves
As often as they did their smockes, or their gloves:
But since that your brave intendments are
Now bent for the warre,
The world shall see
You can constant be,
One Mistris to prove,
And court her for your love.
Pallas, shall be both your *Sword*, and your *Gage*;
Truth, beare your *Shield*, and fortune your *Page*.

PATR. **W**hy this is a sport,
See it *North*, see it *South*,
For the taste of the *Court*,

JACK. For the *Courts* own mouth.
Come *Windsor*, the *Towne*,
With the *Maier*, and oppose,
Weell put them all downe,

PATR. *Do--do--downe* like my hose.
A *Gipsie* in his shape
More calls the beholder,
Then the fellow with the Ape,

JAC. Or the Ape on his shoulder.
H's a fight that will take
An old Judge from his Wench,
I, and keepe him awake,

PAT. Yes, awake on the Bench:
And has so much worth,
Though he sit i'the stocks,
He will draw the *Girls* forth,

JAC. I, forth i'their smockes.
Tut, a man's a man;
Let the *Clownes* with their *Sluts*
Come mend us if they can,

PAT. If they can, for their guts.

Come mend us, come lend us, their shours, and their noyse,
BOTH. Like thunder, and wonder at *Ptolomies* boyes.

2 Dance. 6 Straine, which leads into Dance 3.

During which, Enter the *Clownes*,

COCKRELL, CLOD, TOWNSHED, PUPPIE.

COCK. **O**H the Lord! what be these? *Tom* dost thou know?
Come hither, come hither *Dick*, didst thou ever see
such? the finest Olive-colour'd spirits, they have so danc'd, and gingled
here, as if they had beene a fette of over-growne *Fayries*.

CLO.

CLO. They should be *Morris-dancers* by their gingle, but they have
no napkins:

CO. No, nor a *Hobby-horse*.

CL. Oh, hees often forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no *Mayd-
marian*, nor *Friar* amongst them, which is the surer marke.

CO. Nora Foole that I see.

CL. Unlesse they be all fooles.

TOVV. Well sed *Tom foole*, why thou simple pish Asse thou! didst
thou never see any *Gipsies*? these are a covie of *Gipsies*, and the bravest
new-come, that ever *Constable* flew at; goodly game *Gipsies*, they are
Gipsies o' this yeare, o' this *Moone* in my conscience.

CL. Oh they are called the *Moone* men I remember now!

COC. One shall hardly see such gentleman-like *Gipsies*, though under
a hedge in a whole *Summers* day, if they be *Gipsies*.

TOVV. Male *Gipsies* all, nor a *Mort* among them.

PUP. Where? where? I could never endure the sight of these *Rogus-
Gipsies*, which be they? I would faine see 'em.

CL. Yonder they are.

PUP. Can they *Can*, or *Mill*? are they masters of their Arts?

TO. No bachelours these, they cannot have proceeded so farre, they
have scarce had their time to be lowlie yet.

PUP. All the better; I would be acquainted with them while they are
in cleane life, the'ile doe their tricks the cleanlier.

COC. We must have some musick then, and take out the *Wenches*.

PUP. Musick, wee'll have a whole poverty of pipers, call cheeks upon
the *Bagpipe*, and *Tom Ticklefoot* with his *Tabor*; see where he comes!

CO. I, and all the good wenches of *Windsor*; after him, yonder is
Prue o' the *Parke*,

TOVV. And *Frances* o' the *Castle*;

PUP. And long *Meg* of *Eaton*;

CLO. And *Christian* o' *Dorny*.

TOVV. See the miracle of a *Minstrell*.

CO. Hees able to muster up the smockes of the two *Shieres*;

PUP. And let the *Codpeeces* and they by th'ea res at pleasure.

TO. I cannot hold now, ther's my groat, let's have a fit for mirth sake.

CO. Yes, and the'ile come about us for lucke sake.

PUP. But looke to our pockets, and purses, for our ownefake.

CL. I, I have the greatest charge; gather the money.

CO. Come *Girls*, here be *Gipsies* come to town, let's dance 'em downe.

The *Clownes* take out their *Wenches*.

PRUDENCE, FRANCES, MEGGE, CHRISTIAN.

Country Dance.

During which, the *Gipsies* come about them prying, and after the

PATRICO.

Sweet *Daxies*, and *Dells*,
My *Roses*, and *Knells*,
Scarce out of the shells,
Your hands nothing ells.

K

W

Wering you no knells
With our Ptolomies bells,
Though we come from the fells,
But bring you good spells,
And tell you some chances,
In midst of your dances,
That fortune advances,
To Prudence, or Frances;
To Silly, or Harry,
To Roger, or Mary,
Or Pegge of the Dary;
To Maudlin, or Thomas,
Then do not runne from us,
Although we looke tawny,
We are healthie, and branny,
What ere your demand is,
Weell give you no jaundis.

Pu. Say you so old Gipsie? 'slid these go too't in rymes; this is better then canting by tone halfe.

To. Nay, you shall heare'em; peace, they begin with Prudence, mark that.

Pa. The wiser Gipsie's the Marry.

To. Are you advi'd?

Pu. Yes, and ile stand too't, that a wife Gipsie (take him at time o' year) is as pollique a peece of flesh, as most Justices in the County where hee stalkes.

3 GIP. To love a Keeper, your fortune will bee;
But the Doucers better then him, or his fee.

To. Ha *Prue*, has he hit you it'h teeth with a sweet bit?

Pu. Lether alone, shee'll swallow well enough; A learned Gipsie.

To. You'll heare more hereafter.

Pu. Marry, and ile listen; who stands next? *Jack Cockrell*.

You'll ha' good lucke to horse-flesh o'my life,
You plow'd so late with the Vicars wife.

Pu. A Prophet, a prophet, no Gipsie, or if he be a Gipsie, a divine Gipsie.

To. Mark *Frances*, now shee's going too't, the virginie o'the Parish.

Pa. Feare not, in hell you'll never lead Apes;
A mortifi'd mayden, of five scapes.

Pu. Birlady he toucht the virgin string there a little too hard, they are arrant learned men all I see; what say they upon *Tom, Clod, List*.

1 GIP. *Clods* feet will in *Christmas* goe neere to be bare,
When he has lost all his hobnayles at Post and paire;

Pu. Has hit the right nayle o'th head, his owne game.

To. And the very mettall he deales in at play if you marke it.

Pu. Peace, who's this? *Long Meg*?

To. *Long*, and foule *Meg*, if she be a *Meg*, as ever I saw of her inches;
pray God they fit her with a faire fortune.

Pu. They slip her, and treat upon *Tickle-foot*.

2 GIP. On Sundayes you robbe the poores boxe with your tabor;
The Collectors would doe it, you save them a labor.

Pu.

Pu. Faith but a little, they'll doe it *non upstant*.

To. Heer's my little *Christian*, forget, ha you any fortune left for her, a straight-lac'd *Christian* of sixteene.

Pa. *Christian* shall get her a loose bodice-gowne;
In trimme, how a Gentleman differs from a Clowne.

Pu. Is that a fortune for a *Christian*, a *Turke*, or a *Gipsie* could not have told her a worfe.

To. Come, ile stand my selfe, and once venter the poore head o'the Towne, doe your worst, my name's *Townshend*, and heers my hand ile not be angry.

3 GIP. A *Cuckold* you must be, and that for three lives;
Your owne, the Parsons, and your Wives.

To. I sweare ile never marry for that, an't be but to give fortune my foe the lye; Com *Pan Puppie* you must in too:

Pu. No, I'me well enough, I would ha' no good fortune an I might:

Pa. Yet looke to your selfe, you'll ha some ill luck,
And shortly, for I have his purse at a plucke.

Away birds Mum,

I heare by the Hum,

If Beck-harman come,

Hee'll strike us all dumbe;

With a noyse like a Drum;

Let's give him our roome;

Here, this way some,

And that way others;

We are not all brotheres;

Leave me to the cheats,

Ile shew'em some teares.

Pu. What! are they gone? Rowne all of a sudden? this is fine ifaith? a covie call y'em, they are a covie soone scatter'd mee thinke; who sprung'em I marle?

To. Marry your selfe *Puppie* for ought I know, you quested last.

Clod. Would he had quested first, and sprung y'em an'owre agoe; for mee.

To. Why! what's the matter man?

Clod. 'Slid, they ha' sprung my purse, and all I had about me.

So. They ha' not, ha'they?

Clod. As I am true *Clod*, ha'they, and ransacked me of every penny; outcept I were with child with an owle (as they say) I never saw such lucke, it's enough to make a man a whore.

Pu. Hold thy peace, thou talk'st as if thou had'st a license to lose thy purse alone in this company; 'slid here be those can lose a purse in honour of the *Gipsies*, as well as thou for thy heart, and never make word of it: I ha' lost my purse too.

Coe. What was there i'thy purse, thou keep'st such a whining; was the lease of thy house in it.

Pu. Or thy *Gramams* silver ring.

Cl. No, but a *Mill* fixe-pence I lov'd as dearely, and a 2 pence I had to spend over and above; besides, the Harper that was gathered amongst us, to pay the *Piper*.

K 2

To.

TOM. Our whole stocke, is that gone? how will *Tom Tickle-foot* doe to wet his whistle then?

PUP. Marry, a new collection, there's no musicke else masters, hee can ill pipe that wants his upper lippe; Money.

PRU. They have robb'd me too of a dainty race of ginger, and a jerring I had, to draw Jacke straw hether a holydayes.

TOM. Is't possible? fine finger'd *Gipsies* i' faith.

MR. And I have lost an enchanted Nutmegge, all guilded over, was enchanted at *Oxford* for mee, to put i' my sweet-hearts Ale a mornings, with a row of white-pins that pricke me to the very heart, the losse of them.

CLO. And I have lost, besides my purse, my best bride-lace I had at *Joane Turners* wedding, and a halpeworth of hobnayles: *Francis Addle-breech* has lost somewhat too, besides her Mayden-head.

FRA. I have lost my thimble, and a skeine of *Coventry-blew* I had to worke *Gregory Lichfield* a handkercheife.

CHR. And I unhappie *Christian* as I am, have lost my Practice of Pietie, with a bowed groat, and the ballet of *Whoope Barnibie*, which grieves me ten times worse.

CLO. And *Tickle-foot* h'as lost his cloute he sayes, with a three pence and foure tokens in't, besides his *Tabouring-sticke* ev'n now.

CO. And I my knife and sheath, and my fine Dogs-leather gloves.

TO. H'a we lost never a dogge amongst us, wher's *Puppie*.

PUP. Here goodman *Townshead*, you have nothing to lose it seemes, but the *Towne-braines* you are trusted with.

O H my deare marrowes!
No shooting of arrowes,
Or shafts of your wit,
Each other to hit,
In your skirmishing fit?
Your store is but small,
Then wenter not all.
Remember each mocke,
Doth spend o' the stocke;
And what was here done,
Being under the Moone,
And at afternoone,
Will prove right soone
Disceptio visus,
Done Gratia risus.
Ther's no such thing,
As the losse of a ring,
Or what you count worse,
The misse of a purse.
But haze for the maine,
And passe of the straine,
Heer's bot become againe.
And ther's an old twinger,
Can show yee the ginger;

The

The Pinnes, and the Nutmegge

Are safe here with *Slur-megge*,

Then strike up your *Tabour*,

And ther's for your labour;

The sheath, and the knife, Ile wenter my life,

Shall breed you no strife,

But like man, and wife,

Or Sister, and brother, keepe one with another,

And light as a feather,

Make haste to come hither.

THE *Coventry-blew*,

Hangs there upon *Prue*,

And heer's one opens

The Clout, and the Tokens;

Denie the bow'd groat,

And you lie i' your throat.

Or the *Tabourers* nine pence,

Or the sixe fine pence.

As for the ballet,

Or the booke what you call it;

Alas our societie,

Mell's not with pietie,

Himselfe hath forsooke it,

That first undertooke it;

For thimble, or bride-lace

Search yonder side luffe.

All's to be found,

If you looke your selves round;

We scorne to take from yee,

We had rather spend on yee,

If any man wrong yee,

The Theef's among yee.

TOVV. EXcellent i' faith, a most restorative *Gipsie*, all's here agen; and yet by his learning of *Legier-demaine*, he would make us beleeve we had robb'd our selves.

CO. A *Gipsie* of qualitie beleeve it, and one of the Kings *Gipsies*; this a *Drinke-alian*, or a *Drinke-braggatan*?

Aske him.

The King has his noyse of *Gipsies*, as well as of *Beauwards*, and other *Minstrells*.

PU. What fort or order of *Gipsies*, I pray sir.

A *Flagon-sekian*,

A *Devils-arse-a Pekian*;

Borne first at *Niglington*,

Bred up at *Filchington*,

Boarded at *Tappington*,

Bedded at *Wappington*.

To,

To. Fore me, a dainty deriv'd Gipsie,
 Pu. But I pray sir, if a man might aske on you, how came your Cap-
 taines place first to be call'd
 the Devils-arse.

PAT. For that take my word,
 We have a record,
 That doth it afford,
 And sayes out first Lord,
 Cocklorrell he hight,
 On a time did invite
 The Devill to a feast;
 The tayle of the jeaft,
 Though since it be long,
 Lives yet in a song;
 Which if you would heare,
 Shall plainly appeare.
 He call in my Clarke
 Shall sing like a Lärke,
 Come in my long sharke,
 With thy face browne and darke;
 With thy tricks, and thy toyes,
 Make a merry merry noyse,
 To those mad Country boyes,
 And chant out the fart of the Grand-devils arse.

SONO.

Cock-lorrell, would needs have the Devill his guest,
 And bad him once into the Peake to dinner,
 Where never the Fiend had such a feast,
 Provided him yet as the charge of a sinner.

His stomacke was queasie (for comming there Coacht),
 The jogging had caus'd some crudities rise;
 To helpe it he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
 That us'd to turne up the egg's of his eyes.

And so recover'd unto his wish,
 He sat him downe, and he fell to eate;
 Promooter in plum-broth was the first dish,
 His owne privie kitchen had no such meate.

Tet though with this he much were taken
 Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher
 As soone as he spi'd the Bawd, and bacon,
 By which you may note the devill's a wench.

Six pickl'd Taylors sliced and cut,
 Semplers, Tyrewomen, fit for his pallet;
 With Feathermen, and perfumes put,
 Some twelve in a Charger to make a grand sallet.

A

A rich fat V'surer stū'd in his marrow,
 And by him a Lawyers head and green-sauce;
 Both which his belly tooke in like a barrow,
 As if till then he had never scene sauce.

Then Carbonadoed, and Cook't with paines,
 Was brought up a cloven Serjants face;
 The sauce was made of his Teamans braines,
 That had beene beaten out with his owne mace.

Two roasted Sheriffes came whole to the board,
 (The feast had nothing beene without 'em)
 Both living, and dead, they were foxt, and furd;
 Their chaines like sawsages hung about 'em.

The very next dish, was the Mayor of a Towne,
 With a pudding of maintenance thrust in his belly;
 Like a Goose in the feathers drest in his gowne,
 And his couple of Hinch-boyes boyl'd to a jelly.

A London Cuckold, hot from the spit,
 And when the Carver up had broke him;
 The Devill chopt up his head at a bit,
 But the hornes were very neere like to have choak'd him.

The chine of a Lecher too there was roasted,
 With a plumpe Harlots haunch and garlicke;
 A Panders pettiroes that had boasted
 Himselfe for a Captaine, yet never was warlicke.

A large fat pastie of a Mid-wife hot,
 And for a cold bak't meat into the story,
 A reverend painted Ladie was brought,
 And coffin'd in crust, till now she was hoary.

To these, an over-growne justice of peace,
 With a Clarke like a gizzard thrust under each arme;
 And warrants for sippers, layd in his owne grease;
 Set o're a chaffing dish to be kept warme.

The joule of a Faylor, serv'd for fish,
 A Constable soust with vinegar by;
 Two Aldermen lobsters asleepe in a dish,
 A Deputy tart, a Churchwarden pye.

All which devour'd, He then for a close,
 Did for a full draught of Derby call;
 He heav'd the huge vessell up to his nose,
 And left not till he had drunke up all.

Then from the table he gave a start,
 Where banquet, and wine were nothing scarce;

22

*All which he flirtd away with a fart,
From whence it was call'd the Devils Arse.*

*And there he made such a breach with the winde,
The hole too standing open the while,
That the sent of the vapour, before, and behinde,
Hath foully perfum'd most part of the Isle.*

*And this was Tobacco, the lew'd suppose;
Which since in Countrey, Court, and Towne,
In the Devills glister-pipe smoaks at the nose
Of Pollcat, and Madam, of Gallant, and Clorvne.*

*From which wicked weed, with Swines-flesh, and Ling;
Or any thing else that's feast for the Fiend:
Our Captaine, and wee, cry God save the King,
And send him good meate, and mirth without end.*

Pup. **A**N excellent song, and a sweet Songster, and would have done rarely in a Cage, with a dish of water, and hempseed, a fine breast of his owne: Sir you are a Prelate of the Order, I understand, and I have a terrible grudging now upon mee to bee one of your company; will your Captaine take a Prentise Sir? I would binde my selfe to him bodie and soule, either for one and twenty yeares, or as manie lives as he would.

Clo. I, and put in my life for one, for I am come about too; I am sorry I had no more money in my purse when you came first upon us Sir; If I had knowne you would have pickt my pocket so like a Gentleman, I would have beene better provided; I shall bee glad to venter a purse with your Worshipp at any time you'll appoint, so you would preferre mee to your Captaine; He put in security for my truth, and serve out my time, though I dye to morrow.

Coc. I, upon those termes Sir, and in hope your Captaine keepes better cheere then he made the Devill, for my stomacke will nere agree with that dyet, wee'll be all his followers; He goe home and fetch a little money Sir, all I have, and you shall picke my pocket to my face, and I'll avouch it; A man would not desire to have his pocket pickt in better company.

Pup. Tut, they have other manner of gifts then picking of pockets; or telling fortunes; if they would but please to shew'em, or thought us poore Countrey mortalls worthy of them; what might a man doe to be a Gentleman of your company Sir?

I, a Gipsie in ord'nary, or nothing.

PAT.

REinds not to resell yee,
Or any way quell ye,
To buy or to sell ye,
I only must tell ye;
Ye ayme at a myltery,
Worthie a History,

There

There's much to be done,
E're you can be a Sonne,
Or brother of the Moone;
Tis not so soone
Acquir'd, as desir'd.
You must be Ben-bowse,
And sleepey, and drowisie,
And lasie, and lowfie,
Before ye can rowse yee,
In shape that arowse yee.
And then you may stalke
The Gipsies walke;
To the Coopes, and the Pennes,
And bring in the Hennes,
Though the Cocke be fullen
For losse of the Pullen:
Take Turkie, or Capon,
And Gammons of Bacon,
Let nought be forsaken;
Wee'll let you go loose,
Like a Foxe to a Goose,
And shew you the stie
Where the little Pigs lie;
Whence if you can take
One or two, and not wake
The Sow in her dreames,
But by the Moone beames;
So warily hye,
As neither doe cry.
You shall the next day
Have license to play
At the hedge a flirt,
For a sheet, or a shirt;
If your hand be light,
He shew you the flight
Of our Ptolomies knot,
It is, and 'tis not,
To change your complexion,
With the noble confection
Of Wall-nuts, and Hogs-grease,
Better then Dogs-grease:
And to milke the Kine,
Ere the Milke-mayd fine
Hath open'd her eie.
Or if you desire
To spit, or fart fire,
He teach you the knacks,
Of eating of flaxe;
And out of their noses,
Draw Ribbands, and poesies.

L

As

As for example,
 Mine owne is as ample,
 And fruitfull a nose,
 As a wit can suppose;
 Yet it shall goe hard,
 But there will be spar'd,
 Each of you a yard,
 And worth your regard.
 When they collour, and size
 Arrive at your eyes.

And if you encline
 To a cup of good wine,
 When you suppe, or dine;
 If you chance it to lacke,
 Be it Clarret, or Sacke,
 Ile make this snout,
 To deale it about,
 Or this to runne out,
 As it were from a spout.

TOVV. Admirable tricks, and he does' emall *se defendendo*, as if he
 would not be taken in the trappe of authority, by a fraile
 fleshy Constable.

PVF. Without the ayd of a Cheese,

CLO. Or helpe of a sitch of bacon.

CO. Oh, he would chirp in a paire of stockes sumptuously; I'de give
 any thing to see him play loose with his hands, when his feet were fast.

PVF. O my conscience he feares not that, and the Marshall himselfe
 were here; I protest I admire him.

PAT. IS this worth your wonder,
 Nay then you shall under-
 stand more of my skill.
 I can (for I will)
 Here at *Burley* o'th Hill,
 Give you all your fill,
 Each Jacke with his Gill,
 And shew you the King,
 The Prince too and bring,
 The Gipsies were here,
 Like Lords to appeare,
 With such there attenders,
 As you thought offenders,
 Who now become *new men*,
 Youle know them for *true men*,
 For he we call cheife,
 Ile tell't ye in breife,
 Is so farre from a theife,
 As he gives ye releife
 With his bread, beare, and beife.

And

And tis not long since
 Ye dranke of his Wine,
 And it made you fine;
 Both Clarret, and Sherrie,
 Then let us be merrie,
 And helpe with your call,
 For a Hall, a Hall.
 Stand up to the wall,
 Both good men, and tall;
 We are one mans all.

BEVER. THE first of *August*,
 Will not let saw-dust
 Lie in your throats,
 Or cobwebs, or Oates,
 But helpe to scoure ye.
 This is no *Gowrie*,
 Has drawne *James* hither,
 But the goodman of *Bevir*,
 Our *Buckingham* Father,
 Then so much the rather
 Make it a jolly night,
 For tis a holy night,
 Spight of the Constable,
 Or Mas *Deane* of *Dunstable*.

ALL. A Hall, a hall, a hall.

The Gipsies chang'd

Dance.

PATRICO.

WHY now ye behold,
 Twas truth that I told,
 And no devile;
 They are chang'd in a trice,
 And so will I,
 Be my selfe, by and by.
 I onely now
 Must studie how
 To come off with a grace,
 With my *Parico's* place:
 Some short kind of blessing,
 It selfe addressing
 Unto my good Master,
 Which light on him faster,
 Then wishes can flye.
 And you that stand by
 Be as jocund as I,

L 2

Each

Each man with his voyce,
Give his heart to rejoyce,
Which I'll requite,
If my Art hit right,
Though late now at night,
Each *Clowne* here in sight,
Before day light,
Shall prove a good *Knight*;
And your *Lasses* Pages
Worthie their wages,
Where fancie engages
Girles to their ages.

Clow. Oh any thing for the *Patric*, what ist? what ist?
Pat. Nothing, but beare the bob of the clofe,
It will be no burthen you well may suppose.

But blesse the *Sov'raine*, and his fences,
An to wish away offences,

Clow. Let us alone, blesse the *Sov'raine*, and his fences.

Pat. Wee'll take them in order, as they have being,
And first of seeing.

1

Pat. **F**rom a *Gippie*, in the morning,
Or a paire of squint-eyes turning;
From the *Goblin*, and the spectre,
Or a *Drunkard*, though with *Nectar*;
From a woman true to no man,
Which is ugly, besides common;
A smocke rampant, and the itches,
To be putting on the breeches:
Wher so ere they ha' their being,
Blesse the *Sov'raine*, and his seeing.

2

From a foole, and serious toyes;
From a *Lawyer*, three parts noyse;
From impertinence, like a Drum
Beate at dinner in his roome;
From a tongue without a file,
Heapes of *Phrases*, and no stile;
From a Fiddle out of tune,
As the *Cuckow* is in *June*.
From the candlesticks of *Lothbury*,
And the lowd pure wives of *Banbury*:
Or a long pretended fit,
Meane for mirth, but is not it:
Onely time, and eares out-wearing,
Blesse the *Sov'raine*, and his hearing:

3

3

From a strolling Tinkers sheete,
Or a payre of Carriers feet:
From a Ladie that doth breath,
Worse above, then underneath:
From the *Diet*, and the knowledge
Of the students in Beares-colledge:
From *Tobacco*, with the tipe
Of the *Devills* glister-pipe;
Or a stinke all stincks excelling,
A *Fishmongers* dwelling,
Blesse the *Sov'raigne*, and his smelling:

4

From an *Oyster*, and fry'd fish
A *Sowes* babye in a dish:
From any portion of a Swine,
From bad Venison, and worse wine.
Ling, what *Cooke* so ere it boyle,
Though with mustard saw'd and oyle;
Or what else would keepe man fasting,
Blesse the *Sov'raigne*, and his tasting.

5

Both from birdlime, and from pitch,
From a *Doxie*, and her itch.
From the bristles of a Hogge,
Or the ring-worme in a Dogge:
From the courthippe of a brier,
Or *St. Anthonies* old fier.
From a needle, or a thorne,
I the bed at Ev'n, or Morne.
Or from any *Gowtes* least grutching.
Blesse the *Sov'raigne*, and his touching.

Blesse him too from all offences,
In his sports, as in his fences.
From a Boy to crosse his way,
From a fall, or a foule day.

Blesse him, o blesse him Heav'n, and lend him long
to be the sacred burthen of all song;
The *Acts*, and yeares, of all our *Kings* t'out go;
And while hee's mortall, we not thinke him so.

After

After which, ascending up, the Jackman sings.

SONG 1.

THe sports are done, yet doe not let
Your joyes in smaden silence sett;
Delight, and dumbnesse never met
In one selfe subject yet.
If things oppos'd must mixt appeare,
Then adde a boldnesse to your feare,
And speake a hymne to him;
Where all your duties do of right belong,
Which I will sweeten with an under song.

CAPTAINE.

GLory of ours, and grace of all the Eath;
How well your figure doth become your birth;
As it your forme, and fortune equall stood,
And onely vertue got above your blood.

SONG 2.

Vertue, his Kingly vertue which did meritt
This Isle entire, and you are to inherit.

4 GIPSIES.

How right he doth confesse him in his face,
His browe, his eye, and ev'ry marke of State;
As if he were the issue of each Grace,
And bore about him both his fame, and fate.

SONG 3.

Looke, looke, is hee not faire,
And fresh, fragrant too
As Summer skie, or purged Aire,
And lookes as Lillies doe,
That were this morning blowne.

4 GIPSIES.

Oh more! that more of him were knowne.

3 GIPSIES.

Looke how the Windes upon the Waves growne tame,
Take up Land sounds upon their purple wings;
And catching each from other, beare the same
To ev'ry angle of their sacred springs.

So will we take his praise, and hurle his name
About the *Globe*, in thousand Ay'ry rings,
If his great vertue be in lore with fame,
For that contem'd, both are neglected things.

SONG 4.

Good Princes soare above their fame,
And in their worth,
Come greater forth,
Then in their name.
Such, such the Father is,
Whom ev'ry title strives to kisse;
Who on his Royall grounds unto himselfe doth raise,
The worke to trouble fame, and to astonish praise.

4 GIPSIES.

Indeed hee's not Lord alone of all the State,
But of the love of men, and of the Empires fate.
The *Muses* Arts, the *Schools* commerce, our honours lawes,
And *Vertues* hang on him, as on their working cause.

- 2 GIP. His Hand-mayd *Justice* is,
- 3 GIP. *Wisedome*, his Wife;
- 4 GIP. His Mistrresse, *Mercie*;
- 5 GIP. *Temperance*, his life.
- 2 GIP. His Pages bounty, and grace which many prove,
- 3 GIP. His Guards are *Magnanimitie*, and love.
- 4 GIP. His Ushers, *Councell*, *Truth*, and *Pietie*,
- 5 GIP. And all that followes him, *Felicitee*.

SONG 5.

Oh that we understood
Our good;
Ther's happinesse indeed in blood,
And store,
But how much more,
When vertue's flood
In the same streame doth hit?
As that growes high with yeares, so happinesse with it.

CAPTAINE.

Love, love his fortune then, and vertues knowne,
Who is the toppe of men,
But makes the happinesse our owne;
Since where the *Prince*, for goodnesse is renownd,
The Subject with *Felicitee* is Crown'd.

The End.

The EPILOGUE.

AT Burley, Bever, and now last at Windsor,
 Which shewes we are Gipsies of no common kinde Sir;
 You have beheld (and with delight) their change,
 And how they came transform'd, may thinke it strange,
 It being a thing not touch't at by our Poet,
 Good Ben slept there, or else forgot to shew it;
 But least it prove like wonder to the sight,
 To see a Gipsie, as an Æthiope, white.
 Know, that what dy'd our faces, was an oymment
 Made, and layd on by Mr. Woolfes appointment;
 The Court Licanthropos, yet without spells,
 By a meere Barber, and no Magicke ells:
 It was fetcht off with water, and a ball,
 And to our transformation, this is all,
 Save what the Master Fashioner calls his,
 For to Gipsies Metamorphosis,
 Who doth disguise his habit, and his face,
 And takes on a false person by his place:
 The power of Poetrie can never faile her;
 Assisted by a Barber, and a Taylor.

FINIS.

THE
 MASQUE OF
 AUGURES.

WITH
 THE SEVERALL
 ANTIMASQUES

PRESENTED ON
 TWELFENIGHT,
 1622.

The first Antimasque had for the SCENE
 The Court Buttry-hatch.

The Presenters were from St. KATHARINES,

Notch a Brewers Clarke, Slug a Lighterman, Van-goose a rare Artist, Lady
 Alewife, her two Women, three dancing Beares, Urson the Bear-ward,
 Groome of the Revells.

NOTCH. Come, now my head's in, Ile even venture the whole:
 I ha scene the Lyons ere now, and he that hath scene
 them may see the King.

SLUG. I thinke he may, but have a care you go not too high (neigh-
 bour Notch) least you chance to have a Tally made of your pate, and bee
 clawed with a cudgell; there is as much danger going too neere the King,
 as the Lyons.

GROOM. Whither? whither now gamesters? what is the businesse?
 the affaire? stop I beseech you.

NOR. This must be an Officer, or nothing, he is so peart and breife
 in his demands! a pretty man! and a pretty man is a little o'this side no-
 thing; howsoever we must not be daunted now, I am sure I am a greater
 man than he out of the Court, and I have lost nothing of my Sire since I
 came to it.

GROOM. Hey-da! what's this? A hogshhead of beere broake out of
 the Kings buttry, so some Dutch Hulke! whether are you bound? The
 winde is against you, you must backe; doe you know where you
 are?

NOR. Yes sir, if we bee not mistaken, we are at the Court, and would
 be

be glad to speake with something of lesse authority, and more wit, that knowes a little in the place.

GRO. Sir, I know as little as any man in the place; speake, what is your businesse? I am an Officer, Groome of the Revels, that is my place.

NOT. To fetch Bonge of Court a parcell of invisable bread, and beere for the Plaiers (for they never see it) or to mistake sixe Torches from the Chandry, and give them one.

GRO. How fir?

NOT. Come, this is not the first time you have carried coales to your owne house, I meane that should have warm'd them.

GROOM. Sir, I may doe it by my place, and I must question you farther.

NOT. Be not so musty fir, our desire is only to know whether the Kings Majesty, and the Court expect any disguise here to night.

GRO. Disguise! what meane you by that? doe you thinke that his Majesty sits here to expect drunkards?

NOT. No, if hee did, I beleeeve you would supply that place better then you do this: Disguise was the old English word for a Masque fir, before you were an implement belonging to the Revels.

GRO. There is no such word in the Office now I assure you fir, I have serv'd here, man, and boy a Prentiship or twaine, and I should know. But, by what name so ever you call it, here will be a Masque, and shall be a Masque, when you and the rest of your Comrogues shall sit disguis'd in the stocks.

NOTCH. Sure by your language you were never meant for a Courtier, howsoever it hath beene your ill fortune to be taken out of the nest young; you are some Constables egge, some such Widgin of Authoritie, you are so easily offended! Our comming was to shew our loves fir, and to make a little merry with his Majesty to night, and we have brought a Masque with us, if his Majestie had not beene better provided.

GROOM. Who you? you a Masque? why you stinke like so many bloat-herrings newly taken out of the chimney! In the name of Ignorance, whence came you? or what are you? you have beene hang'd in the smoake sufficiently, that is smelt out alreadie.

NOTCH. Sir, we doe come from among the Brewhouses in Saint Katherine, that's true, there you have smoak'd us (the Docke comfort your nostrills,) and we may have lived in a mist there, and so mist our purpose, but for mine owne part I have brought my properties with me to expresse what I am; the keyes of my calling hang here at my girdle, and this the Register booke of my function shewes mee no lesse then a Clarke at all points, and a Brewers Clarke, and a Brewers head Clarke.

GRO. A man of accompt fir! I cry you mercie.

SLVO. I fir, I knew him a fine Merchant, a merchant of Hops, till all hops into the water.

NOTCH. No more of that, what I have beene, I have beene; what I am, I am: I Peter Notch, Clarke, hearing the Christmas invention was drawne drie at Court; and that neither the KING'S Poet,

NOT

nor his Archite& had wherewithall left to entertaine so much as a Barboone of quality, nor scarce the Welsh Embassadour if hee should come there: Out of my allegiance, to wit, drew in some other friends that have as it were presumed out of their own naturalls, to fill up the *vacuum* with some pretty presentation, which we have addressed, and conveyed hither in a Lighter at the generall charge, and landed at the backe doore of the Buttery, through my neighbour *Slug's* credit there.

SLVO. A poore Lighter-man fir, one that hath had the honour sometimes to lay in the Kings beere there; and I assure you I heard it in no worse place then the very Buttry, for a certaine, there would bee no Masque, and from such as could command a jacke of beere, two, or three.

VAN. Dat is all true, exceeding true, de inventors be barren, lost, two, three, four mile, I know that from my selven; dey have no ting, no ting ban deit owne, but bat dey take from de eard, o2 de sea, o2 de heaven, o2 de hell, o2 de rest ban de deir Clementen, de place a, dat be so common as de bench in de Burdello. How me would bying in some daintie new ting, dat never was, no2 never fall be in de rebus natura; dat has never ban de materia, no2 de forma, no2 de hoesen, no2 de boote, but a miera devisa of de bzaine.

GROOM. Hey-da! what *Hans Flutterkin* is this? what *Dutchman* doe's build or frame Castles in the Aire?

NOT. He is no *Dutch* man fir, he is a *Brittaine* borne, but hath learn'd to misuse his owne tongue in travell, and now speakes all languages in ill English; a rare Artist he is fir, and a Projector of Masques. His Project in ours is, that we should all come from the three dancing Beares in Saint Katherine (you may hap know it fir) hard by where the Priest fell in, which Alchouse is kept by a distressed Lady; whose name (for the honour of Knighthood) will not bee knowne; yet she is come in person here Errant, to fill up the adventure with her two women that draw drinke under her, Gentlewomen borne all three, I assure you.

SLVO. And were three of those Gentlewomen that should have acted in that famous matter of *Englands* joy in sixe hundred and three.

LADY. What talke you of *Englands* joy, Gentlemen? you have another matter in hand I wis, *Englands* sport and delight if you can manage it. The poore Cattle yonder are passing away the time, with a chear loafe, and a bumbar of broken beere, how will ye dispose of them?

GRO. Cattle! what cattle doe's she meane?

LADY. No worse then the Kings game I assure you; The Beares, Beares both of qualitie and fashion, right Beares, true Beares.

NOT. A devise only to expresse the place from whence we come (my Ladies house) for which we have borrowed three very Beares that (as her Ladyship aforesayd sayes) are well bred, and can dance to present the signe, and the Beareward to stand for the signe-poast.

GRO. That is prettie; but are you sure you have sufficient Beares for the purpose.

SLVO. Very sufficient Beares as any are in the Ground, the *Parish-Garden*, and can dance at first sight, and play their owne tunes if need bee. *John Prson* the Beareward, offers to play them with any Citie-dancers christned, for a ground measure.

NOT. Marry, for lofty tricks, or dancing on the Ropes hee will not

M 2

undertake, it is out of their element he says. Sir, all our request is since we are come, we may be admitted, if not for a Masque, for an *Antickmaske*; and as we shall deserve therein, we desire to be returned with credit to the Buttery from whence we came, for reward, or to the Porters Lodge with discredit, for our punishment.

GRO. To be whipt with your Beares? Well, I could bee willing to venture a good word in behalfe of the Game, if I were assured the afore-sayd game would be cleanly, and not fright the Ladies.

NOR. For that sir, the Bear-ward hath put in securitie, by warranting my Ladie and her Women to dance the whole changes with them in safety; and for their abusing the place you shall not need to feare, for he hath given them a kinde of Dyer-bread to binde them to their good behaviour.

GRO. Well, let them come; if you need one, Ile helpe you my selfe.

Enter John Urson with his Beares singing.

Ballad.

Though it may seeme rude
For me to intrude,
With these my Beares by chance-a;
'Twere short for a King,
If they could sing
As well as they can dance-a

Then to put you out
Of feare or doubt,
We came from St. Katharina-a;
These dancing three,
By the helpe of mee,
Who am the Post of the signe-a

We sell good ware,
And we need not care
Though Court, and Country knew it.
Our Ale is the best,
And each good guest
Prayses for their soules that brew it.

For any Ale-house,
We care not a lowse,
Nor Taverne in all the Towne-a;
Nor the Vintry Cranes,
Nor St. Clements Doves,
Nor the Devill can put us down-a.

Who has once there bene,
Comes thither agen,
The liquor is so mighty;

Beere

Beere strong and stale,
And so is our Ale,
And it burnes like Aquavita.

To a stranger there,
If any appeare,
Where never before he has bin;
We shew th' yron Gate,
The wheele of St. Kate,
And the place where the Priest sel in.

The Wives of Wapping
They trudge to our tapping,
And still our Ale desire;
And there sit and drinke,
Till the spue, and stinke,
And often pisse out our fire.

From morning to night,
And about to day-light,
They sit and never grudge it;
Till the Fish-wives joyne
Their single coyne,
And the Tinker pawnes his budget.

If their braines be not well,
Or their bladders doe swell,
To ease them of their burden;
My Ladie will come
With a bowle and a broome,
And her Hand-mayd with a Iorden.

From Court we invite
Lord, Ladie, and knight,
Squire, gentleman, yeoman and groom,
And all our stiffe drinkers,
Smiths, Porters, and Tinkers,
And the beggars shall give ye room.

VAN. How like you? how like you?

GRO. Excellent! The Beares have done learnedly, and sweetly.

VAN. 'Tis nothing, 'tis nothing; will you see something? Ich sal bring in de Turkchen, met all in Bashawes, and in dirty towland Yanitsaries met all in de hoogen, Cumken, all met an aude, de Sofie van Persia. de Tartar Cham met de groat King of Mogull, and make deir men, and deir horse, and deir Elephanten de seene sight in de apse, and be all killen, and aliden, and no such ting. And all die met de Ars van de Caropicks, by de restellic van de glaffen.

NOR. Oh, he is an admirable Artist.

SVO. And a halfe sir.

GRO. But where will he place his glasses?

VAN.

VAN. *Ho!* dat is all can, as it be two, three, haire, wife thousand spile off: Ick fall multiplien de vizion, met an ander secret dat Ick heb: *Spyck!* dat wil you haben?

GRO. Good sir put him toor, bid him doe something that is impossible; he will undertake it I warrant you.

NOT. I doe not like the *Mogul*, nor the great *Turke*, nor the *Tartar*, their names are somewhat to big for the Roome; marry if he could shew us some Countrey Plaiers, strolling about in severall Shires, without licence from the Office, that would please I know whom, or some Welsh Pilgrims.

VAN. Pilgrim? now you talke of de Pilgrim, it come in my head, Ick bill shew you all de whole brade pilgrim o' de woold: de Pilgrim dat goe now, now at de instant, two, three thousand spile to de great Mahomet, at de Mecha, o' here, dere, every where, make de fine Labyrints, and shew all de brade erro' in de woold.

SLUG. And shall we see it here?

NAN. Pan, here, here, here in his Roome, tis very Roome: bel dat is dat to you if Ick doe de ting? dat an devill, vera boten devill?

GRO. Nay, good sir be not angry.

NOT. 'Tis a disease that follows all excellent men, they cannot governe their passions; but let him alone, try him one bout.

GRO. I would try him, but what has all this to doe with our Maske?

VAN. *Ho!* Sir, all de better for an Antick-maske, de moze absurd it be, and from de purpose, it be ever all de better. If it goe from de nature of de ting, it is de moze Art: for deare is Art, and deare is Nature, you shall see. *Hochos-pochos, Paucos, Palabros.*

The Second Antimaske.

Which was a perplex'd Dance of straying and deform'd Pilgrims taking severall pathes, till with the opening of the light above, and breaking forth of Apollo, they were all frighted away, and the Maine Masque begun.

(*) APOLLO descending, Sung.

It is no dreame, you all doe wake, and see;
Behold, who comes! (*) far-shooting Phoebus he
That can both hurt and (c) heale; and with his (d) voyce
Reare Townes, and make societies rejoyce;
That taught the Muses all their harmonie,
(e) And men the tune full Art of Augurie.
Apollo stoopes, and when a God descends,
May Mortalls thinke he hath no vulgar ends.

(*) Artes etiam quatuor Apollini acceptas tulit antiquitas (b) Sagittandi peretiam, unde apud Homerum, frequens illud Epitheton *ὀφέχλος*, longe jaculans. (c) Medicinam, unde Medici omnes adeptus. (d) Musicam, unde *μῦσος* appellatur. (e) Et Divinationem (in qua etiam Augurium) unde Augustus Apollo dictus, Virg. *Æneid.* lib. 4. & Horat. *Car.* lib. 1. *Ode.* 2. Nunc cadentes humeros anadros Augur Apollo. Et Car. *secul.* ult. ubi doctissimus Poeta has omnes totidem verbis complectitur. Augur & fulgente decorata arcu Phoebus, acceptum que novem carentia, Qui saluati levat arte fessos corpora artem.

Being

Being neere the earth, he call'd these persons following, who came forth as from their Tombs.

(*) **L**inus, and (c) Orpheus, (b) Branchus, (d) Idmon, all
My sacred Sons, rise at your Fathers call
From your immortall Graves; where sleepe, not death,
Yet bindes your powers.

LINUS. Here.

ORPHEUS. Here.

BRANCHUS. What sacred breath

Doth re-inspire us?

IDMON. Who is this we seele?

(*) PHOEBUS.

What heat creepes through me, as when burning Steele
Is dipt in water?

APOLLO. I, Phoebus,

Thy Father Phoebus's fury filleth thee;
Confesse my Godhead; once againe I call,
Let whole Apollo enter in you all,
And follow me.

CHORUS.

We flie, we doe not tread,
The Gods doe use to ravish whom they lead.

(*) Linus Apollinis & Terpsichores filius. Paul. (c) Orpheus, Apollinis & Calliopes, de quibus Virg. in *Ecloga* inscript. *Non me Carminibus vincet, nec Thraetibus Orpheus. Nec Linus, hunc mater quamvis atque hunc pater adit Orpheus Calliopea Lino formosus Apollo.* (b) Branchus, Apollinis & Jances filius, de quo vid. Strab. lib. 4. & Statium, *Thebaid.* lib. 7. — patroque æqualis honori Branchus. (d) Idmon, Apollinis & Aleris filius. De illo vid. Valer. *Flac.* lib. 1. *Argonautic.* — Contra Phœbus Idmon non pallore viris non ulla honore comarum terribilis plenus sat is, Phœboque quieto cui genitor tribuit præfata Divum Omnia, seu Flammam, seu lubrica continus extra stuporem cœcis interregit æra pennis. (e) Phœben filia Phœbi quæ prima carmen heroicum cecinit, Hesiod. in *Theog.*

Apollo descended, shewed them where the King sat, and sung forward.

Behold the love and care of all the Gods
Of the Ocean, and the happie Iles;
That whilst the World about him is at odds,
Sits Crowned Lord here of himselfe, and smiles.

CHORUS.

To see the erring mazes of mankind;
Who seeke for that, doth punish them to finde.

Then he advanced with them to the King.

APOLLO.

Prince of thy Peace, see what it is to love
The Powers above;
Jove hath commanded me
To visit thee;

And

TIME VINDICATED TO HIMSELFE,

AND
TO HIS HONORS.

In the presentation at COURT
on Twelfth night.
1623.

— qui seminantur, in illos
Virus habet: nos hoc novimus esse nihil.

TIME VINDICATED. A Trumpet sounded.

FAME entreats, follow'd by the Curious, the Ey'd,
the Ear'd, and the Nos'd.

FAME. Give care, the worthy, heare what Fame proclaimes.
EARS. What? what? I't worth our cares?

EYES. Oreyes?

NOSES. Or noses?

For we are curious, Fame: indeed, the Curious.

EYES. We come to spee.

EARS. And hearken.

NOSES. And smell out.

FAME. More than you understand, my hot Inquisitors.

NOSES. We cannot tell.

EYES. It may be.

EARS. However, goe you on, let us alone.

EYES. We may spee out, that, which you never mean't.

NOSES. And nose the thing you sent not. First, whence come you?

FAME. I came from Saturne.

EARS. Saturne

EARS. Saturne, what is he?

NOSES. Some Protestant I warrant you, a Time-server,
As Fame her selfe is.

FAME. You are neere the right.
Indeed, he is Time's selfe, and his name Chronos.

NOSES. How! Saturne! Chronos! and the Time it selfe!
You're founde enough, Anorable old Pagan!

EARS. One of their Gods, and eates up his owne children.

NOSES. A Fencer, and do's travell with a fith
Instead of a long sword.

EYES. Hath beene oft call'd from is
To be their Lord of misrule.

EARS. As Cincinnatus
Was from the plough, to be Dictator.

EYES. Yes.
We need no interpreter, on, what of Time?

FAME. The Time hath sent me with my Trumpe to summon
All sorts of persons worthy, to the view
Of some great spectacle he meanes to night.

T' exhibit, and with all solemnitie

NOSES. O, we shall have his Saturnalia.

EYES. His dayes of feast, and libertie agen.

EARS. Where men might doe, and talke all that they list.

EYES. Slaves of their lords.

NOSES. The servants of their masters!

EARS. And subjects of their Sovereignes.

FAME. Not so lavish.

EARS. It was a brave time that!

EYES. This will be better:

If it comming, peace. All the impostures,

The prodigies, diseases, and distempers,

The knaveries of the Time, we shall see all now.

EARS. And heare the passages, and severall humors

Of men, as they are swayd by their affections:

Some grumbling, and some mutining, some scoffing,

Some pleas'd, some pynning, at all these we laughing.

NOSES. I have it here, here, strong, the sweat of it,

And the confusion (which I love) I nose it,

It tickles mee.

EYES. My foure eyes itch for it.

EARS. And my cares tingle, would it would come forth:

This roome will not receive it.

NOSES. That's the feare.

Enter CHRONOMASTIX.

CHRON. What? what? my friends, will not this roome receive?

EYES. That which the Time is presently to shew us.

CHRON. The Time? Lo I the man, that hate the time

That is, that love it not: and (though in ryme,

I here

I here doe speake it) with this whipp you see,
Doe lash the *Time*, and am my selfe lash-free.

FAME. Who's this?

EARES. 'Tis *Chronomastix*, the brave *Satyre*.

NOSE. The gentleman-like *Satyre*, cares for no body,
His fore-head tip't with bayes, doe you not know him?

EYES. Yes *Fame* must know him, all the Town admires him.

CHRO. If you would see *Time* quake and shake, but name us,
It is for that, we are both belov'd, and famous.

EYES. We know, Sir. But the *Time's* now come about.

EARES. And promifeth all libertie.

NOSE. Nay licence.

EYES. We shall doe what we list.

EARES. Talke what we list.

NOSE. And censure whom we list, and how we list.

CHRO. Then I will looke on *Time*, and love the same,

And drop my whip: who's this! my Mistris! *Fame*!

The lady whom I honour, and adore!

What lucke had I not to see her before!

Pardon me, Madam, more than most accurst,

That did not spie your Ladiship at first,

T'have giv'n the stoop, and to salute the skirts

Of her, to whom all Ladies else are flirts!

It is for you, I revell so in rime,

Deare Mistris, not for hope I have the *Time*

Will grow the better by it. To serve *Fame*

Is all my end, and get my selfe a name.

FAME. Away, I know thee not, wretched Impostor,

Creature of glory, Mountebanke of witte,

Selfe-loving Braggart, *Fame* doth sound no trumper

To such vaine, empty fooles: 'Tis Infamy

Thou serv'st, and follow'st, scorne of all the *Muses*,

Goe revell with thine ignorant admirers,

Let worthy names alone.

CHRO. O, you the *Cavill*,

Breath you to see a passage so injurious,

Done with despight, and carried with such tumor

'Gainst me, that am so much the friend of rumor?

(I would say *Fame*?) whose *Muse* hath rid in rapture

On a soft ambling verse to every capture,

From the strong guard, to the weake childe that reade me,

And wonder both of him that loves, or dread's me!

Who with the lash of my immortall pen

Have scourg'd all sorts of vices, and of men!

Am I rewarded, thus? have I, I say,

From *Envies* selfe torne praise, and bayes away,

With which my glorious front, and word at large,

Triumphs in print at my admirers charge.

EARES. Rare! how he talke in verse, just as he writes!

CHRO. When have I walk't the streets, but happy he

That

That had the finger first to point at mee,

Prentice, or Journeyman! The shop doth know it!

The unletter'd Clarke! *major* and *minor* Poet!

The Sempster hath fate still as I pass'd by,

And dropt her needle! Fish-wives staid their cry!

The Boy with buttons, and the Basket wench!

To vent their wares into my workes do trench!

A pudding-wife that would despise the *Times*,

Hath utter'd frequent pen'worths, through my rimes,

And, with them, div'd into the Chamber-maid,

And the unto her Lady hath convey'd

The season'd morsels, who hath sent me pensions,

To cherish, and to heighten my inventions.

Well, *Fame* shall know it yet, I have my faction,

And friends about me, though it please detraction,

To doeme this affront, Come forth that love me,

And now, or never, spight of *Fame*, approve me.

At this the Mutes come in.

THE ANTIMASQUERS.

FAME. How now! what's here? Is hell broke loose?

EYES. You'll see.

That he ha's favourers, *Fame*, and great ones too.

That unquoy's Bounty, is the Bosse of *Bolinsgate*,

EARES. Who feasts his *Muse* with claret wine, and oysters;

NOSE. Growes big with *Satyre*;

EARES. Goes as long as an Elephant:

EYES. She labours, and lies in of his inventions,

NOSE. Ha's a male-poem in her belly now,

Big as a colt,

EARES. That kicks at *Time* already,

EYES. And is no sooner foald, but will neigh sulphure:

FAME. The next?

EARES. A *quondam* Justice, that of late

Hath beene discarded out o' the pack o' the peace,

For some lewd *lexique* he holds in *capite*,

But constantly loves him. In dayes of yore,

He us'd to give the charge out of his poems,

He carries him about him, in his pocket,

As *Philip's* Sonne did *Homer*, in a casket,

And cries, O happy Man, to the wrong party,

Meaning the Poet, where he meant the subject:

FAME. What are this paire?

EYES. The ragged rascalls!

FAME. Yes.

EYES. Meere rogues, you'd thinke them rogues, but they are friends,

One is his Printer in disguise, and keepes

His plesse in a hollow tree, where to conceale him,

He

He workes by glow-worme light, the Moone's too open.
The other zealous ragge is the Compositor,
Who in an angle, where the ants inhabite,
(The emblem's of his labours) will sit curl'd
Whole dayes, and nights, and worke his eyes out for him.

NOSE. Strange arguments of love! There is a Schoolemaster
Is turning all his workes too, into *Latine*,
To pure *Satyrick Latine*; makes his Boyes
To learne him; calls him the times *Juvenal*;
Hangs all his Schoole with his sharpe sentences;
And o're the Execution place hath painted
Time whipt, for terror to the Infanterie.

EYES. This Man of warre, i'the rere, He is both Trumpet
And Champion to his *Muse*.

EARES. For the whole City.

NOSE. H'as him by roat, recites him at the tables,
Where he doth governe; swears him into name,
Upon his word, and sword, for the sole youth
Dares make profession of *Poetick* truth,
Now militant amongst us: To th' incredulous,
That dagger is an article he uses,
To rivet his respect into their pates,
And makethem faithful. *Fame*, you'll find you've wrongd him.

FAME. What a confederacie of *Folly* is here!

*They all daunce but Fame, and make the first Antimasque,
In which they adore, and carry forth the Satyre,
and the Curious come up agen.*

EYES. Now *Fame*, how like you this?

EARES. This falls upon you
For your neglect.

NOSE. He scornes you, and defies you,
H'as got a *Fame* on's owne, as well as a Faction.

EYES. And these will deifie him, to despise you.

FAME. I envie not the *Antichrist*.

'Twill prove but deifying of a Pompion.

NOSE. Well, what is that the *Time* will now exhibite?

EYES. What gambols? what devises? what new sports?

EARES. You promis'd us, we should have any thing.

NOSE. That *Time* would give us all we could imagine.

FAME. You might imagine so, I never promis'd it.

EYES. Pox, then 'tis nothing. I had now a fancie
We might have talk'd o'the King.

EARES. Or State.

NOSE. Or all the World.

EYES. Censur'd the Counsell, e're they censure us.

EARES. We doe it in *Pauls*.

NOSE. Yes, and in all the tavernes!

FAME. A comely licence. They that censure those

They

They ought to reverence, meet they that old curse,
To beg their bread, and feele eternall Winter.
Ther's difference 'twixt liberty, and licence.

NOSE. Why if it be not that, let it be this then
(For since you grant us freedom, we will hold it.)
Let's have the giddy world turn'd the heeles upward,
And sing a rare blacke *Sanctus*, on his head,
Of all things out of order.

EYES. No, the Man
I'the Moone daunce a *Corranto*, his bush
At's backe, a fire, and his dogge piping *Lachrima*.

EARES. Or let's have all the people in an uprore,
None knowing, why, or to what end: and in
The midd'l't of all, start up an old mad woman
Preaching of patience.

NOSE. No, no, I'd ha' this.

EYES. What?

FAME. Any thing.

NOSE. That could be monstrous:
Enough, I meane. A *Babel* of wild humours.

EARES. And all disputing of all things they know not,

EYES. And talking of all men they never heard of,

EARES. And all together by the eares o'the sudden,

EYES. And, when the matter is at hottest, then
All fall asleepe.

FAME. Agree amongst your selves,
And what it is you'd have, I'll answer you.

EYES. O, that we shall never doe.

EARES. No, never agree.

NOSE. Not upon what. Something that is unlawfull:

EARES. I, or unreasonable.

EYES. Or impossible.

NOSE. Let't be uncivill enough, you hit us right.

EARES. And a great noyse.

EYES. To little, or no purpose.

NOSE. And if there be some mischief, 'twill become it:

EYES. But see, there be no cause, as you will answer it.

FAME. These are meere Monsters.

NOSE. I, all the better.

FAME. You doe abuse the *Time*. These are fit freedoms
For lawlesse Prentices, on a Shrovetuesday,
When they compell the *Time* to serve their riot.
For drunken Wakes, and strutting Beare-baytings,
That favour only of their owne abuses.

EYES. Why, if not those, then something to make sport?

EARES. Wee only hunt for novelty, not truth.

FAME. I'll fit you, though the *Time* faintly permit it.

The

*The second Antimasque of Tumblers, and Jugglers, brought
in by the Cat and fiddle, who make sport with the
Carious, and drive them away.*

FAME. Why now they are kindly us'd, like such spectators,
That know not what they would have. Commonly,
The curious are ill natur'd, and like flies,
Seeke Times corrupted parts to blow upon:
But may the sound ones live with fame, and honour,
Free from the molestation of these Insects:
Who being fled, Fame now pursues her errand.

Loud MUSIQUE.

*To which the whole Scene opens, where Saturne sitting with
Venus is discover'd above, and certaine Votaries
comming forth below, which are
the Chorus.*

FAME. For you, great King, to whom the Time doth owe
All his respects, and reverence, behold
How Saturne, urged at request of Love,
Prepares the object to the place to night.
Within yond' darknesse, Venus hath found out
That Hecate (as she is Queene of Shades)
Keepes certaine glories of the Time obscur'd,
There, for her selfe alone to gaze upon,
As she did once the faire Endimion.
These, Time hath promis'd at Loves suit to free,
As being fitter to adorne the age,
By you restor'd on earth, most like his owne:
And fill this world of beautie here, your Court.
To which his bountie, see, how men prepare
To fit their votes below, and thronging come
With longing passion to enjoy th' effect!
Harke, it is Love begins to Time. Expect.

VENUS.

*Beside, that it is done for Love,
It is a worke, great Time, will prove
Thy honour, as mens hopes above.*

SATURNE.

*If Love be pleas'd, so am I:
For Time could never yet deny
What Love did aske, if Love knew why.*

VOTARIES.

VOTARIES.

*Shee knew, and hath exprest it now.
And so doth every publike woe
That heard her why, and waites thy how.*

SATURNE.

*You shall not long expect: with ease
The things come forth, are borne to please:
Looke, have you scene such lights as these?*

The Masquers are discovered, and that
which obscur'd them,
vanisheth.

VOTARIES.

These, these must sure some wonders bee!

CHORUS.

*O, what a glory 'tis to see
Mens wishes, Time, and Love agree* A Pause

There SATVRNE and VENVS passe away,
and the Masquers descend.

CHORUS.

*What griefe, or envie had it beene,
That these, and such had not beene scene,
But still obscur'd in shade!
Who are the glories of the Time,
Of youth, and feature too, the prime,
And for the light were made!*

VOTARIES.

1 Their very number, how it takes!
2 What harmony their presence makes!
3 How they inflame the place!

CHORUS.

*Now they are neerer scene, and view'd,
For whom could Love have better su'd?
Or Time have done the grace?*

Hereto a loud Musique, they march into their
figure, and daunce their ENTRY,
or first DAVNCE.

After which.

VENUS.

*The night could not these glories misse,
Good Time, I hope, is ta'ne with this.*

SATURNE.

*If Time were not, I am sure Love is.
Betwene us it shall be no strife:
For now 'tis Love, gives Time his life,*

VOTARIES.

Let Time then *ſo* with Love conſpire,
as ſtraight be ſent into the court
A little Cupid, arm'd with fire,
Attended by a jocund Sport,
To breed delight, and a deſire
of being delighted, in the nobler ſort.

SATURN.

The wiſh is crown'd, as ſoon as made.

VOTARIES.

And CUPID conquers, & he doth invade.
His victories of lighteſt trouble prove.
For there is never labour, where is Love.

Then, follows the maine DAVNCE, which done,
CUPID, with the SPORT, goes out.

CUPID.

{ To the Maſquers.

Take breath awhile, young Blonds, to bring
Your forces up, whiſt we goe ſing
Freſh charges, to the Beauties here.

SPORT.

Or, if they charge you, doe not feare,
Though they be better arm'd then you:
It is but ſtanding the firſt view,
And then they yeeld.

CUPID.

Or quit the field.

SPORT.

Nay, that they'l never doe.
They'l rather fall upon the place,
Then ſuffer ſuch diſgrace.
You are but Men at beſt, they ſay,
And they from thofe ne're run away.

{ Pauſe.

CUPID.

{ To the King.

You, Sir, that are the Lord of Time,
Receive it not as any crime
'Gainſt Majeſty, that Love and Sport
To night have entred in your Court.

SPORT.

Sir, doubt him more of ſome ſurpriſe
From your ſelfe. He hath his eyes,
You are the nobleſt object here,
And 'tis for you alone I feare:
For here are Ladies, that would give
A brave reward, to make Love live
Well, all his life, for ſuch a draught.
And therefore, looke to every ſhaft,
The Way, a Deſtinie in his craft.

Pauſe.

{ Pauſe.

CUPID.

{ To the Lords.

My Lords, the Honors of the Crown,
Put off your ſovreigneſſe, doe not frowne,
Bid cares depart, and buſineſſe hence:
A little, for the Time diſpence.

SPORT.

Trust nothing that the Boy lets fall,
My Lords, he hath plots upon you all.
A Penſioner unto your wives,
To keepe you in uxorious gives,
And ſo your ſenſe to faſtinate,
To make you quit all thought of ſtate,
His amorous queſtions to debate.
But, heare his Logicke, he will prove
There is no buſineſſe, but to be in love.

CUPID.

The words of Sport, my Lords, and courſe.

{ Pauſe. Tour Ladies yet, will not thinke worſe
Of Love for this: they ſhall command
My Bow, my Quiver, and my Hand.

{ To the Ladies.

SPORT.

What, here to ſtand
and kill the Flies?
Alas, thy ſervice they deſpiſe.
One Beauty here, hath in her eyes,
More ſhafts then from thy bow ere flew,
Or that poore quiver knew.
Theſe Dames,
They need not Love's, they have Nature's flames.

CUPID.

I ſee the Beauty, that you ſo report.

SPORT.

Cupid, you muſt not point in Court,
Where live ſo many of a ſort.
Of Harmony theſe learn'd their ſpeech,
The Graces did them ſooting teach,
And, at the old Idalian bralls,
They daunc'd your Mother downe. Shee calls.

CUPID.

Arme, arme then all.

SPORT.

Young blonds come on,
And charge: Let every man take one.

CUPID.

And try his fate.

SPORT.

Theſe are faire warres,
And will be carried without ſcarres.

CUPID.

CUPID.

A joyning, but of feet, and hands.
Is all the Time, and Love commands.

SPORT.

Or if you doe their gloves off-strip.
Or taste the Nectar of the lip:
See, so you temper your desires,
For kisses, that yet sucke not fires.

The REFELS follow, which ended, the CHORUS
appeare agen, and DIANA descends to HIPPO-
LITUS, the whole Scene being chang'd to
a Wood, out of which he
comes.

CHORUS.

The Courtly strife is done, it should appeare,
Betwene the Youths, and Beauties of the yeare,
Wee hope that now these lights will know their sphere,
And strive hereafter to shine ever here:
Like brightest Planets, still to move
In the eye of Time, and orbis of Love.

DIANA.

Hippolitus, Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Diana?

DIANA.

Shee.
Beready you, or Cephalus,
To wait on me.

HIPPOLITUS.

Wee ever be.

DIANA.

Your Goddesse hath bene wrong'd to night,
By Loves report unto the Time.

HIPPOLITUS.

The injury, it selfe will right,
Which only Fame hath made a crime.

For Time is wise,

And hath his eares as perfect as his eyes.

SATURNE.

Who's that descends? Diana?

VOTARIES.

Yes.

VENUS.

By like her troope shee hath begun to misse.

SATURNE.

Let's meet, and question what her errand is.

HIPPOLITUS.

Shee will prevent thee, Saturne, not excuse
Her selfe unto thee, rather to complaine
That thou and Venus both should so abuse
The name of Dian, as to entertaine
A thought, that she had purpose to defraude
The Time, of any glories that were his:
To doe Time honour rather, and applaud
His worth, hath bene her study.

DIANA.

And it is.

I call'd these Youths forth, in their bloud, and prime
(Out of the band, that I bore their parts)
To make them suter so to serve the Time
By labour, riding, and those ancient arts,
That first enabled men unto the warres,
And furnish'd Heaven with so many Starres:

HIPPOLITUS.

As Perseus, Castor, Pollux, and the rest,
Who were of Hunters first, of Men the best:
Whose shades doe yet remaine within yond' groves,
Themselves there sporting with their nobler loves:

DIANA.

And so may these doe, if the Time give leave.

SATURNE.

Chast Dians purpose we doe now conceive,
And yeeld thereto.

VENUS.

And so doth Love.

VOTARIES.

All Votes doe in one circle move.

CHORUS.

Turne Hunters then,
agen.

Hunting, it is the noblest exercise,
Makes men laborious, active, wise,
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight:
It help's the hearing, and the sight:
It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory, good horsemanship;

Search,

Search, sharpnesse, courage, and defence,
And chaseth all ill habits thence.

Turne Hunters then,

agen,

But not of men.

Follow his ample,

And just example,

That hates all chace of malice, and of bloud:

And studies only wayes of good,

To keepe soft Peace in breath.

Man should not hunt Mankind to death,

But strike the enemies of Man;

Kill vices if you can:

They are your wildest beasts.

And when they thickest fall, you make the Gods true feasts.

The End.

NEPTVNES

NEPTUNES TRIUMPH

FOR

THE RETVRNE

OF

ALBION.

CELEBRATED IN A

Masque

At the Court on the Twelfth
night. 1624.

Omnis & ad reducem jam litat ara Deum.
Mart. lib. viii. Epig. xiv.

NEPTVNES TRIUMPH.

His Ma^{tie} being set, and the loude Musique ceasing. All,
that is discovered of a Scene, are two erected Pillars, de-
dicated to Neptune, with this inscription upon the one,

NEP. RED.

On the other,

SEC. IOV.

The POET entring on the STAGE, to disperse the Argument, is
call'd to by the Master-Cooke.

COOKE.

Doe you heare, you, Creature of diligence, and businesse! what is
the affaire, that you plucke for so, under your cloake?

POET.

Nothing, but what I colour for, I assure you, and may encounter
with, I hope, if Luck favour me, the Gamsters Goddesse.

P

COOKE.

COOKE.

You are a *Poet* of hers, it seems by your language. What went you upon? may a man like you?

POET.

Certainly, indeed Sir, and very good ones; the presentation of a *Masque*; you'll see't, anon.

COOKE.

Sir, this is my roome, and region too, the banquetting-house. And in matter of feast, the solemnity, nothing is to be presented here, but with my acquaintance, and allowance to it.

POET.

You are not his Majesties *Confessioner*? Are you?

COOKE.

No, but one that has as good title to the roome, his *Master-Cooke*. What are you, Sir?

POET.

The most unprofitable of his servants, I, Sir, the *Poet*. A kind of a *Christmas* Engine: one, that is used, at least once a yeare, for a trifling instrument, of wit, or so.

COOKE.

Were you ever a *Cooke*?

POET.

A *Cooke*? no surely.

COOKE.

Then you can be no good *Poet*: for a good *Poet* differs nothing at all from a *Master-Cooke*. Eithers Art is the wisdom of the Mind.

POET.

As how, Sir?

COOKE.

Expect, I am by my place, to know how to please the palates of the guests; so, you, are to know the palate of the times: study the severall tastes, what every Nation, the *Spaniard*, the *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Wal-loun*, the *Neapolitan*, the *Brittan*, the *Sicilian*, can expect from you.

POET.

That were a heave and hard taske, to satisfy *Expectation*, who is so severe an exactress of duties; ever a tyrannous mistresse: and most times a pressing enemy.

COOKE.

She is a powerfull great Lady, Sir, at all times, and must be satisfied: So must her sister, Madam *Curiositie*, who hath as daintie a palate as she, and these will expect.

POET.

But, what if they expect more then they understand?

COOKE.

That's all one, Mr. *Poet*. you are bound to satisfy them. For, there is a palate of the Understanding, as well as of the Senses. The Taste is taken with good relishes, the Sight with faire objects, the Hearing with delicate sounds, the Smelling with pure fents, the feeling with soft and plump bodies, but the Understanding with all these: for all which you must begin at the Kitchen. There, the *Art of Poetrie* was learn'd, and

and found out, or no where: and the same day, with the *Art of Cookery*.

POET.

I should have giv'n it rather to the Cellar, if my suffrage had bin askt.

COOKE.

O, you are for the *Oracle* of the *Bottle*, I see; *Hoghead Trismegistus*: He is your *Pegasus*. Thence flows the spring of your *Muses*, from that *hoofe*.

Seduced *Poet*, I doe say to thee,---

A Boyler, Range, and Dresser were the fountaines

Of all the knowledge, in the *Universe*,

And that's the Kitchen. Where, a *Master-Cooke*!

'Thou do'st not know the man! nor canst thou know him!

Till thou hast serv'd some yeares in that deepe schoole,

That's both the Nource, and Mother of the *Arts*,

And hear'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate.

A *Master-Cooke*! why, he is the man of men,

For a *Professor*! He designs, he drawes,

He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,

Makes *Citadels* of curious fowle, and fish,

Some he dry-ditches, some motes round with broths;

Mounts marrow-bones; cuts fifty-angled custards;

Reares bulwarke pies; and, for his outer workes,

He raiseth ramparts of immortall crust;

And teacheth all the *tacticks* at one dinner:

What ranks, what files, to put his dishes in

The whole *Art Militarie*! Then he knowes

The influence of the starres, upon his meates;

And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,

And so, to fit his relishes, and sauces!

He, has *Nature* in a pot! 'bove all the *Chemists*,

Or bare-breech'd brethren of the *Rosie-Crosse*!

He is an *Architect*, an *Inginer*,

A *Souldier*, a *Physician*, a *Philosopher*,

A generall *Mathematician*!

POET.

It is granted.

COOKE.

And, that you may not doubt him for a *Poet*,

POET.

This Fury shewes, if there were nothing else,
And 'tis divine!

COOKE.

Then, Brother *Poet*,

POET.

Brother,

COOKE.

I have a suite.

POET.

What is it?

COOKE.

Your devise!

P A

POET

POET.

As you came in upon me, I was then
Offering the argument, and this it is.

COOKE.

Silence.

POET.

The mightie Neptune, mightie in his styles,
And large command of waters, and of Illes,
Not, as the Lord and Sovereigne of the Seas,
But, *Chiefe in the art of riding*, late did please
To lend his Albion forth, the most his owne,
Upon discovery, to themselves best knowne,
Through *Celiberia*, and, to assist his courle,
Gave him his powerfull MANAGER of Horse,
With divine Proteus, Father of disguise,
To waite upon them with his counsels wise,
In all extreames. His great commands being done,
And he desirous to review his Sonne,
He doth dispatch a floating Ile, from hence,
Unto the *Hesperian* shores, to waite him thence.
Where, what the arts were, us'd to make him stay,
And how the Syrens woo'd him, by the way,
What Monsters he encountred on the coast,
How neere our generall Joy was to be lost,
Is not our subject now: though all these make
The present gladnesse greater, for their sake.
But what the triumphs are, the feast, the sport,
And proud solemnities of Neptunes Court,
Now he is safe, and Fame's not heard in vaine,
But we behold our happie pledge againe.
That with him, loyall HIPPIVS is return'd,
Who for it, under so much envie, burn'd
With his owne brightnesse, till her sterv'd snakes saw
What Neptune did impose, to him was law.

COOKE.

But, why not this, till now?

POET.

---It was not time,
To mixe this Musick with the vulgars chime.
Stay, till th'abortive, and extemporall dinne
Of balladry, were understood a sinne,
Of *Minerva* cry'd: that, what tumultuous verse,
Or prose could make, or steale, they might rehearse,
And every Songster had sung out his fit;
That all the Countrey, and the Citie-wit,
Of bells, and bonfires, and good cheere was spent,
And Neptunes Guard had drunke all that they meant;
That all the tales and stories now were old
Of the Sea-Monster *Archy*, or growne cold:

The

The *Muses* then might venter, undeterr'd,
For they love, then, to sing, when they are heard.

COOKE.

I like it well, 'tis handsome: and I have
Some thing would fit this. How doe you present'heme?
In a fine Island, say you?

POET.

Yes, a *Delus*!

Such, as when faire *Latona* fell in travaile,
Great Neptune made emergent.

COOKE.

I conceive you.

I would have had your Ile brought floating in, now
In a brave broth, and of a sprightly greene,
Just to the colour of the Sea; and then,
Some twentie Syrens, singing in the kettel,
With an *Arion*, mounted on the backe
Of a growne Conger, but in such a posture,
As, all the world should take him for a Dolphin:
O, 'twould ha' made such musick! Ha' you nothing,
But a bare Island?

POET.

Yes, we have a tree too;

Which we doe call the Tree of *Harmonie*,
And is the same with what we read, the *Sunne*,
Brought forth in the *Indian Musicana* first,
And thus it growes. The goodly bole, being got
To certaine cubits height, from every side
The boughes decline, which taking roote afresh,
Spring up new boles, and those spring new, and newer,
Till the whole tree become a *Porticus*,
Or arched Arbour, able to receive
A numerous troupe, such as our *Albion*,
And the Companions of his journey are.
And this they sit in.

COOKE.

Your prime Masquers?

POET.

Yes.

COOKE.

But where's your *Antimasque* now, all this while?
I hearken after them.

POET.

Faith, we have none.

COOKE.

None?

POET.

None, I assure you, neither doe I thinke them
A worthy part of presentation,
Being things so heterogeneous, to all devise,

Meete

Meere *By-works*, and at best *Out-Landish* nothings.

COOKE.

O, you are all the heavenawrie! Sir.
For blood of *Poetry*, running in your veins,
Make not your selfe so ignorantly simple.
Because Sir, you shall see I am a *Poet*,
No lesse then *Cooke*, and that I find you want
A speciall service here, an *Antimasque*.
I'll fit you with a dish out of the Kitchen,
Such, as I thinke, will take the present palates,
A *metaphoricall* dish! And, doe but marke,
How a good wit may jumpe with you. Are you ready, Child?
(Had there bin Maske, or no Maske, I had made it.)
Child of the boyling house.

CHILD.

Here, Father.

COOKE.

Bring forth the pot. It is an *Olla Podrida*,
But I have persons, to present the meates.

POET.

Persons!

COOKE.

Such as doe relish nothing, but *di stato*,
(But in another fashion, then you dreame of)
Know all things the wrong way, talke of the affaires,
The clouds, the cortines, and the mysteries
That are afoot, and, from what hands they have 'hem
(The master of the Elephant, or the Camels)
What correspondences are held, the Posts
That goe, and come, and know, almost, their minutes,
All but their businesse: Therein, they are fishes,
But ha' their garlick, as the *Proverb* sayes,
They are our *Quest of enquiry*, after newes.

POET.

Together with their learned *Authors*?

CHILD.

Yes Sir,

And of the *Episcane* gender, Hees, and Shees:
Amphibion Archy is the chiefe.

COOKE.

Good boy!

The Child is learned too. Note but the Kitchen!
Have you put him, into the pot, for Garlick?

CHILD.

One in his coate, shall stinke as strong as he, Sir,
And his friend *Giblas* with him.

COOKE.

They are two,

That give a part of the seasoning.

POET.

POET.

I conceive

The way of your *Gally-marfrey*.

COOKE.

You will like it,

When they come pouring out of the pot together.

CHILD.

O, if the pot had beene big enough!

COOKE.

What then, Child?

CHILD.

I had put in the Elephant, and one Camel,
at least, for Biefe.

COOKE.

But, whom ha' you for Partridge?

CHILD.

A brace of Dwarfs, and delicate plump birds!

COOKE.

And whom for Mutton, and Kid?

CHILD.

A fine lac'd Mutton,

Or two; and either has her frisking Husband:

That reads her the *Corranto*, every weeke.

Grave M^r. *Ambler*, Newes-master of *Poules*,

Supplies your Capon; and growne Captaine *Buz*

(His *Emissary*) under-writes for Turkey,

A Gentleman of the *Forrest* presents *Pheasant*,

And a plump Poultriers wife, in *Graces* street,

Plays Hen with egges iⁿ the belly, or a Coney,

Chooſe which you will.

COOKE.

But, where's the Bacon, *Thom*?

CHILD.

Hogrel the Butcher, and the Sow his wife,
Are both there.

COOKE.

It is well, goe, dish 'hem out.

Are they well boyld?

CHILD.

Podrida!

POET.

What's that? rotten?

COOKE.

O, that they must be. There's one maine ingredient

We have forgot, the *Artichoke*.

CHILD.

No Sir.

I have a Fruiterer, with a cold red nose,

Like a blue fig, performs it.

COOKE.

COOKE.

The fruit looks so.
 Good child, goe poure hem out, shew their concoction,
 They must be rotten boyld, the broth's the best on't,
 And that's the Dance. The stage here is the Charger.
 And Brother Poet, though the serious part
 Be yours, yet, envie not the Cooke his art.

POET.

Not I. *Nam lusus ipse Triumphus amat.*

*The Antimasque is danc'd by the persons describ'd,
 coming out of the pot.*

POET.

Well, now, expect the Scene it selfe; it opens!

The Island is discovered, the Masquers sitting in their
 severall sieges. The heavens opening, and Apollo,
 with Mercury, some Muses, & the Goddesse Har-
 mony, make the musique, the while, the
 Island moves forward, Proteus sitting
 below, and Apollo sings.

Song.

APOLLO.

Looke forth, the Shepherd of the Seas,
 And of the Ports, that keep'st the keyes,
 And to your Neptune tell,
 His ALBION, Prince of all his Isles,
 For whom the sea, and land so smiles,
 Is home returned well.

CHORVS.

And be it thought no common Cause,
 That, to it, so much wonder drawes,
 And all the Heav'ns consent,
 With HARMONY, to tune their notes,
 In answer to the publike votes,
 That, for it, up were sent.

It was no envious Stepdames rages
 Or Tyrants malice of the age,

That did employ him forth.
 But such a Wisdome, that would prove,
 By sending him, their hearts, and love
 That else might faile his worth.

By

By this time, the Island hath joyned it selfe with the
 shore: And Proteus, Portunus, and Saron; come
 forth, and goe up singing to the State,
 while the Masquers take time
 to Land.

Song.

PROTEVS.

It! now the Pompe of Neptunes triumph shines!
 And all the glories of his great designs
 Are read, reflected, in his sonnes returne!

PORTVNVS.

How all the eyes, the lookes, the heart here burne
 at his arrivall!

SARON.

These are the true fires,
 Are made of joyes!

PROTEVS.

Of longing!

PORTVNVS.

Of desires!

SARON.

Of hopes!

PROTEVS.

Of feares!

PORTVNVS.

No intermitted blocks.

SARON.

But pure affections, and from odorous stocks!

CHORVS.

'Tis incense all, that flames!
 And these materials scarce have names!

PROTEVS.

My King looks higher, as he scorn'd the warres
 Of windes, and with his trident touch'd the starres.
 There is no wrinkle in his brow, or frowne,
 But, as his cares he would in Nectar drowne,
 And all the silver-footed Nymphs were drest,
 To waite upon him, to the Oceans feast.

PORTVNVS.

Or, here in rows upon the bankes were set,
 And had their severall hayres made into net
 To catch the youths in, as they come on shore.

SARON.

How! Galatea sighing! O, no more.

Banish your feares.

PORTVNVS.

And Doris dry your teares.

Albion is come:

Q

PROTEVS.

PROTEVS.
And Haliclyon, too,
That kept his side, as he was charg'd to doe,
With wonder.

SARON.
--- And the Syrens have him not.

PORTVNVS.
Though they no practise, nor no arts forgot,
That might have wonne him, or by charme, or song.

PROTEVS.
Or laying forth their tresses all along
Upon the glasse waves;

PORTVNVS.

Then diving:

PROTEVS.

Then,
Up with their heads, as they were mad of men.

SARON.
And there, the highest-going billowes crowne;
Untill some lustie Sea-god pull'd them downe.

CHORVS.
See! He is here!

PROTEVS.
Great Master of the mayne,
Receive thy deare, and precious pawne againe.

CHORVS.
SARON, PORTVNVS, PROTEVS, bring him thus,
Safe, as thy Subjects wishes gave him us:
And of thy glorious Triumph let it be
No lesse a part, that thou their loves doest see,
Then, that his sacred head's return'd to thee.

This sung, the Island goes backe, whilst the upper
Chorus takes it from them, and the
Masquers prepare for
their figure.

CHORVS.
Spring all the Graces of the age;
And all the Loves of time;
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rime:
Adde all the softnesses of Courts
The lookes, the laughers, and the sports.
And mingle all their sweets, and salts,
That none may say, the Triumph halts.

Here

Here, the Masquers dance their Entry
Which done, the first prospect of a maritime Palace, or
the house of Oceanus is discovered, with
lowd Musique.

And the other above is no more scene.

POET.
Behold the Palace of Oceanus!
Hayle Reverend structure! Boast no more to us
Thy being able, all the Gods to feasts;
We have leene enough: our Albion was thy guest.

Then follows the Maine Daunce.
After which the second prospect of the Sea, is shewne, to
the former Musicke.

POET.
Now turne and view the wonders of the deepe,
Where Proteus herds, and Neptunes Orkes doe keepe,
Where all is plough'd, yet still the pasture's greene
The wayes are found, and yet no pathes are scene.

There Proteus, Portunus, Saron, goe up to the
Ladies with this Song,

PROTEVS.
Come noble Nymphs, and doe not hide
The joyes, for which you so provide:

SARON.
If not to mingle with the wen,
What doe you here? goe home agen.

PORTVNVS.
Your dressings doe confesse,
By what we see, so curious parts
Of Pallas, and Arachnes arts,
That you could meane no lesse.

PROTEVS.
Why doe you wear the Silke-wormes toyles?
Or glory in the shell-fish spoyle?
Or strive to shew the graines of ore
That you have gather'd on the shore,
Whereof to make a stocke
To graft the greener Emerald on
Or any better-water'd stone?

SARON.
Or Ruby of the rocke?

Q²

PROTEVS

PROTEVS.

*Why doe you smell of Amber gris,
Of which was formed Neptunes Neiret,
The Queene of Lowe, unlesse you can
Like Sea-borne Venus love a man?*

SARON.

Try, put your selves unto't.

CHORVS.

*Your looks, your smiles, and thoughts that meet,
Ambrosian hands, and silver feet,
doe promise you will do't.*

The Revells follow.

*Which ended, the Fleece is discovered, while the three
Cornets play.*

PORT.

*'Tis time, your eyes should be refresh'd at length
With something new, a part of Neptunes strength.
See, yond', his fleet, ready to goe, or come,
Or fetch the riches of the Ocean home,
So to secure him both in peace, and warres,
Till not one ship alone, but all be starres.*

*A shout within followes.**After which the Cooke enters.*

COOKE.

*I have another service for you, Brother Port, a dish of pickled
Saylors, fine salt Sea-boyes, shall relish like Anchoues, or Ca-
uare, to draw downe a cup of Nectar, in the skirts of a night.*

SAYLORS.

*Come away boyes, the Towne is ours, hay for Neptune, and
our young Master.*

PORT.

*He knowes the Compasse, and the Card,
While Castor sits on the maine yard,
And Pallux too, to helpe your bayles;
And bright Leucothoe, fills your sayles:
Arion sings, the Dolphins swim,
And, all the way, to gaze on him.*

The Anrimasque of Saylors.

Then

*The last Song to the whole Musique, five Lutes, three
Cornets, and ten voyces.*

Song.

PROTEVS.

*Although we wish the Triumph still might last
For such a Prince, and his discovery past,*

*Yet now, great Lord of waters, and of Isles,
Give Proteus leave to turne unto his wiles:*

PORTVNVS.

*And, whilst young Albion doth thy labours ease,
Dispatch Portunus to thy Ports,*

SARON.

And Saron to thy Seas:

*To meet old Nereus, with his fifty girles,
From aged Indus laden home with Pearles,
And orient gummies, to burne unto thy name.*

CHORVS.

*And may thy Subjects hearts be all on flame:
Whilst thou dost keepe the earth in firme estate,
And 'mongst the winds dost suffer no debate.
But both at Sea, and Land, our powers increase
With health, and all the golden gifts of peace.*

The last Daunce.

The End.

P A N S

P A N S
ANNIVERSARIE;
OR,
THE SHEPHERDS
HOLY-DAY.

THE SCENE
ARCADIA.

As it was presented at Court before
King JAMES. 1625.

The Inventors,
Inigo Jones. Ben. Johnson.

The first presentation is of three Nymphs strewing severall sorts
of flowers, followed by an old Shepherd with a
Censer and perfumes.

NYMPH I.

Thus, thus, begin the yearly rites
Are due to PAN on these bright nights;
His Morne now riseth, and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights:
All Envious, and Prophane away,
This is the Shepherds Holy-day.

NYMPH II.

Strew, strew, the glad and smiling ground
With every flower, yet not confound
The Prime-rose drop, the Springs owne spouse,
Bright Dayes-eyes, and the lips of Cowes,
The Garden-star, the Queene of May,
The Rose, to crowne the Holy-day.

NYMPH III.

Drop, drop you Violets, change your hues,
Now red, now pale, as Lovers use,
And in your death goe out as well,
As when you liv'd unto the smell:
That from your odour all may say,
This is the Shepherds Holy-day.

SHEP-

SHEPHERD.

Well done my pretty ones, raine Roses still,
Untill the last be drapt: Then hence: and fill
Your fragrant prickles for a second shower,
Bring Corn-flag, Tulips, and Adonis flower,
Fairst Oxe-eye, Goldy-locks, and Columbine,
Pinkes, Goulands, King-cups, and sweet Sops-in-wine,
Blew Harebells, Pagles, Pansies, Calaminth,
Flower-gentle, and the faire-hair'd Hyacinth,
Bring rich Carnations, Floure-de-luces, Lillies,
The chequ'd, and purple-ringed Daffodillies,
Bright Crowne-imperill, Kings-speare, Holy-hocks,
Sweet Venus Navill, and soft Lady-smocks,
Bring too, some branches forth of Daphnes laire,
And gladdest myrtle for these postes to weare
With Spikenard weav'd, and Marjoram betwene,
And star'd with yellow-golds, and Maratons: weene,
That when the Altar, as it ought is drest,
More odour come not from the Phoenix nest,
The breath thereof Panchaia may envie,
The colours China, and the light the skye.

LOUD MUSIQUE.

The Scene opens, and in it are the Masquers discover'd sitting about the
Fountain of light.

The Musicians atty'd like the Priests of Pan standing in the worke
beneath them, when entreat to the old Shepherd.

A Fencer flourishing.

Room for an old Trophie of Time; a Sonne of the sword, a Ser-
vant of Mars, the Minion of the Muses, and a Master of Fence. One that
hath shovne his quarters, and plaid his prizes at all the games of Greece
in his time; as Fencing, Wrestling, Leaping, Dauncing, what not? And
hath now usher'd hither by the light of my long-sword certaine bold
Boyes of Beotia, who are come to challenge the Arcadians at their owne
sports, call them forth on their owne holy-day, and Daunce them down
on their owne Greene-swarth.

SHEPHERD.

'Tis boldly attempted, and must be a Bavian enterprise by the face of
it, from all the parts of Greece else, especially at this time when the best,
and bravest spirits of Arcadia, called together by the excellent Arcas, are
yonder sitting about the Fountain of light, in consultation of what ho-
nours they may doe the great Pan by increase of anniverarie rites fitted
to the Musique of his peace.

FEN-

FENCER.

Peace to thy *Pan*, and mum to thy *Musique*, *Swaine*; There is a Tinker of *Thebes* a comming, called *Epam*, with his kettle will make all *Arcadia* ring of him; What are your sports for the purpose? say, if singing, you shall be sung downe, if dauncing, daunc'd downe. There is no more to be done with you, but know what; which it is; and you are in smoke, gone, vapour'd, vanish'd, blowne, and (as a man would say) in a word of two syllables, Nothing.

SHEPHERD.

This is short, though not so sweet. Surely the better part of the solemnitie here will be dauncing.

FENCER.

Enough; They shall be met with instantly in their owne sphere, the sphere of their owne activitie a daunce. But by whom, expect: No *Cynatheian*, nor *Satyres*, but (as I said) *Boyes of Beotia*, thinges of *Thebes*, (the Towne is ours, Shepheard) mad merry *Greekes*, Lads of life, that have no gall in us, but all ayre and sweetnesse. A Tooth-drawer is our Foreman, that if there be but a bitter tooth in the company, it may bee called out at a twitch; he doth command any mans teeth out of his head upon the point of his *Poynard*; or tickles them forth with his ryding rod: Hee drawes teeth a horse-backe in full speed, yet hee will daunce a foot, he hath given his word: He is yeoman of the mouth to the whole Brotherhood, and is charged to see their gummies bee cleane, and their breath sweet, at a minutes warning. Then comes my learned *Theban*, the Tinker I told you of, with his kettle Drum (before and after) a Master of *Musique*, and a man of mettrall, He beates the march to the tune of Tickle-foot, *Pam, pam, pam*, brave *Epam* with a *nondus*. That's the straine,

SHEPHERD.

A high one.

FENCER.

Which is followed by the trace, and tract of an excellent Juggler, that can juggle with every joynt about him, from head to heele. He can doe tricks with his toes, wind filke, and thred Pearle with them, as nimble a fine fellow of his feet, as his hands: For there is a noble Corne-cutter his companion, hath so pared, and finised them---. Indeed, he hath taken it into his care, to reforme the feet of all, and fit all their footing to a forme; onely ones play-foot in the company, and he is a Bellowes-mender, allow'd who hath the looking to of all their lungs by patent, and by his place is to set that leg afore still, and with his puffed keepees them in breath during pleasure; A Tinder-box-man to strike new fire into them at every turne, and where he spies any brave sparke that is in danger to goe out, plie him with a match presently.

SHEPHERD.

A most politique provision.

FENCER.

Nay, we have made our provisions beyond example, I hope. For to these there is annexed a Clock-keeper, a grave person, as *Time* himselfe, who is to see that they all keepe time to a nick, and move every elbow in order, every knee in compasse. He is to wind them up, and draw them downe as he sees cause; Then is there a subtile shrewd-bearded Sir, that hath

hath beene a Politician, but is now a maker of Mouse-traps, a great Inginner yet; and he is to catch the Ladies favours in the Daunce with certaine cringes he is to make, and to baite their benevolence. Nor can wee doubt of the successe, for we have a Prophet amongst us of that peremptorie pate, a Taylour, or master Fashioner, that hath found it out in a painted cloth, or some old hanging (for those are his Libraries) that we must conquer in such a time, and such a halfe time, therefore bids us goe on crosse-leg'd, or howe'er thred the needles of our owne happinesse, goe through-stitch with all, unwind the clew of our cares, he hath taken measure of our mindes, and will fit our fortune to our footing. And to better assure us, at his owne charge, brings his Philosopher with him, a great Clerke, who (they say) can write, and it is shrewdly suspected but he can read too. And he is to take the whole Daunces from the foot by *Brachygraphic*, and to make a memoriall, if not a map of the businesse. Come forth lads, and doe your owne turnes.

The Antimasque is Daunced.

After which

FENCER.

How like you this Shepheard? was not this geare gotten on a holy-day?

SHEPHERD.

Faith, your folly may deserve pardon, because it hath delighted: But, beware of presuming, or how you offer comparison with persons so neere Deities. Behold where they are, that are now forgiven you, whom should you provoke againe with the like; they will justly punish that with anger, which they now dismisse with contempt, Away.

*And come you prime Arcadians forth, that taught
By P A N the rites of true societie,
From his loud Musicke, all your manners wrought
And made your Common-weale a harmonie
Commending so to all posteritie.
Your innocence from that faire Fount of light
As still you sit without the injurie
Of any rudenesse, Folly can, or spight:
Daunce from the top of the Lycæan mountaine
Downe to this vally, and with neerer eye
Enjoy, what long in that illumin'd Fountaine
You did farre of, but yet with wonder spye.*

HYMNE I.

*I. Of P A N we sing, the best of Singers Pan
That taught us swaines, how first to tune our layes,
And on the pipe more aires then Phœbus can.
C H O. Heare O ye groves, and hills resound his praise.*

R

4. of

2. Of Pan we sing, the best of Leaders, Pan
That leads the Nymphs, and the Dryads forth;
And to their daunces more then Hermes can.
CHO. Heare O you groves, and hills, resound his worth;
3. Of Pan we sing, the best of Hunters, Pan
That drives the Heart to seeke unused wayes,
And in the chase more then Sylvanus can,
CHO. Heare, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.
4. Of Pan we sing, the best of Shepherds, Pan,
That keeps our flocks, and us, and both leads forth
To better pastures then great Pales can:
CHO. Heare O you groves, and hills resound his worth.
And while his powers, and praises thus we sing
The Valleys let rebound, and all the rivers ring.

The Masquers descend, and dance
their Entrée.

HYMNE II.

PAN is our All, by him we breath, we live,
We move, we are; 'Tis he our Lambes doth reare,
Our flocks doth blesse, and from the store doth give
The warme and finer fleeces that we weare.
He keeps away all heates, and colds,
Drives all diseases from our folds:
Makes every where the spring to dwell,
The Ewes to feed, their udders swell;
But if he frowne, the sheepe (alas)
The Shepherds wither, and the grasse.
Sirive, sirive, to please him then by still increasing thus
The rites are due to him, who doth all right for us.

The Maine Daunce.

HYMNE III.

If yet, if yet
Pans orgies you will further fit,
See where the silver-footed Fayes doe sit,
The Nymphes of wood and water;
Each trees, and Fountaines daughter,
Goe take them forth, it will be good
To see some wave it like a wood,
And others wind it like a flood;
In springs,
And rings,
Till the applause it brings,
Wakes Eccho from her seate,
The closes to repeate.
(Eccho. The closes to repeate)

Eccho

Eccho the truest Oracle on ground,
Though nothing but a sound.
(Eccho. Though nothing but a sound.)
Below'd of Pan, the Valleys Queene
(Eccho. The Valleys Queene)
And often heard, though never scene,
(Eccho. Though never scene.)

REVELLS.

FENCER.

Roome, roome there: where are you Shepheard? I am come againe
with my second part of my bold Bloods, the brave Gamesters: who as-
sure you by me, that they perceive no such wonder in all is done here, but
that they dare adventure another tryall. They looke for some sheepish de-
vices here in Arcadia, not these, and therefore a hall, a hall they demand.

SHEPHERD.

Nay, then they are past pittie, let them come, and not expect the anger
of a Deitie to pursue them, but meet them. They have their punishment
with their fact. They shall be sheepe.

FENCER.

O spare me, by the law of Nations, I am but their Ambassadour.

SHEPHERD.

You speake in time Sir.

2. ANTIMASQUE.

SHEPHERD.

Now let them returne with their solide heads, and carry their stupidi-
tie into Baotia, whence they brought it, with an embleme of themselves,
and their Countrey. This is too pure an aire for so grosse Braines:

End you the rites, and so be eas'd
Of these, and then great Pan is pleas'd.

HYMNE III.

Great Pan the Father of our peace, and pleasure;
Who giv'st us all this leasure,
Heare what thy hallowd troope of Herdsmen pray
For this their Holy-day,
And how their vowes to Thee, they in Lycæum pay:

So may our Ewes receive the mounting Rammes,
And wee bring thee the earliest of our Lambes:
So may the first of all our fells be thine,
And both the beesting of our Goates, and Kine

As thou our foulds dost still secure,
 And keep'st our fountaines sweet and pure
 Driv'st hence the Wolfe, the Toad, the Brock,
 Or other vermine from the flock.
 That wee preserv'd by Thee, and then observ'd by us
 May both live safe in shade of thy lov'd Mænalus.

SHEPHERD.

Now each returne unto his Charge,
 And though to day you have liv'd at large,
 And well your flocks have fed their fill,
 Yet doe not trust your hirelings still.
 See, yond they goe, and timely doe
 The office you have put them to,
 But if you often give this leave
 Your sheepe, and you they will deceive.

The End.

THE

THE MASQUE OF OWLES

AT

KENELWORTH.

Presented by the Ghost of Captaine Cox
 mounted in his Hoby-horse.

1626.

CAP. COXE.

R Oome, roome, for my Horse will wince,
 If he come within so many yards of a Prince;
 And though he have not on his wings,
 He will doe strange things.
 He is the Pegasus that uses
 To waite on Warwick Muses;
 And on gaudy dayes he paces
 Before the Coventrie Graces;
 For to tell you true, and in rime,
 He was foald in Q. Elizabeths time,
 When the great Earle of Lestor
 In this Castle did feast her.

Now, I am not so stupid
 To thinke, you thinke me a Cupid;
 Or a Mercurie, that sit him:
 Though these Cocks here would fit him;
 But a spirit very civill,
 Neither Poets God, nor Devill;
 An old Kenelworth Fox,
 The Ghost of Captaine Cox;
 For which I am the bolder,
 To weare a Cock on each shoulder.

This Captaine Cox, by St. Mary,
 Was at Bullen with King Harry;
 And (if some doe not vary)
 Had a goodly library,
 By which he was discerned
 To be one of the learned

S

To

To entertaine the Queene here,
 When last she was seene here.
 And for the Towne of *Coventrie*
 To act to her soveraigntie.
 But so his lot fell out,
 That serving then afoot,
 And being a little man,
 When the skirmish began
 Twixt the *Saxon*, and the *Dane*,
 (For thence the storie was tane)
 Hee was not so well seene
 As he would have beene o'the Queene.
 Though this sword were twice so long
 As any mans else in the throng
 And for his sake, the Play
 Was call'd for the second day.
 But he made a vow
 (And he performs it now)
 That were he alive, or dead,
 Hereafter, it should never be sed
 But *Cap. Cox* would serve on horse
 For better or for worse,
 If any Prince came hither.
 And his horse should have a feather
 Nay, such a Prince it might be
 Perhaps he should have three.
 Now, Sir (in your approach
 The rumbling of your Coach
 Awaking me, (his Ghost)
 I come to play your Host,
 And feast your eyes and eares,
 Neither with Dogs, nor Beares,
 Though that have beene a fit
 Of our maine-shire wit,
 In times heretofore,
 But now, we have got a little more.
 These then that we present
 With a most loyall intent
 And (as the Author saith)
 No ill meaning to the Catholique faith,
 Are not so much beasts, as Fowles,
 But a very Nest of Owles,
 And naturall, so thrive I,
 I found them in the Ivy,
 A thing, that though I blundered at,
 It may in time be wondred at,
 If the place but affords
 Any store of lucky birds,
 As I make 'em to flush
 Each Owle out of his bush.

Now,

Now, these Owles (some say) were men,
 And they may be soagen,
 If once they endure the light
 Of your highnesse sight:
 For Bank-rupts, we have knowne
 Rise to more then their owne.
 With a little-little favour
 Of the Princes favour,
 But, as you like their tricks,
 I'll spring 'em, they are but fix.

Hey, Owle first.

This Bird is *London* bred
 As you may see by his horn'd head.
 And had like to have beene tane
 At his shop in *Jvy-lane*,
 Where he sold by the peny
 Tobacco, as good as any;
 But, whether it did provoke
 His conscience, he sold smoke;
 Or some other toy he tooke,
 Towards his calling to looke:
 He fled by *Moone-shine* thence;
 And broke for sixtene pence.

Hey, Owle second.

This too, the more is the pittie
 Is of the breed, of the same Citie,
 A true Owle of *London*
 That gives out he is undone,
 Being a Cheese-monger,
 By trusting two of the younger
 Captaines, for the hunger
 Of their halfe-starv'd number;
 Whom since they have shipt away:
 And left him God to pay,
 With those cares for a badge
 Of their dealing with his Madge.

Hey, Owle third.

A pure native Bird
 This, and though his hue
 Be not *Coventrie-blue*,
 Yet is he undone
 By the thred he has spunne,
 For since the wise towne
 Has let the sports downe
 Of May-games, and Morris,
 For which he right sorry is:
 Where their Maides, and their Makes,
 At dancings, and Wakes,
 Had their Napkins, and poses,
 And the wipers for their noses.

S 2

And

And their snocks all-be-wrought,
With his thred which they bought,
It now lies on his hands,
And having neither wit, nor lands,
Is ready to hang, or choke him,
In a skeyne of that, that broke him.

Hey, Owle fourth.
Was once a Bankrupt of worth,
And having run a shifting race,
At last by money, and grace,
Got him a Serjeants place,
And to be one of Chace.

A full fortnight was not spent,
But out comes the Parliament,
Takes away the use of his Mace,
And left him in a worse, then his first case.

Hey, Owle the fift.
But here was a defeat,
Never any so great,
Of a Don, a Spanish Reader,
Who had thought to have bin the Leader
(Had the Match gon on)
Of our Ladies one by one,
And triumpht our whole Nation,
In his *Redomant* fashion:
But now since the breach,
He has not a Scholler to teach.

Hey, Owle sixt.
The Bird-bringer up is a Knight,
But a passionate wight,
Who, since the Act against swearing,
(The tale's worth your hearing)
In this short times growth
Hath at twelve pence an oath;
For that (I take it) is the rate
Sworne himsef out of his estate.

The third varied.
A Crop-eard Scrivener, this,
Who when he heard but the whif-
per of moneys to come downe,
Fright got him out of Towne
With all the Bills and Bands
Of other mens in his hands,
And cry'd, who will drive the trade,
Since such a Law they had made:
It was not he that broke.
Two of the hundred spoke,
Nor car'd he for the curse,
He could not heare much worse,
He had his eares in his purse.

The End.

THE

THE FORTUNATE ISLES,

AND
THEIR VNION
CELEBRATED IN A
MASQUE

Design'd for the Court, on the
Twelfth night. 1626.

His choree, cantusque vigent.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

His M^{ie} being set,

Entreth in, running, JOHPHIEL, an aery spirit, and (according to
the Magi) the Intelligence of Jupiters sphere: Attired in light silkes
of severall colours, with wings of the same, a bright yellow haire, a chaplet of
flowers, blew silke stockings, and pumper, and gloves, with a silver fan in his
hand.

JOHPHIEL.

Like a lightning from the skie,
Or an arrow shot by Love,
Or a Bird of his let fly;
Bee't a Sparrow, or a Dove:
With that winged haft, come I,
Lookt from the Sphere of love,
To wish good-night
To your delight.

To

*To him enters a Melancholique Student, in bare and worne cloathes,
shrowded under an obscure cloake, and the eaves of an old hat,
sitching a deepe sigh, his name, Mr. Mere-Foole.*

MERE-FOOLE.

Oh, oh!

JOHPHIEL.

In *Saturn's* name, the Father of my Lord!
What over-charged piece of *Melancholie*
Is this, breakes in betweene my wishes thus,
With bombing sighes?

MERE-FOOLE.

No! no Intelligence!

Not yet! and all my vowes now nine dayes old!
Blindnesse of fate! Puppies had scene by this time:
But I see nothing! that I should! or would see!
What meane the Brethren of the *Rosie-Crosse*
So to desert their votarie!

JOHPHIEL.

O! 'tis one

Hath vow'd himsefse unto that ærie order,
And now is gaping for the flie they promis'd him.
I'll mixe a little with him for my sport.

MERE-FOOLE.

Have I both in my lodging, and my dyer,
My cloathes, and every other solemne charge
Observ'd 'hem! made the naked bords my bed!
A sagot for my pillow! hungred sore!

JOHPHIEL.

And thirsted after 'hem!

MERE-FOOLE.

To looke gaunt, and leane!

JOHPHIEL.

Which will not be.

MERE-FOOLE.

(Who's that?) yes, and outwatcht,
Yea, and out-walked any Ghost alive
In solitarie circle, worne my bootes,
Knees, armes, and elbows out!

JOHPHIEL.

Ran on the score!

MERE-FOOLE.

That have I (who suggests that?) and for more
Then I will speake of, to abate this flesh,
And have not gaind the fight;

JOHPHIEL.

Nay scarce the sence:

MERE-

MERE-FOOLE.

(Voice, thou art right) of any thing but a cold
Wind in my stomacke.

JOHPHIEL.

And a kind of whimsie;

MERE-FOOLE.

Here in my head, that puts me to the staggers,
Whether there be that Brotherhood, or no.

JOHPHIEL.

Beleeve fraile man, they be: and thou shalt see.

MERE-FOOLE.

What shall I see?

JOHPHIEL.

Mee.

MERE-FOOLE.

Thee? Where?

JOHPHIEL.

Here. If you

Be Mr. *Mere-Foole*.

MERE-FOOLE.

Sir, our name is *Mery-Foole*.

But by contraction *Mere-foole*.

JOHPHIEL.

Then are you

The wight I seeke: and Sr. my name is *Jophiel*,
Intelligence to the Sphere of *Jupiter*,
An ærv jocular spirit, employ'd to you
From Father OVTIS.

MERE-FOOLE.

OVTIS? who is hee?

JOHPHIEL.

Know yee not OVTIS? Then you know No body:
The good old *Hermit*, that was said to dwell
Here in the Forrest without trees, that built
The Castle in the aire, where all the Brethren
Rhodostauroticke live. It flies with wings,
And runnes on wheels: where *Julian de Campis*
Holds out the brandisht blade.

MERE-FOOLE.

Is't possible

They thinke on mee?

JOHPHIEL.

Rise, be not lost in wonder,

But heare me, and be faithfull. All the Brethren
Have heard your vowes, salute you, and expect you,
By me, this next returne. But the good Father
Has bin content to die for you.

MERE-

Masques.

MERE-FOOLE.
Formee?

JOHNIEL.

For you. Last New-yeares day, which some give out,
Because it was his Birth-day, and began
The yeare of *Jubile*, he would rest upon it,
Being his hundred five and twentieth yeare:
But the truth is, having observ'd your *Genesis*,
He would not live, because he might leave all
He had to you.

MERE-FOOLE.

What had he?

JOHNIEL.

Had: An office,

Two, three, or foure.

MERE-FOOLE.

Where?

JOHNIEL.

In the upper Region:

And that you'll find. The Farme of the great Customes,
Through all the Ports of the Aires Intelligences;
Then Constable of the *Castle Rosie-Crosse*:
Which you must be, and Keeper of the Keyes
Of the whole *Kaball*, with the Scales; you shall be
Principall Secretarie to the *Starres*:
Know all their signatures, and combinations,
The divine rods, and consecrated roots.
What not? Would you turne trees up like the wind,
To shew your strength: march over heads of armies,
Or points of pikes, to shew your lightnesse: force
All doores of arts, with the petasce, of your wit:
Reade at one view all bookes: speake all the languages
Of severall creatures: master all the learnings
Were, are, or shall be: or, to shew your wealth,
Open all treasures, hid by nature, from
The rocke of Diamond, to the mine of Sea-coale:
Sir, you shall doe it.

MERE-FOOLE.

But how?

JOHNIEL.

Why, by his skill,

Of which he has left you the inheritance,
Here in a pot: this little gally pot
Of tincture, high rose tincture. There's your Order,
You will ha' your Collar sent you, er'the long.

MERE-FOOLE.

I lookt Sir, for a halter, I was desperate.

JOHNIEL.

Masques.

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JOHNIEL.

Reach forth your hand.

MERE-FOOLE.

O Sir, a broken sleeve

Keepes the arme back as 'tis i' the proverbe.

JOHNIEL.

Nay,

For that I doe commend you: you must be poore
With all your wealth, and learning. When you ha' made
Your glasses, gardens in the depth of Winter,
Where you will walke invisible to Man-kind,
Talkt with all birds and beasts in their owne language,
When you have penetrated hills like ayre,
Div'd to the bottome of the Sea, like leade,
And ris' againe like cooke, walkt in the fire
An'twere a *Salamander*, pals'd through all
The winding orbes, like an Intelligence,
Up to the *Empyreum*, when you have made
The World your gallery, can dispatch a businesse
In some three minutes, with the *Antipodes*,
And in five more, negotiate the *Globe* over;
You must be poore still.

MERE-FOOLE.

By my place, I know it.

JOHNIEL.

Where would you wish to be now: or what to see:
Without the fortunate purse to beare your charges,
Or wishing hat: I will but touch your temples,
The corners of your eyes, and tinct the tip,
The very tip o' your nose, with this *Collyrium*
And you shall see i' the ayre all the *Idea's*,
Spirits, and *Atomes*, Flies, that buz about
This way, and that way, and are rather admirable,
Then any way intelligible.

MERE-FOOLE.

O, come, tinct me,

Tinct me: I long, save this great belly, I long.
But shall I onely see?

JOHNIEL.

See, and command

As they were all your varlets, or your foot-boyes:
But first you must declare, (your greatnesse must,
For that is now your stile) what you would see.
Or whom.

MERE-FOOLE.

Is that my stile: My Greatnesse, then,

Would see King *Zoroastres*.

T

JOHNIEL.

JOHN HIEL.

Why you shall:

Or any one beside. Thinke whom you please?
Your thousand, Your ten thousand, to a million;
All's one to me, if you could name a myriad.

MERE-FOOLE.

I have nam'd him.

JOHN HIEL.

You have reason.

MERE-FOOLE.

I, I have reason.

Because he's said to be the Father of conjurers,
And a cunning man i' the starrs;

JOHN HIEL.

I, that's it troubles us.

A little for the present: For, at this time
He is confuzing a French *Almanack*,
But he will straight have done, Ha you but patience;
Or thinke but any other in meane time,
Any hard name.

MERE-FOOLE.

Then, *Hermes Trismegistus*.

JOHN HIEL.

O, *trismegistus*? Why, you shall see him,
A fine hard name. Or him, or whom you will,
As I said to you afore. Or what doe you thinke
Of *Hovle-glasse*, instead of him.

MERE-FOOLE.

No, him

I have a mind to.

JOHN HIEL.

O, but *Vlen-splegle*.

Were such a name! but you shall have your longing.
What lucke is this, he should be busie too?
He is waighing water, but to fill three houre-glasses,
And make the day in pen'orths like a cheese,
And he has done. 'Tis strange you should name him
Of all the rest! there being *Famblicus*,
Or *Porphyrie*, or *Proclus*, any name
That is not busie.

MERE-FOOLE.

Let me see *Pythagoras*.

JOHN HIEL.

Good.

MERE-FOOLE.

O *Plato*.

JOHN HIEL.

Plato, is framing some *Idea's*,
Are now bespoken, at a great dozen,
Three groats at least: And, for *Pythagoras*,

He

He has rashly run himselfe on an employment,
Of keeping *Asses* from a field of beanes;
And cannot be stav'd off.

MERE-FOOLE.

Then, *Archimedes*.

JOHN HIEL.

Yes, *Archimedes*!

MERE-FOOLE.

I, or *Aesop*.

JOHN HIEL.

Nay,

Hold your first man, a good man, *Archimedes*,
And worthy to be seene; but he is now
Inventing a rare Mouse-trap with *Owles* wings
And a *Cattis*-foot, to catch the *Mise* alone:
And *Aesop*, he is filing a *Fox* tongue,
For a new fable he has made of Court;
But you shall see hem all, stay but your time
And aske in season; Things as'kd out of season
A man denies himselfe. At such a time
As *Christmas*, when disguising is o'foot,
To aske of the inventions, and themen,
The witts, and the ingines that move those Orbes!
Me thinkes, you should enquire now, after *Skelton*,
Or Mr. *Skogan*.

MERE-FOOLE.

Skogan? what was he?

JOHN HIEL.

O a fine Gentleman, and a *Master of Arts*,
Of *Henry* the fourth's times, that made disguises
For the Kings sonnes, and writ in ballad-royall
Daintily well.

MERE-FOOLE.

But, wrote he like a Gentleman?

JOHN HIEL.

In rime! fine tinckling rime! and slow and verse!
With now and then some fence! and he was paid for't,
Regarded, and rewarded: which few *Poets*
Are now adaies.

MERE-FOOLE.

And why?

JOHN HIEL.

'Cause every Dabber

In rime thought the same. But you shall see him.
Hold up your nose.

MERE-FOOLE.

I had rather see a *Brachman*.Or a *Gymnosophist* yet.

T 3

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JOHNIEL.

You shall see him, Sir.
Is worth them both. And with him *Domine Skelton*,
The worshipfull *Poet Laureat* to *K. Harry*,
And *Tytus* in of those times. Advance quick *Skogan*,
And quicker *Skelton*, shew your craftie heads,
Before this Heire of arts, this Lord of learning,
This Master of all knowledge in reversion.

Enter *SKOGAN*, And *SKELTON* in like
habits, as they live'd.

SKOGAN.

Seemeth we are call'd of a morall intent,
If the words that are spoken, as well now be meant.

JOHNIEL.

That Mr. *Skogan* I dare you ensure.

SKOGAN.

Then, Sonne, our acquaintance is like to indure.

MERE-FOOLE.

A pretty game! like *Crambe*. Mr. *Skogan*,
Give me thy hand: Thou'rt very leane, me thinks,
Is't living by thy wits?

SKOGAN.

If it had beene that,
My worshipfull Sonne, thou hadst be' bin so fat.

JOHNIEL.

He tels you true Sir. Here's a Gentleman
(My paire of crafty Clerkes) of that high caract,
As hardly hath the age produc't his like.
Who not content with the wit of his owne times,
Is curious to know yours, and what hath beene,

MERE-FOOLE.

Oris, or shall be.

JOHNIEL.

Note his Latitude!

SKELTON.

O, *vir amplissimus!*

(*Ut scholis dicimus*)

Et *gentilissimus!*

JOHNIEL.

The question-*issimus*

Is, should he take a fight now, for his life;
I meane, a person, he would have restor'd,
To memorie of these times, for a Play-fellow,
Whether you would present him, with an *Hermes*,
Or, with an *Howle-glas*?

SKELTON.

SKELTON.

An *Howleglasse*

To come, to passe

On his Fathers Asse,

There never was,

By day, nor night,

A finer sight.

With feathers upright

In his horned cap,

And crooked shape,

Much like an Ape,

With Owle on fist,

And Glasse at his wrist.

SKOGAN.

Except the foure Knaves entertain'd for the guards,
Of the Kings, and the Queenes that triumph in the cards.

JOHNIEL.

I, that were a sight and a halfe, I confesse,
To see' hem come skipping in, all at a messe!

SKELTON.

With *Elinor Rumming*.

To make up the mumming,

That comely *Gill*,

That dwelt on a hill,

But she is not grill:

Her face all bowfic,

Droopie, and drowfic,

Scurvy, and lowfic,

Comely crinkled,

Wondrously wrinkled,

Like a rost pigs eare,

Bristled with haire.

SKOGAN.

Or, what doe you say to *Ruffian Fitz-Alle*?

JOHNIEL.

An excellent sight, if he be not to stale.

But then, we can mix him with moderne *Papots*,

The Child of *Tobacco*, his pipes, and his papers.

MERE-FOOLE.

You talk'd of *Elinor Rumming*, I had rather
See *Ellen of Troy*.

JOHNIEL.

Her you shall see.

But credit mee,

That *Marie Antree*

(Who march'd so free-

To the Siege of *Camt*,

And death could not daunt,

As the Ballad doth vaunt)

Were

Were a braver wight,
And a better sight.

SKELTON.

Or Westminster Meg,
With her long leg,
As long as a Crane;
And feet like a plane:
With a paire of heeles,
As broad as two wheelles;
To drive downe the dew,
As she goes to the stew:
And turnes home merry,
By Lambeth Ferry.
Or you may have come
In, *Thomas Thumbe*,
In a pudding fatt
With Doctor Ratt.

JOHNSON.

I, that! that! that!
Wee'll have 'em all,
To fill the Hall.

The Antimasque follows.

Consisting of these twelve persons, *Oneglass*, the foure
Knaves, two *Ruffians*, *Fitz-ale*, and *Vapour*, *Elnor Rum-*
ming, *Mary Ambree*, *Long-Meg* of Westminster,
Tom Thumbe, and Doctor Ratt.

Which done,

MERE-FOOLE.

What! are they vanish'd! where is skipping *Skelton*?
Or morall *Skogan*? I doe like their shew
And would have thank'd 'em, being the first grace
The Company of the *Rosie-Crosse* hath done me.

JOHNSON.

The company o'the *Rosie-Crosse*! you wigion,
The company of *Players*. Goe, you are,
And will be still your selfe, a *Mere-foole*, In;
And take your pot of honey here, and hogs grace,
See, who has gild you, and make one. Great King,
Your pardon, if desire to please have trespass'd.
This foole should have beene sent to *Antycira*,
(The Ile of *Elleboro*) there to have purg'd,
Not hop'd a happie seat within your waters.
Heare now the message of the Fates, and *Jove*,
On whom those Fates depend, to you, as *Neptune*
The great Commander of the Seas, and Iles.
That point of Revolution being come

When

When all the Fortunate Islands should be joyn'd,
MACARIA, one, and thought a Principall,
That hitherto hath stoted, as uncertaine
Where she should fix her blessings, is to night
Instru'd to adhere to your *BRITANNIA*:
That where the happie spirits live, hereafter
Might be no question made, by the most curious,
Since the *Macarij* come to doe you homage,
And joyne their cradle to your continent.

*Here the Scene opens, and the Masquers are discover'd sitting in
their severall seiges. The ayre opens above, and APOLLO
with Harmony, and the spirits of Musique sing, the
while the Island moves forward, Proteus sitting
below, and hearkening.*

SONG.

Looke forth the Shepheard of the Seas,
And of the Ports that keepe the keyes,
And to your Neptune tell,
MACARIA, Prince of all the Isles,
Wherein there nothing grows, but smiles,
Doth here put in, to dwell.
The windes are sweet, and gently blow,
But Zephirus, no breath they know,
The Father of the flowers:
By him the virgin violets live,
And every plant doth odours give,
As new, as are the bowers.

CHORVS.

Then, thinke it not a common cause,
That to it so much wonder draws,
And all the heavens consent,
With Harmony to tune their notes,
In answer to the publike votes,
That for it up were sent.

By this time, the Island having joyned it selfe to the shore;
PROTEVS, *PORTVNVS*, and *SARON* come forth,
and goe up singing to the State, while the Masquers
take time to rank themselves.

Song.

PROTEVS.

I, now, the heights of Neptunes honours shine,
And all the glories of his greater stile
Are read, reflected in this happie Ile.

PORTVNVS.

PORTVNVS. How looke the ayre, the soyle, the seat combine
To speake is blessed!

SARON. These are the true groves,
Where joyes are borne.

PROTEVS. Where longings,

PORTVNVS. And where loves!

SARON. That live!

PROTEVS. That last!

PORTVNVS. No intermitted wind
Blowes here, but what leaues flowers, or fruit behind.

CHORVS. 'Tis odour all, that comes!
And every tree doth give his gummes.

PROTEVS. There is no sicknesse, nor no old age knowne
To man, nor any griefe that hee dares owne.
There is no hunger there, nor enuy of state.
Nor least ambition in the Magistrate.
But all are even-hearted, open, free,
And what one is, another strives to be.

PORTVNVS. Here all the day, they feast, they sport, and spring;
Now dance the Graces Hay, now Venus Ring:
To which the old Musicians play, and sing.

SARON. There is ARION, tuning his bold Harpe,
from flat to sharpe.

PORTVNVS. And light Anacreon,
He still is one!

PROTEVS. Stesichorus there, too,
That Linus, and old Orpheus doth out-doe
To wonder.

SARON. And Amphion! he is there.

PORTVNVS. Nor is Apollo dainty to appeare
In such a quire, although the trees be thick,

PROTEVS. He will looke in, and see the aires be quiek,
And that the times be true.

PORTVNVS.

PORTVNVS. Then, chanting,

PROTEVS. Then,

Up, with their notes, they raise the Prince of Men.

SARON. And sing the present Prophecie that goes
Of joyning the bright LILLIE, and the ROSE.

CHORVS. See! all the flowers

PROTEVS. That spring the banks along,
Doe move their heads unto that under-song.

CHORVS. SARON, PORTVNVS, PROTEVS, helpe to bring
Our Primrose in, the glory of the spring!
And tell the Daffadill, against that day,
That we prepare new Gyrlands fresh as May.
And enter-weave the Myrtle, and the Bay.

This sung, the Island goes backe, whil't the upper
Chorus takes it from them, and the Masquers
prepare for their figure.

CHORVS. Spring all the Graces of the age,
And all the Loves of time;
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rime:
Adde all the softnesses of Courts,
The lookes, the laughers, and the sports.
And mingle all their sweets, and salts,
That none may say, the Triumph halts.

The Masquers Dance their Entry
or first dance.
Which done, the first Prospective, a Maritime Pa-
lace, or the house of Oceanus is discovered
to loude Musicke.
The other above is no more scene:

JOSEPHIEL. Behold the Palace of Oceanus!
Hayle Reverend structure! Boast no more to us
Thy being able, all the Gods to feast;
We saw enough: when ALBION was thy guest.

V

The

The Measures.

*After which, the second Prospective, a Sea is shovne,
to the former Musicke.*

JONPHIEL.

Now turne, and view the wonders of the deepe,
Where *Proteus* Herds, and *Neptunes* Orkes doe keepe,
Where all is plough'd, yet still the pastures greene
New wayes are found, and yet no paths are seene.

Here *Proteus*, *Portunus*, *Saron*, goe up to the
Ladies with this Song.

PROTEVS.

Come noble Nymphs, and doe not hide
The joyes, for which you so provide:

SARON.

If not to mingle with the Men,
What doe you here? Goe home agen.

PORTVNE.

Your dressings doe confesse,
By what we see, so curious parts
Of *Pallas*, and *Arachnes* arts,
That you could meane no lesse.

PROTEVS.

Why doe you weare the Silk-wormes toyle,
Or glory in the shell-fish spoyle;
Or strive to shew the graines of Ore
That you have gather'd on the shore,
whereof to make a stocke
To graft the greener Emerald on,
Or any better water'd stone,

SARON.

Or Rubie of the Rocke?

PROTEVS.

Why doe you smell of Amber-gris,
Of which was formed *Neptunes* Neice,
The Quene of Love: unlessse you can
Like Sea-borne *Venus* love a Man?

SARON.

Try, put your selves unto,

CHORVS.

Your looks, your smiles, and thoughts that meet,
Ambrosian hands, and silver feet,
Doe promise you will doe's.

The

The Revells follow.

*Which ended, the Fleet is discovered, while the
three Corners play.*

JONPHIEL.

'Tis time, your eyes should be refresh'd at length
With something new, a part of *NEPTVNE*'s strength,
See yond', his Fleete, ready to goe or come,
Or fetch the riches of the Ocean home,
So to secure him, both in peace, and warres,
Till not one ship alone, but all be starres.

Then the last Song.

PROTEVS.

Although we wish the glory still might last
Of such a night, and for the causes past:
Yet now, great Lord of waters, and of Iles,
Give *Proteus* leave to turne unto his wiles.

PORTVNE.

And, whilst young *ALBION* doth by labours ease,
Dispatch *Portunus* to the Ports.

SARON.

And *Saron* to the Seas:
To meet old *Nereus*, with his sistie girles,
From aged *Indus* laden home with pearles,
And *Orient* gummes, to burne unto thy name.

CHORVS.

And may thy subjects hearts be all on flame,
Whil' st thou dost keepe the earth in firme estate,
And 'mongst the winds, dost suffer no debate,
But both at Sea, and Land, our powers increase,
With health, and all the golden gifts of Peace.

After which, their last Dance.

The End.

V 2

LOVES

LOVES TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS.

Performed in a Masque at Court.

1630.

By his Majestie, with the Lords,
and Gentlemen assisting.

The Inventors.

Ben. Johnson. Inigo Jones.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos?

To make the Spectators understanders.

WHEREAS all Representations, especially those of this nature in Court, publique Spectacles, either have beene, or ought to bee the mirrours of mans life, whose ends, for the excellence of their exhibitors (as being the donatives, of great Princes, to their people) ought alwayes to carry a mixture of profit, with them, no lesse then delight; Wee, the Inventors, being commanded from the King, to thinke on something worthy of his Majesties putting in act, with a selected company of his Lords, and Gentlemen, called to the assistance: For the honour of his Court, and the dignitie of that heroique love, and regall respect borne by him to his unmatched Lady, and Spouse, the Queenes Majestie, after some debate of cogitation with our selves, resolved on this following argument.

First, that a Person, *boni ominis*, of a good Character, as *Euphemus*, sent downe from Heaven to *Callipolis*, which is understood, the Citie of Beauty or Goodnesse, should come in, and, finding her Majestie there enthron'd, declare unto her, that Love who was wont to be respected as a speciall Deitie in Court, and Tutelar God of the place, had of late received

received an advertisement, that in the suburbs, or skirts of *Callipolis*, were crept in certaine Sectaries, or deprav'd Lovers, who neither knew the name, or nature of love rightly, yet boasted themselves his followers, when they were fitter to be call'd his *Furies*: their whole life being a continu'd vertigo, or rather a torture on the wheele of Love, then any motion, either of order or measure. When suddenly they leape forth below, a Mistresse leading them, and with antick gesticulation, and action, after the manner of the old *Pantomimi*, they dance over a distracted Comedy of Love, expressing their confus'd affections, in the Scenical persons, and habits of the foure prime European Nations.

A glorious boasting Lover.
A whining Ballading Lover.
An adventurous Romance Lover.

A phantastick umbrageous Lover.
A bribing corrupt Lover.
A froward jealous Lover.

A sordid illiberall Lover.
A proud scornfull Lover.
An angry quarrelling Lover.

A Melancholique despairing Lover.
An envious unquiet Lover.
A sensuall brute Lover.

All which, in varied, intricate turnes, and involv'd mazes, exprest, make the *Antimasque*: and conclude the exit, in a circle.

EUPHEMUS descends singing.

Joy, joy to mortals, the rejoycing fires
Of gladnesse, smile in your dilated hearts!
Whilst Love presents a world of chaste desires,
Which may produce a harmony of parts!

Love is the right affection of the minde,
The noble appetite of what is best:
Desire of union with the thing design'd,
But in fruition of it cannot rest.

The Father plenty is, the Mother want.
Plenty the beauty, which it wanteth, drawes;
Want yeelds it selfe: affording what is want.
So, both affections are the union's cause.

*Porus, and
Penia.*

But, rest not here. For Love hath larger scopes,
New joyes, new pleasures, of as fresh a date
As are his minutes: and, in him no hopes
Are pure, but those he can perpetuate.

He goes up
to the Stage. To you that are by excellence a Queene!
The top of beauty! but, of such an ayre,
As, onely by the minds eye, may be scene
Your enter-woven lines of good, and fayre!

Pouchsafe to grace Loves triumph here, to night,
Through all the stretes of your Callipolis;
Which by the splendor of your rayes made bright
The seat, and region of all beauty is.

Love, in perfection, longeth to appeare,
But prayes of savour, he be not call'd on,
Till all the suburbs, and the skirts be cleare
Of perturbations, and th infection gon.

Then will he flow forth, like a rich perfume
Into your nostrils! or some sweeter sound
Of melting Musique, that shall not consume
Within the eare, but run the mazes round.

Here the Chorus walke about with their Censers.

CHORVS.

Meane time, wee make lustration of the place,
And with our solemne fires, and waters prove
I have frighted hence, the weake diseased race
Of those were tortur'd on the wheele of love.

¹The glorious, ²whining, ³the adventurous soale,
⁴Phantastique, ⁵briding, and the ⁶jealous asse
¹The sordid, ²scornefull, ³and the angry mule
⁴The melancholique, ⁵dull, and envious masse,

CHORVS.

With all the rest, that in the sensuall schoole
Of lust, for their degree of brute may passe.

The prospect
of Sea ap-
peares.

All which are vapour'd hence.
No loves, but slaves to sense:
Meere cattell, and not men.

Sound, sound, and treble all our joyes agen,
Who had the power, and vertue to remove
Such monsters from the labyrinth of love.

The Triumph is first scene a-farre off, and led in by *Amphitrite*,
the Wife of *Oceanus*, with foure Sea-
gods attending her.

NEREUS, PROTEUS, GLAUCUS, PALÆMON.

It consisteth of fiftene Lovers, and as many Cupids, who ranke them-
selves seven, and seven on a side, with each a Cupid before him, with a ligh-

lighted torch, and the middle person (which is his Majestie,) placed in the center.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. The provident. | 2. The judicious. |
| 3. The secret. | 4. The valiant. |
| 5. The witty. | 6. The joviall. |
| 7. The secure. | 15. The Heroicall. |
| 9. The modest. | 8. The substantiall. |
| 11. The courteous. | 10. The candid. |
| 13. The rationally. | 12. The elegant. |
| | 14. The magnificent. |

AMPHITRITE.

Here, stay awhile: This! this
The Temple of all Beautie is!

Here, perfect Lovers, you must pay
First-fruits; and on these altars lay
(The Ladies breast's) your ample vowes,
Such, as Love brings, and Beauty best allows!

CHO. { For Love, without his object, soone is gone:
Love must have answering love, to looke upon.

AMPHITRITE.

To you, best Judge then, of perfection!

EUPHEMVS.

The Queene, of what is wonder, in the place!

AMPHITRITE.

Pure object, of Heroique Love, alone!

EUPHEMVS.

The center of proportion----!

AMPHITRITE.

Sweetness.

EUPHEMVS.

Grace?

AMPHITRITE.

Daigne to receive all lines of love in one.

EUPHEMVS.

And by reflecting of them fill this space.

CHO. { Till it a circle of those glories prove,
{ Fit to be sought in Beauty, found by Love.

SEMI-CHO. { Where Love is mutuall, still
{ All things in order move,

SEMI-CHO. { The circle of the will
{ Is the true sphere of Love.

CHO. { Advance, you gentler Cupids, then advance,
{ And shew your just perfections in your dances.

The Cupids dance, their dance.

And the Masquers their entry.

Which done, *Eucelia*, or a faire Glory appears in the heavens, sing-
ing an applausive song, or *Pæan* of the whole, which shee takes occasion

to ingeminate in the second *Chorus*, upon the sight of a work of *Neptunes*, being a hollow rocke, filling part of the Sea-prospect, whereon the *Muses* sit.

EVCLIA: Hymne.

So love, emergent out of Chaos brought
The world to light!
And gently moving on the waters, wrought
All forme to sights!

Love's appetite
Did beautie first excite:
And left imprinted in the ayre,
Those signatures of good, and faire,
CHO. Which since have flow'd forth upon the sense
To wonder first, and then to excellence,
By vertue of divine intelligence!

The ingemination.

And *Neptune* too,
Shewes what his waves can doe:
To call the *Muses* all to play,
And sing the birth of *Venus* day,
CHO. Which from the Sea flow'd forth upon the sense
To wonder first, and next to excellence,
By vertue of divine intelligence!

Here follow the Revells.

Which ended, the Scene changeth to a Garden, and the heavens opening, there appeare foure new persons, in forme of a *Constellation*, sitting, or a new *Asterisme*, expecting *Venus*, whom they call upon with this song.

JUPITER, JUNO, GENIUS, HYMEN.

JUP. Hast daughter *Venus*, hast, and come away:

JUN. All powers, that governe Marriage, pray
That you will lend your light

GEN. Unto the constellation of this night,

HYM. Hymen.

JUN. And *Juno*.

GEN. And the *Genius* call,

JUP. Your father *Jupiter*,

CHO. And all
That blesse, or honour holy nuptiall.

VENUS.

VENUS here appeares in a cloud, and passing through the *Constellation*, descendeth to the earth, when presently the cloud vanisheth, and she is seene sitting in a throne.

VENUS.

Here, here I present ame
Both in my girle, and my flame.
Wherein are woven all the powers
The *Graces* gave me, or the *Houres*
(My nothces once) with all the arts
Of gayning, and of holding hearts:
And these with I descend.
But, to your influences, first commend
The vow, I goe to take
On earth, for perfect love and beauties sake!

Her song ended, and she rising to goe up to the *Queene*, the *Throne* disappears: in place of which, there shooteth up a *Palme* tree with an imperiall Crowne on the top, from the roote whereof, *Lillies* and *Roses*, twining together, and embracing the stemme, flourish through the crowne, which she in the song, with the *Chorus* describes.

Beauty and Love, whose story is mysteriall,
In yonder *Palme*-tree, and the Crowne imperiall,
Doe from the *Rose*, and *Lilly* so delicious,
Promise a shade shall ever be propitious
To both the Kingdomes. But to Brittaines *Genius*
The snaky rod, and serpents of *Cyllenius*
Bring not more peace, then these, who so united be
By Love, as with it Earth and Heaven delighted be.
And who this King, and *Queene* would well historifie,
Need onely speake their names: Those them will glorifie,
MARY, and *CHARLES*, *CHARLES* with his *MARY*, named are
And all the rest of Loves, or Princes famed are.

After this they dance their going out,
and end.

X

The

The Masquers Names.

The King.

The Marquesse <i>Hamilton.</i>	Lord <i>Chamberlaine.</i>
Earle of <i>Holland.</i>	Earle of <i>Carnarvan.</i>
Earle of <i>Newport.</i>	Vicount <i>Doncaster.</i>
Lord <i>Strange.</i>	Sir <i>William Howard.</i>
Sir <i>Robert Stanley.</i>	Sir <i>William Brooke.</i>
Master <i>Goring.</i>	Master <i>Raleigh.</i>
Master <i>Dimock.</i>	Master <i>Abercromy.</i>

The End.

CHLO-

CHLORIDIA.

RITES TO

CHLORIS AND

HER NYMPHS.

Personated in a Masque at Court.

By the Queenes Majestie
And her Ladyes.

At Shrove-tide.

1630.

The Inventors.

Ben. Johnson. *Inigo Jones.**Unius tellus ante coloris erat.*

CHLORIDIA.

THE King, and Queenes Majestie, having given their command for the Invention of a new argument, with the whole change of the *Scene*, wherein her Majestie, with the like number of her Ladyes, purposed a presentation to the King. It was agreed, it should be the celebration of some Rites, done to the Goddesse *Chloris*, who in a generall counsell of the Gods, was proclaim'd Goddesse of the flowers, according to that of *Ovid*, in the *Fasti*.

Arbitrarius tu Dea floris habes.

And was to be stellified on Earth, by an absolute decree from *Jupiter*, who would have the Earth to bee adorn'd with starres, as well as the Heaven.

Upon this hinge, the whole Invention mov'd.

The ornament, which went about the *Scene*, was composed of Foliage, or leaves heightned with gold, and enter-woven with all sorts of flowers,

X 2

and

and naked children, playing, and climbing among the branches; and in the midst, a great Garland of flowers, in which was written, *CHLORIDA*.

The Curtaine being drawne up, the *Scene* is discover'd, consisting of pleasant hills, planted with young trees, and all the lower bankes adorned with flowers. And from some hollow parts of those Hills, Fountains come gliding downe, which, in the farre-off Land-shape, seem'd all to be converted to a River.

Overall, a serene skie, with transparent cloudes, giving a great lustre to the whole worke, which did imitate the pleasant *Spring*.

When the Spectators had enough fed their eyes, with the delights of the *Scene*, in a part of the ayre, a bright Cloud begins to breake forth; and in it is sitting a plumpe Boy, in a changeable garment, richly adorn'd, representing the mild *Zephyrus*. On the other side of the *Scene*, in a purplish Cloud, appeareth the *Spring*, a beautifull Maid, her upper garment Greene, under it, a white robe wrought with flowers; A garland on her head.

Here *Zephyrus* begins his Dialogue, calling her forth, and making narration of the Gods decree at large, which she obeyes, pretending, it is come to Earth already: and there begun to be executed by the Kings favour, who assists with all bounties, that may be either urg'd, as causes, or reasons of the *Spring*.

The first Song.

ZEPHYRUS.

Come forth, come forth, the gentle Spring,
And carry the glad newes, I bring,
To Earth, our common mother:
It is decreed, by all the Gods
The Heav'n, of Earth shall have no oddes,
But one shall love another:

Their glories they shall mutuall make,
Earth looke on Heaven, for Heavens sake;
Their honour's shall be even:
All emulation cease, and jarres;
Jove will have Earth to have her starres
And lights, no lesse then Heaven.

SPRING.

It is already done, in flowers
As fresh, and new as are the houres,
By warmth of yonder Sunne,
But will be multiply'd on us,
If from the breath of ZEPHYRUS
Like favour we have wonne.

ZEPHYRUS.

Give all to him: His is the dew,
The heate, the humour,

SPRING.

SPRING. ---- All the true,
Belov'd of the Spring!

ZEPHYRUS.

The Sunne, the Wind, the Verdure!

SPRING. ---- All,

That wisest Nature cause can call
Of quick'ning any thing.

At which, *Zephyrus* passeth away through the ayre, and the *Spring* descendeth to the Earth: and is receiv'd by the *Naiades*, or *Napeæ*; who are the Nymph's, Fountains, and Servants of the season.

The second Song.

FOUNTAINES.

Faire Maide, but are you come to dwell,
And tarry with us here?

SPRING.

Fresh Fountains, I am come to tell
A tale in yond' soft care,
Whereof the murmure will doe well:
If you your parts will beare.

FOUNTAINES.

Our purlings waite upon the Spring.

SPRING.

Goe up with me, then: helpe to sing
The story to the King.

Here the *Spring* goes up, singing the argument to the King; and the *Fountains* follow with the close.

SPRING.

Cupid hath sa'ne offence of late
At all the Gods, that of the State,
And in their Council, he was so deserted,
Not to be call'd into their Guild
But slightly pass'd by, as a child.

FOUNTAINES.

Wherein he thinkes his honour was perverted.

SPRING.

And though his Mother seekes to season,
And rectifie his rage with reason,
By shewing he lives yet under her command,
Rebellious he, doth disobey,
And she hath forc'd his armes away.

FOUN-

FOUNTAINES.

To make him feele the Justice of her hand.

SPRING.

Whereas the Boy, in fury fell,
With all his speed, is gone to hell,
There to excite, and stirre up Fealousie,
To make a party gainst the Gods,
And set Heaven, Earth, and Hell at odds.

FOUNTAINES.

And raise a chaos of calamitie.

The Song ended, the Nymphs fall into a Daunce, to their voyces, and instruments, and so returne into the Scene.

THE ANTIMASQUE.

First Entrie.

A part of the under-ground opening, out of it enters a Dwarfie-Post from Hell, riding on a Curtall, with cloven feet, and two Lacqueys: These dance, and make the first entry of the Antimasque. Hee alights, and speaks.

POSTILION.

Hold my stirrup, my one Lacquey, and looke to my Curtall, the other: walke him well, Sirrah, while I exortate my selfe here in the reports of my office! oh the Furies! how I am joyed with the title of it! Postilion of Hell! yet no Mercury. But a meere Cacodemon, sent hither with a packet of newes! newes! never was Hell so furnished of the commoditie of newes! Love hath beene lately there, and so entertained by Pluto, and Proserpine, and all the Grandees of the place, as it is there perpetuall Holy-day: and a cessation of torment granted, and proclaimed for ever! Halfe-famish'd Tantalus is fallen to his fruit, with that appetite, as it threaten'd to undoe the whole company of Costard-mungers, and he's a River afore him, running excellent Wine, Ixion is loos'd from his wheele, and turn'd Dancer, does nothing but cut capriols, fetch friskals, and leades Lavaliers, with the Larniz! Sisyphus ha's left rowling the stone, and is growne a Mr. bowler: challenges all the prime gamblers, Parsons in hell, and gives them odds: upon Tityus he brest, that (for five of the nine acres) is counted the subblest bowling-ground in all Tartary. All the Furies are at a game call'd nine-pins, or keiles, made of old Usurers bones, and their soules looking on with delight, and bating on the game. Never was there such freedome of sport. Danaus Daughters have broke their bottomlesse tubs, and made bonfires of them. All is turn'd triumph there. Had Hell gates beene kept with halfe that strictnesse, as the entry here ha's beene to night, Pluto would have had but a cold Court, and Proserpine a thin presence, though both have a vast territorie. Wee had such a street to get in, I, and my Curtall, and my two Lacqueys all ventur'd through the eye of a Spanish needle, wee had never come in else, and that was by the favour

of

of one of the guard who was a woman-taylor, and held ope the passage. Cupid by commission hath carried Fealousie from Hell, Disdain, Feare, and Disimulation, with other Goblins, to trouble the Gods. And I am sent after post, to raise Tempest, Windes, Lightnings, Thunder, Rayne, and Snow, for some new exploit they have against the Earth, and the Goddess Chloris, Queene of the flowers, and Mistress of the Spring. For joy of which I will returne to my selfe, mount my Bidet, in a dance, and corvet upon my Curtall.

The speech ended, the Postilion mounts his Curtall, and with his Lacqueys, danceth forth as he came in.

2. Entry.

Cupid, Fealousie, Disdain, Feare, and Disimulation, dance together.

3. Entry.

The Queenes Dwarfie, richly apparell'd, as a Prince of Hell, attended by six infernall Spirits: He first danceth alone, and then the Spirits: all expressing their joy, for Cupids comming among them.

4. Entry.

Here the Scene changeth, into a horrid storme, Out of which enters the Nymph Tempest, with foure Windes, they dance.

5. Entry.

Lightnings, three in number, their habits glistering, expressing that effect, in their motion.

6. Entry.

Thunder alone dancing the tunes to a noyle, mixed, and imitating thunder.

7. Entry.

Rayne, presented by five persons all swolne, and clouded over, their hayre flagging, as if they were wet, and in their hands, balls full of sweet water, which, as they dance, sprinkle all the room.

8. And last entry.

Seven with rugged white heads, and beards, to expresse Snow, with flakes on their garments, mix'd with hayle. These having danced, returne into the stormy Scene, whence they came.

Here, by the providence of Juno, the tempest on an instant ceaseth. And the Scene is changed into a delicious place, figuring the bowre of Chloris.

Chloris. Where, in an arbour fayn'd of Gold-smiths worke, the ornament of which was borne up with *Termes* of *Satyres*, beautif'd with *Pestones*, Garlands, and all sorts of fragrant flowers. Beyond all this, in the skie a-farre off appear'd a *Rainebow*, in the most eminent place of the *Bowre*, sat the *Goddesse Chloris*, accompanied with fourteene *Nymphs*, their apparell white, embroydered with silver, trim'd at the shoulders with great leaves of greene, embroydered with gold, falling one under the other. And of the same worke were their bases, their head-tyres of flowers, mix'd with silver, and gold, with some sprigs of *Ægrets* among, and from the top of their dressing, a thin vayle hanging downe.

All which beheld,

The *Nymphs*, *Rivers*, and *Fountaines* with the *Spring*,
sung this rejoycing Song.

Song 3.

RIVERS, SPRING, FOUNTAINES.

Run out, all the *Floods*, in joy with your silver feet;
And hast to meet, the enamour'd *Spring*,
For whom the warbling *Fountaines* sing:
The story of the flowers, preserved by the *Howres*;
At *Juno's* soft command, and *Iris* showers;
Sent to quench jealousy, and all those powers
Of Loves rebellious warre:
Whil'st *Chloris* sits a shining starre
To crowne, and grace our jolly song, made long,
To the notes, that we bring, to glad the *Spring*.

Which ended, the *Goddesse*, and her *Nymphs*, descend the degrees,
into the roome, and dance the entry of the grand-masque.

After this, another Song by the same persons,
as before.

Song 4.

RIVERS, FOUNTAINES.

Tell a truth, gay *Spring*, let us know
What feet they were, that so
Impres't the *Earth*, and made such various flowers to grow!

SPRING.

She that led, a *Queene* was at lest,
Or a *Goddesse*, 'bove the rest:
And all their graces, in her selfe expres't!

RIVERS,

RIVERS, FOUNTAINES.

O, 'twere a shame, to know her name!
Whether shee were the root;
Or they did take th' impression from her foot.

The *Masquers* here dance their second dance.

Which done,

The farther *Prospect* of the *Scene* changeth into ayre, with a low *Landscape*, in part covered with clouds: And in that instant, the *Heaven* opening, *Juno*, and *Iris* are seene, and above them many airy spirits, sitting in the cloudes.

Song 5.

JUNO.

Now *Juno*, and the *Ayre* shall know
The truth of what is done below,
From our discoloured bow, *Iris*, what newes?

IRIS.

The ayre is cleare, your bow can tell,
Chloris renown'd, Spight fled to Hell;
The businesse all is well. And *Cupid* sues

JUNO.

For pardon, Do's hee?

IRIS.

Hee sheds teares
More then your *Birds* have eyes.

JUNO.

The *Gods* have eares;
Offences, made against the *Deities*,
Are soone forgot.

IRIS.

If who offends, be wise.

Here, out of the *Earth*, ariseth a *Hill*, and on the top of it, a globe, on which *Fame* is seene standing with her *Trumpet*, in her hand; and on the *Hill*, are seated four Persons, presenting *Poesie*, *History*, *Architecture*, and *Sculpture*: who together with the *Nymphs*, *Floods*, and *Fountaines*, make a full *Quire*, at which, *Fame* begins to mount, and moving her wings, flyeth, singing up to *Heaven*.

F

FAME

FAME.

Rise golden Faerie, and give thy name a birth!

CHORVS.

From great and generous actions, done on Earth.

FAME.

The life of Fame is action.

CHORVS.

Understood

That action must be verinous, great, and good!

FAME.

Virtue it self by Fame is oft protected,
And dies despised----

CHORVS.

Where the Fame's neglected,

FAME.

Who hath not heard of Chloris, and her Bowre
Faire Iris act, employ'd by Juno's power
To guard the Spring, and prosper every flower,
Whom Jealousie and Hell thought to aduance?

CHORVS.

Great actions, oft obscur'd by time, may lye,
Or enuy----

FAME.

But they last to memory.

POESY.

We that sustaine thee, Learned Poetrie,

HISTORY.

And I, her sister, severe History.

ARCHITECTURE.

With Architecture, who will raise thee high,

SCULPTURE.

And Sculpture, that can keepe thee from to dye.

CHORVS.

All helpe list thee to eternity.

JUNO.

And Juno, through the ayre, doth make thy way,

IRIS.

By her serene Messenger of Day.

FAME.

Thus Fame, ascend's, by all degrees, to Heaven:
And leaves a light, here, brighter then the seven,

CHORVS.

CHORVS.

Let all applaud the sight,
Ayre first, that gave the bright
Reflections, Day or night!
With these supports of Fame,
That keepe alive her name!

The beauties of the Spring.

Fount's, Rivers, every thing:

From the height of all,

To the Waters fall-

Resound, and sing

The honour's of his Chloris, to the King.

Chloris, the Queene of Flowers;

The sweetnesse of all Showres;

The ornament of Bowres;

The top of Par-amours!

Fame, being hidden in the clouds, the hill sinks
and the Heaven closeth.

The End.

The Masquers dance with the Lords.

The Names of the Masquers as they
sate in the Bowre.

The Queene.

Countesse of Carlisle.	Countesse of Oxford.	Lady Strange.
Countesse of Berkeleshire.	Lady Anne Cavendish.	Countesse of Carnarvan.
Countesse of Newport.	Lady Penelope Egerton.	M. Porter.
La. Howard.	M. Eli.	Savage.
	M. Anne Weston.	M. Sophia Cary.

THE
MAGNETICK
LADY:
OR,
HVMORS
RECONCILD.

A COMEDY composed

By

BEN: JOHNSON.

*Iam lapides suis ardor agit ferrumq; tenetur,
Illecebris. — Claud. de Magnet.*

LONDON,
Printed M. CD. XL.

3
THE SCENE
LONDON.

The Persons that act.

LADY Loadstone,	The Magnetick Lady.
M ^{rs} . Polish,	Her Gossip, and the-Parasite.
M ^{rs} . Placentia,	Her Neice.
Pleasance.	Her Waiting-woman.
M ^{rs} . Keepe,	The Neices Nourse.
MOTHER Chaire,	The Midwife.
M ^r . Compasse,	A Scholler, Mathematick.
CAPTAIN Ironside,	A Souldier.
PARSON Palate,	Prelate of the Parish.
DOCTOR Rut,	Physician to thehouse.
Tim Item,	His Apothecary.
SIR Diaph Silkworm,	A Courtier.
M ^r . Practise,	A Lawyer.
SIR Moath Interest.	An Usurer, or Money-band.
M ^r . Bias	A Vi-politique, or Sub-secretary.
M ^r . Needle,	The Ladies Steward, and Taylor.

CHORVS by way of Induction.

A 2

THE

THE SCENE LONDON.

The Poets Shop.

Enter Pro. and Dam.
Pro. What do you lack, Gentlemen? what is't you lack? any
fine Phantasies, Figures, Humors, Characters, Ideas, Definitions of
Lords, and Ladies? Waiting-women, Parasites, Knights, Captains,
Courtiers, Lawyers? what do you lack?
Dam. A pretty prompt Boy for the Poétique Shop.
Pro. And a bold! where's one o' your Masters,
Sirrah, the Poet?
Boy. Which of 'hem? Sir wee have divers that drive that trade, now:
Poets, Poet'accijs, Poetasters, Poetiro's--
Dam. And all Haberdashers of small wit, I presume: wee would
speake with the Poet o' the day, Boy.
Boy. Sir, hee is nothere. But, I have the dominion of the Shop, for
this time, under him, and can shew you all the variety the Stage will
afford for the present.
Pro. Therein you will expresse your owne good parts, Boy.
Dam. And tye us two, to you, for the gentle office.
Pro. Wee are a paire of publique persons (this Gentleman, and my
selfe) that are sent, thus coupled unto you upon state-busines.
Boy. It concernes but the state of the Stage I hope!
Dam. O, you shall know that by degrees, Boy. No man leaps into a
busines of state, without foudring first the state of the busines.
Pro. Wee are sent unto you, indeed from the people.
Boy. The people! which side of the people?
Dam. The Venison side, if you know it, Boy.
Boy. That's the left side. I had rather they had beene the right.
Pro. So they are. Not the Fates, or grounds of your people, that sit

CHORUS of Induction.

THE

THE INDUCTION, OR, CHORUS.

Two Gentlemen entring upon the Stage.

Mr. PROBEE and Mr. DAMPLAY.

A Boy of the house,
meets them.

Boy. What doe you lack, Gentlemen? what is't you lack? any
fine Phantasies, Figures, Humors, Characters, Ideas, Definitions of
Lords, and Ladies? Waiting-women, Parasites, Knights, Captains,
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Pro. Wee are sent unto you, indeed from the people.

Boy. The people! which side of the people?

Dam. The Venison side, if you know it, Boy.

Boy. That's the left side. I had rather they had beene the right.

Pro. So they are. Not the Fates, or grounds of your people, that sit

in the oblique caves and wedges of your house, your sinfull sixe-penny Mechanicks--

Dam. But the better, and braver sort of your people! Plush and Velvet-outfides! that stick your house round like so many eminences--

Boy. Of clothes, not understandings! They are at pawne. Well, I take these as a part of your people though; what bring you to me from these people?

Dam. You have heard, *Boy*, the ancient Poets had it in their purpose, still to please this people.

Pro. I, their chiefe aime was--

Dam. *Populo ut placent*: (if hee understands so much.)

Boy. *Quas fecissent fabulas*. I understand that, sin' I learn'd *Terence*, i'the third forme at *Westminster*: go on Sir.

Pro. Now, these people have employed us to you, in all their names, to intreat an excellent Play from you.

Dam. For they have had very meane ones, from this shop of late, the Stage as you call it.

Boy. Troth, Gentlemen, I have no wares, which I dare thrust upon the people with praise. But this, such as it is, I will venter with your people, your gay gallant people: so as you, againe, will undertake for them, that they shall know a good Play when they heare it; and will have the conscience, and ingenuity beside, to confesse it.

Prob. Wee'll passe our words for that: you shall have a brace of us to ingage our selves.

Boy. You'll tender your names, Gentlemen, to our booke then?

Dam. Yes, here's Mr. *Probee*; A man of most powerfull speech, and parts to perswade.

Pro. And Mr. *Damplay*, will make good, all hee undertakes.

Boy. Good Mr. *Probee*, and Mr. *Damplay*! I like your securities; whence doe you write your selves?

Pro. Of London, Gentlemen: but Knights brothers, and Knights friends, I assure you.

Dam. And Knights fellow's too. Every Poet writes Squire now.

Boy. You are good names! very good men, both of you! I accept you.

Dam. And what is the Title of your Play, here? *The Magnetick Lady*?

Boy. Yes, Sir, an attractive title the Author has given it.

Pro. A Magnete, I warrant you.

Dam. O, no, from *Magnus*, *Magna*, *Magnum*!

Boy. This Gentleman, hath found the true magnitude--

Dam. Of his portall, or entry to the worke, according to *Vitruvius*.

Boy. Sir all our worke is done without a Portall-- or *Vitruvius*. In *Forma*, as a true Comedie should bee. And what is conceald within, is brought out, and made present by report.

Dam. Wee see not that alwayes observ'd, by your Authors of these times: or scarce any other.

Boy. Where it is not at all knowne, how should it be observ'd? The most of those your people call *Authors*, never dreamt of any *Decorum*, or what was proper in the *Scene*; but grope at it, i'the darke, and feeble, or fumble for it; I speake it, both with their leave, and the leave of your people.

Dam.

Dam. But, why *Humors reconcil'd*? I would faine know?

Boy. I can satisfie you there, too: if you will. But, perhaps you desire not to be satisfied.

Dam. No? why should you conceive so, *Boy*?

Boy. My conceit is not ripe, yet: I tell you that anon. The *Author*, beginning his studies of this kind, with every man in his Humour; and after, every man out of his Humour, and since, continuing in all his *Plays*, especially those of the *Comick* thred, whereof the *New-Isne* was the last, some recent humours still, or manners of men, that went along with the times, finding himselfe now neare the close, or shutting up of his Circle, hath phant'sied to himselfe, in *Idea*, this *Magnetick Mistris*. A Lady a brave bountifull House-keeper, and a vertuous Widow: who having a young Neice, ripe for a man and marriageable, hee makes that his Center attractive, to draw thither a diversity of Guests, all persons of different humours to make up his *Perimeter*. And this hee hath call'd *Humors reconcil'd*.

Pro. A bold undertaking! and farre greater, then the reconciliation of both Churches, the quarrell betweene humours having beene much the ancients, and, in my poore opinion, the root of all Schisme, and Faction, both in Church and Common-wealth.

Boy. Such is the opinion of many wise men, that meet at this shop still, but how hee will speed in it, wee cannot tell, and hee himselfe (it seems) less cares. For hee will not be intreated by us, to give it a *Prologue*. He has lost too much that way already, hee sayes. Hee will not woo the gentile ignorance so much. But carelesse of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, hee is confident it shall super-please judicious Spectators, and to them he leaves it to worke, with the rest by example, or otherwise.

Dam. Hee may be deceived in that, *Boy*: Few follow examples now, especially, if they be good.

Boy. The Play is ready to begin, Gentlemen, I tell you, lest you might defraud the expectation of the people, for whom you are Delegates! Please you take a couple of Seates, and plant your selves, here, as neere my standing as you can: Fly every thing (you see) to the marke, and censure it, freely. So, you interrupt not the *Series*, or thred of the Argument, to breake or pucker it, with unnecessary questions. For, I must tell you, (not out of mine owne *Dictamen*, but the *Authors*.) A good Play, is like a skeene of silke: which, if you take by the right end, you may wind off, at pleasure, on the bottome, or card of your discourse, in a tale, or so, how you will: But if you light on the wrong end, you will pull all into a knot, or else-lock, which nothing but the sheers, or a candle will undoe, or separate.

Dam. Stay! who be these, I pray you?

Boy. Because it is your first question, and (these be the prime persons) it would incivility require an answer: but I have heard the Poet affirme, that to be the most unlucky *Scene* in a Play, which needs an Interpreter; especially, when the *Auditory* are awake: and such are you, hee presumes. Ergo.

THE
MAGNETICK
LADY:

OR,
HUMORS
RECONCIL'D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Compassse, Ironside.

Com. Welcome good Captaine *Ironside*, and brother;
You shall along with me. I'm lodg'd hard by,
Here at a noble Ladies house i'th' street,
The Lady *Loadstones* (one will bid us welcome)
Where there are Gentlewomen, and male Guests,
Of severall humors, cariage, constitution,
Profession too: but so diametrall
One to another, and so much oppos'd,
As if I can but hold them all together,
And draw 'hem to a sufferance of themselves,
But till the Dissolution of the Dinner;
I shall have just occasion to beleeve
My wit is magisteriall; and our selves
Take infinite delight, i'the successe.

Iro. Troth, brother *Compassse*, you shall pardon me;
I love not so to multiply acquaintance
At a meales cost, 'twill take off o' my freedome
So much: or bind me to the least observance.

Com. Why *Ironside*, you know I am a Scholler,
And part a Souldier; I have beene employed,
By some the greatest States-men o' the kingdome,
These many yeares: and in my time convers'd
With sundry humors, suiting so my selfe
To company, as honest men, and knaves,
Good-fellowes, Hypocrites, all sorts of people,
Though never so divided in themselves,
Have studied to agree still in the usage,
And handling of me (which hath beene faire too.)

Iro. Sir I confesse you to be one well read
In men, and manners; and that, usually,

B

The

The most ungovern'd persons, you being present,
 Rather subject themselves unto your censure,
 Then give you least occasion of distaste,
 By making you the subject of their mirth:
 But (to deale plainly with you, as a brother)
 When ever I distrust my owne valour:
 He never beare me on anothers wit,
 Or offer to bring off, or save my selfe
 On the opinion of your Iudgement, gravitie,
 Discretion, or what else. But (being away)
 You are sure to have lesse-wit-worke, gentle brother,
 My humour being as stubborne, as the rest,
 And as unmanageable. *Com.* You doe mistake
 My Caract of your friendship, all this while!
 Or at what rate I reckon your assistance
 Knowing by long experience, to such Animals;
 Halfe-hearted Creatures, as these are; your Foxe, there;
 Unkenneld with a Cholerick, ghastly aspect,
 Or two or three comminatory Tennies,
 Would run their feares to any hole of shelter,
 Worth a dayes laughter! I am for the sport:
 For nothing else. *Iro.* But, brother, I ha' scene
 A Coward, meeting with a man as valiant
 As our St. George (not knowing him to be such,
 Or having least opinion that hee was so)
 Set to him roundly, I, and swindge him soundly:
 And 'the vertue of that errour, having
 Once overcome, resolv'd for ever after
 To erre; and thinke no person, nor no creature
 More valiant then himselfe. *Com.* I thinke that too.
 But, Brother, (could I overintreat you)
 I have some little plot upon the rest
 If you would be contented, to endure
 A sliding reprehension, at my hands,
 To heare your selfe, or your profession glanc'd at
 In a few sleighting termes: It would beget
 Me such a maine Authority, o' the by:
 And doe your selfe no dis-repute at all!
Iro. *Compassse*, I know that universall causes
 In nature produce nothing; but as meeting
 Particular causes, to determine those,
 And specify their acts. This is a piece
 Of *Oxford* Science, staies with me ere since
 I left that place; and I have often found
 The truth thereof, in my private passions:
 For I doe never seele my selfe perturb'd
 With any generall words 'gainst my profession,
 Unless by some smart stroke upon my selfe
 They doe awake, and stirre me: Else, to wise
 And well experienc'd men, words doe but signifie;

They

They have no power; save with dull Grammarians,
 Whose soules are nought, but a *Syntaxis* of them.

Com. Here comes our *Parson*, *Parson Palate* here
 A venerable youth! I must salute him,
 And a great Clerke! hee's going to the Ladies,
 And though you see him thus, without his Cope,
 I dare assure you, hee's our Parish Pope!
 God save my reverend Clergy, *Parson Palate*.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Palate, Compassse, Ironside.

Pal. The witty Mr. *Compassse*! how is't, with you?

Com. My Lady staies for you, and for your Councell,
 Touching her Neice Mrs. *Placentia Steele*!
 Who strikes the fire of full fourteene, to day,
 Ripe for a husband. *Pal.* I, she chimes, three chimes,
 Saw you the Doctor *Rut*, the house Physician?
 He's sent for too. *Com.* To Councell: 'time yo' were there.
 Make haste, and give it a round quick dispatch:
 That wee may goe to dinner betimes, *Parson*:
 And drinke a health or two more, to the busines.

Iro. This is a strange put-off! a reverend youth,
 You use him most surreverently me thinks!
 What call you him? *Palate* Please? or *Parson Palate*?

Com. All's one, but shorter! I can gi' you his Character.
 Hee, is the Prelate of the Parish, here;
 And governes all the Dames; appoints the cheere;
 Writes downe the bills of fare; pricks all the Guests;
 Makes all the matches and the marriage feasts
 Within the ward; drawes all the parish wils;
 Designes the Legacies; and strokes the Gills
 Of the chiefe Mourners; And (who ever lacks)
 Of all the kindred, hee hath first his blacks.
 Thus holds hee weddings up, and burials,
 As his maine tithing; with the Gossips stals,
 Their pewes; He's top still, at the publique messe;
 Comforts the widow, and the fatherlesse,
 In funerall Sack! Sits 'bove the Alderman!
 For of the Ward-mote *Quest*, he better can,
 The mysteric, then the Leviticke Law:
 That peece of Clark-shipp doth his Vestry awe.
 Hee is as he conceives himselfe, a fine
 Well furnish'd, and appaialed Divine.

Iro. Who made this *EPIGRAMME*, you? *Com.* No, a great Clarke
 As any is of his bulke. (*Bees-Tyson*) made it.

Iro. But what's the other Character, Doctor *Rut*?

B 2

Com.

Conv. The same man made 'hem both: but his is shorter,
And not in rime, but blanks. He tell you that, too.
Rut is a young Physician to the family:
That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature
More then her share, licentious in discourse,
And in his life a profest Voluptary,
The slave of money, a Buffon in manners,
Obscene in language, which he vents for wit,
Is sawcy in his Logicks, and disputing,
Is any thing but civill, or a man.
See here they are! and walking with my Lady,
In consultation, afore the doore,
Wee will slip in, as if we saw 'hem not.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Lady, Palate, *Rut*.

Lad. I, tis his fault, she's not bestow'd,
My brother *Interests*. *Pal.* Who, old Sir *Moath*?
Lad. Hee keeps off all her Suitors, keeps the portion,
Still in his hands: and will not part with all,
On any termes. *Pal.* *Hinc ille lachryma*;
Thence flowes the cause o' the maine grievance. *Rut.* That
It is a maine one! how much is the portion?
Lad. No petty summe. *Pal.* But sixteene thousand pound.
Rut. He should be forc'd, Madam, to lay it downe.
When is it payable? *Lad.* When she is married.
Pal. Marry her, marry her, Madam. *Rut.* Get her married,
Loose not a day, an houre—*Pal.* Not a minute.
Pursue your project reall. *Mr. Compasse*,
Advis'd you, too. He is the perfect Instrument,
Your Ladiship should faile by. *Rut.* Now, *Mr. Compasse*
Is a fine witty man, I saw him goe in, now.
Lad. Is hee gone in? *Pal.* Yes, and a Feather with him,
He seemes a Souldier. *Rut.* Some new Sutor, Madam.
Lad. I am beholden to him: hee brings ever
Variety of good persons to my table,
And I must thanke him, though my brother *Interests*
Dislike of it a little. *Pal.* Hee likes nothing
That runs your way. *Rut.* Troth, and the other cares not,
Hee'll goe his owne way, if he thinke it right.
Lad. Hee's a true friend! and ther's *Mr. Practise*,
The fine young man of Law comes to the house:
My brother brooks him not, because he thinks
He is by me assigned for my Neice:
Hee will not heare of it. *Rut.* Not of that care:
But yet your Ladiship doth wisely init—

Pal.

Pal. 'Twill make him to lay downe the portion sooner,
If he but dreame you'll match her with a Lawyer.

Lad. So *Mr. Compasse* sayes. It is betwene
The Lawyer, and the Courtier, which shall have her.

Bal. Who, Sir *Diaphanous Silke-worme*? *Rut.* A fine Gentle-man.
Old *Mr. Silke-wormes* Heire. *Pal.* And a neat Courtier,
Of a most elegant thred. *Lad.* And so my Gossip
Polish assures me. Here she comes! good *Polish*
Welcome in troth! How do'st thou gentle *Polish*?

Rut. Who's this? *Pal.* Dame *Polish*, her shee-Parasite,
Her talking, soothing, sometime governing Gossip.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Polish, Lady, Palate, *Rut*.

Pal. Your Ladiship is still the Lady *Loadstone*
That drawes, and drawes unto you, Guests of all sorts:
The Courtiers, and the Souldiers, and the Schollers,
The Travellers, Physicians, and Divines,
As Doctor *Ridley* writ, and Doctor *Barlow*?
They both have wrote of you, and *Mr. Compasse*.

Lad. Wee meane, they shall write more, ere it be long.
Pol. Alas, they are both dead, and't please you; But,
Your Ladiship meane well, and shall meane well,
So long as I live. How does your fine Neice?
My charge, *Mistris Placentia Steele*?

Lad. Shee is not well. *Pol.* Nor well? *Lad.* Her Doctor sayes so.

Rut. Not very well; shee cannot shoot at Buts.
Or manage a great Horfe, but shee can cranch
A sack of small coale! eat you lime, and haire,
Soap-ashes, Loame, and has a dainty spice
O' the Greene sicknesse! *Pol.* 'Od sheild! *Rut.* Or the Dropfic!
A toy, a thing of nothing. But my Lady, here
Her noble Aunt. *Pol.* Shee is a noble Aunt!
And a right worshipfull Lady, and a vertuous;
I know it well! *Rut.* Well, if you know it, peace.

Pal. Good sister *Polish* heare your betters speake.

Pol. Sir I will speake, with my good Ladies leave,
And speake, and speake againe, I did bring up
My Ladies Neice, *Mrs. Placentia Steele*,
With my owne Daughter (who's *Placentia* too)
And waies upon my Lady, is her woman:
Her Ladiship well knowes *Mrs. Placentia*
Steele (as I said) her curious Neice, was left
A Legacie to me, by Father, and Mother
With the Nurse, *Kepe*, that tended her: her Mother
Shee died in Child-bed of her, and her Father
Liv'd not long after: for he lov'd her Mother!

The

They were a godly couple! yet both di'd,
 (As wee must all.) No creature is immortall;
 I have heard our Pastor say: no, not the faithfull!
 And they did die (as I said) both in one moneth.
Rut. Sure shee is not long liv'd, if she spend breath thus.
Pol. And did bequeath her, to my care, and hand,
 To polish, and bring up. I moulded her,
 And fashion'd her, and form'd her; she had the sweate
 Both of my browes and braines. My Lady knowes it
 Since she could write a quarter old. *Lad.* I know not
 That she could write so early, my good Gossip.
 But I doe know she was so long your care,
 Till she was twelve yeare old; that I call'd for her,
 And tooke her home, for which I thank you *Polish*,
 And am beholden to you. *Rut.* I sure thought
 She had a Lease of talking, for nine lives—
Pol. It may be she has. *Pol.* Sixteene thousand pound
 Was then her portion! for she was, indeed,
 Their only child! and this was to be paid
 Vpon her marriage, so she married still
 With my good Ladies liking here, her Aunt:
 (I heard the Will read) Mr. Steele her father,
 The world condemn'd him to be very rich,
 And very hard, and he did stand condemn'd
 With that vaine world, till, as 'twas 'prov'd, after,
 He left almost as much more to good uses
 In Sir *Mash Interests* hands, my Ladies brother,
 Whose sister he had married: He holds all
 In his close gripe. But Mr. Steele, was liberall,
 And a fine man; and she a dainty Dame,
 And a religious, and a bountifull—

ACT I. SCENE V.

Compassse, Ironside.

To them.

You knew her Mr. Compassse? *Com.* Spare the torture,
 I doe confesse without it. *Pol.* And her husband,
 What a fine couple they were? and how they liv'd? *Com.* Yes.
Pol. And lov'd together, like a paire of Turtles? *Com.* Yes.
Pol. And feasted all the Neighbours? *Com.* Take her off
 Some body that hath mercy. *Rut.* O he knowes her,
 It seemes! *Com.* Or any measure of compassion:
 Doctors, if you be Christians, undertake
 One for the soule, the other for the body!
Pol. She would dispute with the Doctors of Divinity
 At her owne table! and the Spittle Preachers!
 And find out the *Armenians*. *Rut.* The *Arminians*?

Pol.

Pol. I say the *Armenians*. *Com.* Nay, I say so too!
Pol. So Mr. *Polish* call'd hem, the *Armenians*!
Com. And *Medes*, and *Persians*, did he not? *Pol.* Yes, he knew hem,
 And so did Mistris Steele! she was his Pupill!
 The *Armenians*, he would say, were worse then Papists!
 And then the *Persians*, were our Puritanes,
 Had the fine piercing wits! *Com.* And who, the *Medes*?
Pol. The middle men, the Luke-warme Protestants!
Rut. Out, out. *Pol.* Sir she would find them by their branching:
 Their branching sleeves, brancht cassocks, and brancht doctrine,
 Beside their Texts. *Rut.* Stint Karlin: He not heare,
 Confute her Parson. *Pol.* I respect no Persons,
 Chaplins, or Doctors, I will speake. *Lad.* Yes, so't be reason,
 Let her. *Rut.* Death, she cannot speake reason.
Com. Nor sense, if we be Masters of our senses!
Iro. What mad woman ha' they got here, to bate?
Pol. Sir I am mad, in truth, and to the purpose;
 And cannot but be mad; to heare my Ladies
 Dead sister sleighted, witty Mrs. Steele!
Iro. If shee had a wit, Death has gone neere to spoile it,
 Assure your selfe. *Pol.* She was both witty, and zealous,
 And lighted all the Tinder o' the truth,
 (As one said) of Religion, in our Parish:
 Shee was too learn'd to live long with us!
 She could the Bible in the holy tongue:
 And read it without pricks: had all her *Masoreth*;
 Knew *Burton*, and his Bull; and scribe *Prin-Gent*!
Presto-be-gon: and all the Pharisees. *Lad.* Deare Gossip,
 Be you gone, at this time, too, and vouchsafe
 To see your charge, my Neice. *Pol.* I shall obey
 If your wife Ladiship thinke fit: I know,
 To yeild to my Superiors. *Lad.* A good woman!
 But when she is impertinent, growes earnest,
 A little troublesome, and out of season:
 Her love, and zeale transport her. *Com.* I am glad,
 That any thing could port her hence. Wee now
 Have hope of dinner, after her long grace.
 I have brought your Ladiship a hungry Guest, here,
 A Souldier, and my brother Captaine *Ironside*:
 Who being by custome growne a Sanguinarie,
 The solemne, and adopted sonne of slaughter:
 Is more delighted i' the chase of an enemy,
 An execution of three daies, and nights;
 Then all the hope of numerous succession,
 Or happinesse of Issue could bring to him.
Rut. Hee is no Sutor then? *Pol.* So't should seeme.
Com. And, if hee can get pardon at heavens hand,
 For all his murthers, is in as good case
 As a new christned Infant: (his employments
 Contigu'd to him, without Interruption)

And

And not allowing him, or time, or place
To commit any other sinne, but those)
Please you to make him welcome for a meale, Madam.

Lad. The noblenesse of his profession makes
His welcome perfect: though your course description
Would seeme to fully it. *Ira.* Never, where a beame
Of so much favour doth illustrate it,
Right knowing Lady. *Pal.* She hath cur'd all well.
Ent. And hee hath fitted well the Complement.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

Sir Diaphanous. *Prattise.*

To them.

Com. No, here they come! the prime Magneticke Guests
Our Lady Leadstone so respects: the Artick!
And th' Antartick! Sir Diaphanous Silke-worme!
A Courtier extraordinary; who by diet
Of meates, and drinke; his temperate exercise;
Choyse musick; frequent bathes; his horary shifts
Of Shirts and Waist-coats; meanes to immortalize
Mortality it selfe; and makes the essence
Of his whole happinesse the trim of Court.

Dia. I thanke you Mr. *Compasse*, for your short
Encomiastick. *Ent.* It is much in little, Sir.

Pal. Concise, and quick: the true stile of an Orator.

Com. But Mr. *Prattise* here, my Ladies Lawyer!

Or man of Law: (for that's the true writing)
A man so dedicate to his profession,
And the preferments goe along with it;
As scarce the thundring bruit of an invasion,
Another eighty eight, threatening his Countrey
With ruine; would no more worke upon him,
Then *Syracusa's* Sack, on *Archimede*:
So much he loves that Night-cap! the Bench-gowne!
With the broad Guard o'th back! These shew
A man betroth'd unto the study of our Lawes!

Prs. Which you but thinke the crafty impositions,
Of subtile Clerks, feats of fine understanding,
To abuse Clots, and Clownes with, Mr. *Compasse*,
Having no ground in nature, to sustaine it
Or light, from those cleare causes: to the inquiry
And search of which, your Mathematicall head,
Hath so devow'd it selfe. *Com.* Tut, all men are
Philosophers, to their inches. There's within,
Sir *Interest*, as able a Philosopher,
In buying, and selling! has reduc'd his thrifte,
To certaine principles, and i'that method!
As hee will tell you instantly, by *Logorythmes*,

The

The utmost profit of a stock employed:
(Be the Commoditie what it will) the place,
Or time, but causing very, very little,
Or, I may say, no paralaxe at all,
In his pecuniary observations!
He has brought your Neices portion with him, Madam,
At least the man that must receive it; Here
They come negotiating the affaire;
You may perceive the Contract in their faces;
And read th'indenture: If you'd signe 'hem. So.

ACT I. SCENE VII.

Interest. Bias.

To them.

Pal. What is he, Mr. *Compasse*? *Com.* A Vi-politique!
Ora sub-aiding Instrument of State!
A kind of a laborious Secretary
To a great man! (and likely to come on)
Full of attendance! and of such a stride
In busines politique, or æconomick,
As, well, his Lord may stoope t'advise with him,
And be prescribed by him, in affaires
Of highest consequence, when hee is dull'd,
Or wearied with the lesse. *Dia.* 'Tis Mr. *Bias*,
Lord *Whachum's* Politique. *Com.* You know the man!

Dia. I ha' scene him waite at Court, there, with his Maniples
Of papers, and petitions. *Prs.* Hee is one
That over-rules tho', by his authority
Of living there; and cares for no manesse:
Neglects the sacred letter of the Law;
And holds it all to be but a dead heape,
Of civill institutions: the rest only
Of common men, and their causes, a farragoe,
Or a made dish in Court; a thing of nothing:
Com. And that's your quarrell at him: a just plea.

Int. I tell you sister Leadstone—*Com.* (Hang your cares
This way: and heare his praises, now Mouth opens)

Int. I ha' brought you here the very man! the Jewell
Of all the Court! close Mr. *Bias*! Sister,
Apply him to your side! or you may weare him
Here o' your brest! or hang him in your care!
He's a fit Pendant for a Ladies tip!

A *Chrisolite*, a Gemme: the very Agat
Of State, and Politic: cut from the Quar
Of *Macchiavel*, a true *Cornelian*,
As *Tacitus* himselfe! and to be made
The brooch to any true State-cap in Europe!

Lad. You praise him brother, as you had hope to sell him.

Com.

Com. No Madam, as hee had hope to sell your Neice Vnto him. *Lad.* Ware your true jests, Mr. *Compasse*, They will not relish. *Int.* I will tell you, sister, I cannot cry his Carraet up enough: He is unvaluable: All the Lords Have him in that esteeme, for his relations, Corrant's, Avises, Correspondences: With this Ambassadour, and that Agent! Hee Will screw you out a Secret from a Statist—

Com. So easie, as some Coblér womes a Dog.

Int. And lock it in the Cabinet of his memory—

Com. Till 't turne a politique insect, or a Fly!

Thus long. *Int.* You may be merry Mr. *Compasse*, But though you have the reversion of an office, You are not in't Sir. *Bia.* Remember that.

Com. Why, should that fright me, Mr. *Bia*—, from telling Whole as you are? *Int.* Sir he's one, can doe His turnes there: and deliver too his letters, As punctually, and in as good a fashion, As ere a Secretary can in Court.

Iro. Why, is it any matter in what fashion A man deliver his letters, so he not open 'hem?

Bia. Yes, we have certaine precedents in Court; From which wee never swerve, once in an age: And (whatsoere he thinks) I know the Arts, And Sciences doe not directlier make A Graduate in our Vniversities; Then an habituall gravitie prefers A man in Court. *Com.* Which by the truer stile, Some call a formall, flat servility.

Bia. Sir you may call it what you please. But wee (That tread the path of publike businesses) Know what a tacit shrug is, or a shrink; The wearing the Callott; the politique hood: And twenty other *parerga*, o' the by, You Seculars understand not: I shall trick him, If his reversion came, i' my Lords way.

Dia. What is that Mr. *Prallise*? you sure know: Mas' *Compasse*'s reversion? *Pra.* A fine place (Surveyor of the Projects generall)

I would I had it. *Pal.* What is't worth? *Pra.* O Sir, A Nemo scit. *Lad.* Wee'l thinke on't afore dinner.

Chorus.

Boy. Now, Gentlemen, what censure you of our *Protafis*, or first Act? *Pro.* Well, *Boy*, it is a faire Presentment of your *Actors*. And a handsome promise of somewhat to come hereafter.

Dam.

Dam. But, there is nothing done in it, or concluded: Therefore I say no Act.

Boy. A fine peice of Logick! Doe you looke, Mr. *Damplay*, for conclusions in a *Protafis*? I thought the Law of *Comedy*, had reserv'd, to the *Catastrophe*: and that the *Epitafis*, (as wee are taught) and the *Causafis*, had beene intervening parts, to have beene expected. But you would have all come together it seemes: The Clock should strike five, at once, with the Acts.

Dam. Why, if it could doe so, it were well, *Boy*.

Boy. Yes, if the nature of a Clock were to speake, not strike. So, if a Child could be borne, in a *Play*, and grow up to a man, i' the first Scene, before hee went off the Stage: and then after to come forth a Squire, and bee made a Knight: and that Knight to travell betwene the Acts, and doe wonders i' the holy land, or else where; kill Pannims, wild Boores, dun Cowes, and other Monsters: beget him a reputation, and marry an Emperours Daughter: for his Mrs. Convert her Fathers Countrey; and at last come home, lame, and all to be laden with miracles:

Dam. These miracles would please, I assure you: and take the People! For there be of the People, that will expect miracles, and more then miracles from this Pen.

Boy. Doe they thinke this Pen can juggle? I would we had *Hokospokos* for 'hem then, your People; or *Travittanto Tudeske*.

Dam. Who's that *Boy*?

Boy. Another Juggler, with a long name. Or that your expectors would be gone hence, now, at the first Act; or expect no more hereafter, then they understand.

Dam. Why so my peremptory Jack?

Boy. My name is *John*, indeed— Because, who expect what is impossible, or beyond nature, defraud themselves.

Pro. Nay, there the *Boy* said well. They doe defraud themselves indeed.

Boy. And therefore, Mr. *Damplay*, unlesse like a solemne Justice of wir, you will damne our *Play*, unheard, or unexamind; I shall intreat your Mrs. Madam *Expectation*, if shee be among these Ladies, to have patience, but a pissing while: give our Springs leave to open a little, by degrees! A Source of ridiculous matter may breake forth anon, that shall sleepe their temples, and bathe their braines in laughter, to the fomenting of Stupiditie i' selfe, and the awaking any velvet Lethargy in the House.

Pro. Why doe you maintaine your Poets quarrell so with velvet, and good clothes, *Boy*? wee have seene him in indifferent good clothes, ere now.

Boy. And may doe in better, if it please the King (his Master) to say Amen to it, and allow it, to whom hee acknowledgeth all. But his clothes shall never be the best thing about him, though hee will have some what beside, either of humane letters, or severe honesty, shall speak him a man though he went naked.

Pro. Hee is beholden to you, if you can make this good, *Boy*.

Boy. Himselfe hath done that, already, against Envy.

Dam. What's your name Sir? or your Countrey?

Boy. *John Fry-gust* my name: A Cornish youth, and the Poets Servant.

C 2

Dam.

Dam. West-countrey breed, I thought you were so bold.
Boy. Or rather sawcy: to find out your palate, Mr. *Damplay*, Faith
 we doe call a Spade, a Spade, in *Cornwall*. If you dare damne our Play,
 i' the wrong place, we shall take heart to tell you so.
Pro. Good Boy.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Kepe. Placentia. Pleasance.

Ke. Sweet Mistris, pray you be merry: you are sure
 To have a husband now. *Pla.* I, if the store
 Hurt not the choise. *Pla.* Store is no fore, young Mistris,
 My mother is wont to say. *Ke.* And shee'l say wisely,
 As any mouth i' the Parish. Fixe on one,
 Fixe upon one, good Mistris. *Pla.* At this call, too,
 Here's Mr. *Practise*, who is call'd to the Bench
 Of purpose. *Ke.* Yes, and by my Ladies meanes—
Pla. 'Tis thought to be the man. *Ke.* A Lawyers wife.
Pla. And a fine Lawyers wife. *Ke.* Is a brave calling.
Pla. Sweet Mistris *Practise*! *Ke.* Gentle Mistris *Practise*!
Pla. Faire, open Mistris *Practise*! *Ke.* I, and close,
 And cunning Mrs. *Practise*! *Pla.* I not like that,
 The Courtiers is the neater calling. *Pla.* Yes,
 My Lady *Silke-worme*. *Ke.* And to shine in Plush.
Pla. Like a young night Crow, a *Diaphanous Silke-worme*.
Ke. Lady *Diaphanous* sounds most delicate!
Pla. Which would you choose, now Mistris? *Pla.* Cannot tell.
 The copie does confound one. *Pla.* Here's my Mother.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Polish. Kepe. Placentia. Pleasance. Needle.

Pol. How now, my dainty charge, and diligent Nurse?
 What were you chanting on? (* God blesse you Maiden,) * *To her daugh-*
Ke. Wee were inchanting all, wishing a husband *ter kneeling.*
 For my young Mistris here. A man to please her.
Pol. Shee shall have a man, good Nurse, and must have a man:
 A man, and a halfe, if wee can choose him out:
 We are all in Counsell within, and sit about it:
 The Doctors, and the Schollers, and my Lady,
 Who's wiser then all us —. Where's Mr. *Needle*?
 Her Ladship so lacks him to prick out
 The man? How does my sweet young Mistris?
 You looke not well, me thinks! how doe you, deare charge?
 You must have a husband, and you shall have a husband,

There's

There's two put out to making for you: A third,
 Your Vncle promises: But you must still
 Be rul'd by your Aunt: according to the will
 Of your dead father, and mother (who are in heaven:)
 Your Lady-Aunt has choise i' the house for you:
 Wee doe not trust your Vncle, hee would keepe you
 A Batchler still, by keeping of your portion:
 And keepe you not alone without a husband,
 But in a sicknesse: I, and the greene sicknesse,
 The Maidens malady, which is a sicknesse:
 A kind of a disease, I can assure you,
 And like the Fish our Mariners call *remora*—.

Ke. A *remora* Mistris! *Pol.* How now goody Nurse?
 Dame *Kepe* of *Katernes*? what have you an oare
 I' the Cockboat, 'cause you are a Saylor's wife?
 And come from *Shadwell*? I say a *remora*:
 For it will stay a Ship, that's under Saile!
 And staies are long, and tedious things to Maids!
 And maidens are young ships, that would be sailing,
 When they be rigg'd: wherefore is all their trim else?

Ne. True; and for them to be staid —. *Pol.* The stay is dangerous:
 You know it Mrs. *Needle*. *Ne.* I know somewhat:
 And can assure you, from the Doctors mouth,
 Shee has a Dropsie; and must change the ayre,
 Before she can recover. *Pol.* Say you so, Sir?

Ne. The Doctor saies so. *Pol.* Sayes his worship so?
 I warrant hem he sayes true, then, they sometimes
 Are Sooth-sayers, and alwayes cunning men.
 Which Doctor was it? *Ne.* Eene my Ladies Doctor?
 The neat house-Doctor: But a true stone-Doctor.

Pol. Why? heare you, Nurse? How comes this geare to passe?
 This is your fault in truth: It shall be your fault,
 And must be your fault: why is your Mistris sicke?
 Shee had her health, the while shee was with me.
Ke. Alas good Mistris *Polish*, I am no Saint,
 Much lesse, my Lady, to be urg'd give health,
 Or sicknesse at my will: but to awaite
 The starres good pleasure, and to doe my duty.

Pol. You must doe more then your dutie, foolish Nurse:
 You must doe all you can, and more then you can,
 More then is possible: when folkes are sick,
 Especially, a Mistris, a young Mistris.

Ke. Here's Mr. Doctor himselfe, cannot doe that
Pol. Doctor *Dog*—all can doe it. Thence he's call'd so.

Act

ACT II. SCENE III.

Rut. Polish. Lady. Keepe. Placentia.

Rut. Whence? what's hee call'd? *Pol.* Doctor, doe all you can,
I pray you, and beseech you, for my charge, here.

Lad. She's my tending Gossip, loves my Neice.

Pol. I know you can doe all things, what you please, Sir,
For a young Damsel, my good Ladies Neice, here!

You can doe what you list. *Rut.* Peace *Tiffany.*

Pol. Especially in this new case, o' the Drop sic.

The Gentlewoman (I doe feare) is leuen'd.

Rut. Leuen'd? what's that? *Pol.* Puff, blowne, and 't please your worship.

Rut. What! Darke, by darker: what is blowne? puff'd? speake

English—*Pol.* Tainted (and 't please you) some doe call it.

She swells, and swells so with it. *Rut.* Give heaven,

If shee doe swell. A Gimblet must be had:

It is a *Tympanites* she is troubled with.

There are three kinds: The first is *Ana-sarca*

Vnder the Flesh, a Tumor: that's not hers.

The second is *Afcites*, or *Aquosus*,

A watry humour: that's not hers, neither.

But *Tympanites* (which we call the Drum)

A wind bombes in her belly, must be unbrac'd,

And with a Faucet, ora Peg, let out,

And she'll doe well: get her a husband. *Pol.* Yes,

I say so Mr. Doctor, and betimes too. *Lad.* As

Soone as wee can: let her beare up to day,

Laugh, and keepe company, at Gleeke, or Crimpe.

Pol. Your Ladiship sayes right, Crimpe, sure, will cure her.

Rut. Yes, and Gleeke too, peace Gossip *Tittle-Tattle*,

Shee must to morrow, downe into the Countrey,

Some twenty mile; A Coach, and six brave Horses:

Take the fresh aire, a moneth there, or five weekes!

And then retorne a Bride, up to the Towne,

For any husband i' the Hemisphere,

To chuck at, when she has dropt her *Timpanie*.

Pol. Must she then drop it? *Rut.* Thence, 'tis call'd a Drop sic.

The *Timpanites* is one spice of it;

A toy, a thing of nothing, a meere vapour:

He blow't away. *Lad.* Needle, get you the Coach

Ready, against to morrow morning. *Nec.* Yes Madam.

Lad. He downe with her my selfe, and thanke the Doctor.

Pol. Wee all shall thanke him. But, deare Madam, thinke,

Resolve upon a man, this day. *Lad.* I ha' done't,

(To tell you true, (Sweet Gossip,) here is none

But Master Doctor, hee shall be o' the Counsell:

The man I have design'd her too, indeed,

Is Master *Practise*! he's a neat young man &

Forward

Forward, and growing up, in a profession!

Like to be some body, if the Hall stand!

And Pleading hold! A prime young Lawyers wife,

Is a right happy fortune. *Rut.* And shee bringing

So plentifull a portion, they may live

Like King, and Queene, at common Law together!

Sway Judges; guide the Courts; command the Clarkes;

And fright the Evidence; rule at their pleasures,

Like petty Sovereignes in all cases. *Pol.* O, that

Will be a worke of time; she may be old

Before her husband rise to a chiefe Judge;

And all her flower be gone; No, no, a Lady

O' the first head I'd have her, and in Court;

The Lady *Silk-worme*, a *Diaphanous* Lady;

And be a Vi-countesse to carry all

Before her (as wee say) her Gentleman-usher:

And cast off Pages, bare, to bid her Aunt

Welcome unto her honour, at her lodgings.

Rut. You say well, Ladies Gossip; if my Lady

Could admit that, to have her Neice precede her.

Lad. For that, I must consult mine owne Ambition;

My zealous Gossip. *Pol.* O, you shall precede her;

You shall be a Countesse! Sir *Diaphanous*,

Shall get you made a Countesse! Here he comes;

Has my voice certaine: O fine Courtier!

O blessed man! the bravery prick't out,

To make my dainty charge, a Vi-countesse!

And my good Lady, her Aunt, Countesse at large!

ACT II. SCENE III.

Diaphanous. Palate.

Dia. I tell thee *Farson*, if I get her, reckon

Thou hast a friend in Court; and shalt command

A thousand pound, to goe on any errand,

For any Church preferment thou hast a mind too.

Pal. I thanke your worship: I will so worke for you,

As you shall study all the wayes to thanke me:

He worke my Lady, and my Ladies friends;

Her Gossip, and this Doctor; and Squire *Needle*;

And Mr. *Compasse*, who is all in all;

The very Fly shee moves by: Hee is one

That went to Sea with her husband, Sir *John Leadstone*,

And brought home the rich prizes: all that wealth

Is left her; for which service she respects him:

A dainty Scholler in the Mathematicks;

And one shee wholly imployes. Now *Dominus Practise*

Is yet the man (appointed by her Ladiship)

But

But there's a trick to set his cap awry:
 If I know any thing; hee hath confest
 To me in private, that hee loves another,
 My Ladies woman, Mrs. Pleasance: therefore
 Secure you of Rivalship. *Dia.* I thanke thee
 My noble *Parson*: There's five hundred pound
 Waite on thee more for that. *Pal.* Accost the Neice:
 Yonder shee walkes alone: Ile move the Aunt:
 But here's the Gossip: shee expects a morsell,
 Ha' you nere a Ring, or toy to throw away?
Dia. Yes, here's a Diamont of some threescore pound,
 I pray you give her that. *Pal.* If shee will take it.
Dia. And there's an Emerauld, for the Doctor too:
 Thou *Parson*, thou shalt coine me: I am thine.
Pal. Here Mr. *Compasse* comes: Doe you see my Lady?
 And all the rest: how they doe flutter about him!
 Hee is the Oracle of the house, and family!
 Now, is your time: goe nick it with the Neice:
 I will walke by; and hearken how the Chimes goe.

ACT II. SCENE V.

To them

Compasse.

Com. Nay *Parson*, stand not off; you may approach:
 This is no such hid point of State, wee handle,
 But you may heare it: for wee are all of Councell.
 The gentle Mr. *Practise*, hath dealt clearly,
 And nobly with you, Madam. *Lad.* Ha' you talk'd with him?
 And made the overture? *Com.* Yes, first I mov'd
 The busines trusted to me, by your Ladiship,
 I' your owne words, almost your very Sillabes:
 Save where my Memory trespass'd 'gainst their elegance:
 For which I hope your pardon. Then I enlarg'd
 In my owne homely stile, the speciall goodnesse,
 And greatnesse, of your bounty, in your choice,
 And free conferring of a benefit,
 So without ends, conditions, any tye
 But his meere vertue, and the value of it,
 To call him to your kindred, to your veines,
 Inset him in your family, and to make him
 A Nephew, by the offer of a Neice,
 With such a portion; which when hee had heard,
 And most maturely acknowledg'd (as his calling
 Tends all unto maturity) he return'd
 A thanks, as ample as the Curtesie,
 (In my opinion) said it was a Grace,
 Too great to be rejected, or accepted
 By him! But as the termes stood with his fortune,
 Hee was not to prevaricate, with your Ladiship,

But

But rather to require ingenious leave,
 He might with the same love, that it was offer'd
 Refuse it, since he could not with his honesty,
 (Being he was ingag'd before) receive it.

Pal. The same he said to me. *Com.* And name the party.

Pal. He did, and he did not. *Com.* Come, leave your Schemes,
 And fine *Amphibolies*, *Parson*. *Pal.* You'll heare more.

Pol. Why, now your Ladiship is free to choose,
 The Courtier Sir *Diaphanous*: he shall doe it,
 Ile move it to him my selfe. *Lad.* What will you move to him?

Pol. The making you a Countesse. *Lad.* Stint, fond woman,
 Know you the partie Mr. *Practise* meanes?

Com. No, but your *Parson* sayes he knowes, Madam.

Lad. I feare he fables, *Parson* doe you know

Where Mr. *Practise* is ingag'd? *Pal.* Ile tell you!

But under seale, her Mother must not know:

'T is with your Ladiships woman, Mrs. *Pleasance*.

Com. How! *Lad.* Hee is not mad. *Pal.* O hide the hideous secret
 From her, shee'll trouble all else. You doe hold

A Cricket by the wing. *Com.* Did he name *Pleasance*?

Are you sure *Parson*? *Lad.* O 'tis true, your Mrs!

I find where your shoe wrings you, Mr. *Compasse*:

But, you'll looke to him there. *Com.* Yes, here's Sir *Moath*,

Your brother, with his *Bia*, and the Partie

Deepe in discourse: 'twill be a bargain, and sale;

I see by their close working of their heads,

And running them together so in Councell.

Lad. Will Mr. *Practise* be of Councell against us?

Com. He is a Lawyer, and must speake for his Fee,

Against his Father, and Mother, all his kindred;

His brothers, or his sisters: no exception

Lies at the Common-Law. He must not alter

Nature for forme, but goe on in his path;

It may be he will be for us. Doe not you

Offer to meddle, let them take their course:

Dispatch, and marry her off to any husband;

Be not you scrupulous, let who can have her:

So he lay downe the portion, though he gueld it:

It will maintaine the suit against him: somewhat,

Something in hand is better, then no birds;

He shall at last accompt, for the utmost furthing,

If you can keepe your hand from a discharge.

Pol. Sir, doe but make her worshipfull Aunt a Countesse,

And she is yours: her Aunt has worlds to leave you!

The wealth of six East Indian Fleets at least!

Her Husband, Sir *John Loadstone*, was the Governour

O' the Company, seven yeares. *Dia.* And came there home,

Six Fleets in seven yeares? *Pol.* I cannot tell,

I must attend my Gossip, her good Ladiship.

Pla. And will you make me a Vi-countesse too? For,

How doe they make a Countesse? in a Chaire?

Or 'pon a bed? *Dia.* Both wayes, sweet bird, Ile shew you!

D

Act.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Interest. Prædise. Bias. Compassse. Palate. But.

Ironside.

To them.

Int. The truth is, Mr. *Prædise*, now wee are sure
That you are off, we dare come on the bolder:
The portion left, was sixteene thousand pound,
I doe confesse it, as a just man should.
And call here Mr. *Compassse*, with these Gentlemen,
To the relation: I will still be just.
Now for the profits every way arising,
It was the Donors wisdom, those should pay
Me for my watch, and breaking of my sleepes;
It is no petty charge, you know, that summe;
To keepe a man awake, for fourteene yeare.

Pra. But (as you knew to use it that time)
It would reward your waking. *Int.* That's my industry;
As it might be your reading, studie, and counsell;
And now your pleading, who denies it you?
I have my calling too. Well, Sir, the *Contract*
Is with this Gentleman, ten thousand pound.
(An ample portion, for a younger brother,
With a soft, tender, delicate rib of mans flesh,
That he may worke like waxe, and print upon.)
He expects no more then that summe to be tendred,
And hee receive it: Those are the conditions.

Pra. A direct bargaine, and sale in open market.

Int. And what I have furnish'd him withall o' the by,
To appeare, or so: A matter of foure hundred,
To be deduc'd upo' the paymen—. *Bia.* Right.
You deale like a just man still. *Int.* Draw up this
Good Mr. *Prædise*, for us, and be speedy.

Pra. But here's a mighty gaine Sir, you have made
Of this one stock! the principall first doubled,
In the first seven yeare; and that redoubled
I the next seven! beside fixe thousand pound,
There's threescore thousand got in fourteene yeare;
After the usuall rate of ten i the hundred,
And the ten thousand paid. *Int.* I thinke it be!

Pra. How will you scape the clamour, and the envie?

Int. Let hem exclaime, and envie; what care I?
Their murmurs raise no blisters i my flesh.
My monies are my blood, my parents, kindred:
And he that loves not those, he is unnaturall:
I am perswaded that the love of monie
Is not a vertue, only in a Subject,

But

But might besit a Prince. And (were there need)
I find me able to make good the Assertion.
To any reasonable mans understanding.
And make him to confesse it. *Com.* Gentlemen,
Doctors, and Schollers, yo'll heare this, and looke for
As much true secular wit, and deepe Lay-sense,
As can be shovne on such a common place.

Int. First, wee all know the soule of man is infinite
I what it covers. Who desireth knowledge,
Desires it infinitely. Who covets honour,
Covets it infinitely. It will be then
No hard thing, for a coveting man, to prove
Or to confesse, hee aims at infinite wealth.

Com. His soule lying that way. *Int.* Next, every man
Is i the hope, or possibility
Of a whole world: this present world being nothing,
But the disperfed issue of first one:

And therefore I not see, but a just man
May with just reason, and in office ought
Propound unto himselfe. *Com.* An infinite wealth
He beare the burden: Goe you on Sir *Month*.

Int. Thirdly, if wee consider man a member,
But of the body politique, we know,
By just experience, that the Prince hath need
More of one wealthy, then ten fighting men.

Com. There you went out o' the road, a little from us.
Int. And therefore, if the Princes aimes be infinite,
It must be in that, which makes all. *Com.* Infinite wealth.

Int. Fourthly, 'tis naturall to all good subjects,
To set a price on money; more then fooles
Ought on their Mrs. Picture; every piece
Fro' the penny to the twelve pence, being the *Hieroglyphick*,
And sacred Sculpture of the Sovereigne.

Com. A manifest conclusion, and a safe one.

Int. Fifthly, wealth gives a man the leading voice,
At all conventions; and displaceth worth,
With generall allowance to all parties:
It makes a trade to take the wall of vertue,
And the mere issue of a shop, right Honourable.
Sixtly, it doth inable him that hath it
To the performance of all reall actions,
Referring him to himselfe still: and not binding
His will to any circumstance, without him;
It gives him precise knowledge of himselfe;
For, be he rich, he straight with evidence knowes
Whether he have any compassion,
Or inclination unto vertue, or no;
Where the poore knave erroneously beleeves,
If he were rich, he would build Churches, or
Doe such mad things. Seventhly, your wise poore men

D 2

Have

Have ever been contented to observe
Rich Fooles, and so to serve their turnes upon them:
Subjecting all their wit to the others wealth.
And become Gentlemen Parasites, Squire Bauds,
To feed their Patrons honorable humors.
Eightly, 'tis certaine that a man may leave
His wealth, or to his Children, or his friends;
His wit hee cannot so dispose, by Legacie,
As they shall be a *Harrington* the better for't.

Com. He may intaile a Jest upon his house, though:
Or leave a tale to his posteritie,
*Enter Iron-
side.* To be told after him. *Iro.* As you have done here:

T'invite your friend, and brother to a feast,
Where all the Guests are so mere heterogene,
And strangers, no man knowes another, or cares
If they be Christians, or Mahumetans!
That here are met. *Com.* Is't any thing to you brother,
To know Religions more then those you fight for?

Iro. Yes, and with whom I eat. I may dispute,
And how shall I hold argument with such,
I neither know their humors, nor their heresies;
Which are religions now, and so receiv'd?
Here's no man among these that keepes a servant,
To inquire his Master of: yet i'the house,
I heare it buzz'd, there are a brace of Doctors;
A Foole, and a Physician: with a Courtier,
That feeds on mulberry leaves, like a true *Silkworm*:
A Lawyer, and a mighty Money-Baud,
Sir Mouth! has brought his politique *Bias* with him:
A man of a most animadverting humor:
Who, to indeare himselfe unto his his Lord,
Will tell him, you and I, or any of us,
That here are met, are all pernicious spirits,
And men of pestilent purpose, meanely affected
Vnto the State wee live in: and beget
Himselfe a thanks, with the great men o' the time,
By breeding Jealousies in them of us,
Shall crosse our fortunes, frustrate our endeavours,
Twice seven yeares after: And this trick be call'd
Cutting of throats, with a whispering, or a pen-knife.
I must cut his throat now: I am bound in honour,
And by the Law of armes, to see it done;
I dare to doe it; and I dare professe
The doing of it: being to such a taskall,
Who is the common offence growne of man-kind,
And worthy to be torne up from society.

Com. You shall not doe it here, Sir. *Iro.* Why? will you
Intreat your selfe, into a beating for him,
My courteous brother? If you will, have at you,
No man deserves it better (now I thinke on't)

Then

Then you: that will keepe consort with such Fiddlers,
Pragmatick Flies, Fooles, Publicanes, and Moathes:
And leave your honest, and adopted brother.

Int. Best raise the house upon him, to secure us;
Hee'll kill us all! *Pal.* I love no blades in belts.

Rat. Nor I. *Bia.* Would I were at my shop againe,
In Court, safe stow'd up, with my politique bundels.

Com. How they are scatter'd! *Iro.* Run away like *Cimici*,
Into the crannies of a rotten bed-stead.

Com. I told you such a passage would disperse 'hem,
Although the house were their Fee-simple in Law,
And they posselt of all the blessings in it.

Iro. Pray heaven they be not frighted from their stomachs:
That so my Ladies Table be disfurnish'd
Of the provisions! *Com.* No, the *Parsons* calling
By this time, all the covey againe, together.
Here comes good tydings! Dinners o' the boord.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

Compassse, Pleasance.

Com. Stay Mrs. Pleasance, I must aske you a question:
Ha' you any suites in Law? *Ple.* I, Mr. Compassse?

Com. Answer me briefly, it is dinner time.
They say you have retain'd brisk Mr. *Prattise*
Here, of your Councell; and are to be joyn'd
A Patentee with him. *Ple.* In what? who sayes so?
You are dispos'd to jest. *Com.* No, I am in earnest.
It is given out i'the house so, I assure you;
But keepe your right to your selfe, and not acquaint
A common Lawyer with your ease. If hee
Once find the gap; a thousand will leape after.
He tell you more anon. *Ple.* This Riddle shewes
A little like a Love-trick, o' one face,
If I could understand it. I will studie it.

Chorus.

Dam. But whom doth your Poet meane now by this— Mr. *Bias*?
what Lords Secretary, doth hee purpose to personate, or perstringe?
Boy. You might as well aske mee, what *Alderman*, or *Aldermans Mate*,
hee meane by *Sir Mouth Interest*? or what eminent Lawyer, by the ridic-
ulous Mr. *Prattise*? who hath rather his name invented for laughter,
then any offence, or injury it can stick on the reverend Professors of the
Law: And so the wise ones will thinke.

Pro. It is an insidious Question, Brother *Damplay*! Iniquity it selfe
would

would not have urg'd it. It is picking the Lock of the Scene; not opening it the faire way with a Key. A Play, though it apparell, and present vices in generall, flies from all particularities in persons. Would you aske of *Plautus*, and *Terence*, (if they both liv'd now) who were *Davus*, or *Pseudolus* in the Scene? who *Pyrgopolinices*, or *Thraso*? who *Eucio* or *Menedemus*?

Boy. Yes, he would: And inquire of *Martial*, or any other *Epigrammatist*, whom he meant by *Titus*, or *Seius* (the common *John à Noke*, or *John à Style*) under whom they note all vices, and errors taxable to the *Times*? As if there could not bee a name for a Folly fitted to the *Stage*, but there must be a person in nature, found out to owne it.

Dam. Why, I can phant'sie a person to my selfe *Boy*, who shall hinder me?

Boy. And, in not publishing him, you doe no man an injury. But if you will utter your owne ill meaning on that person, under the *Authors* words, you make a Libell of his *Comedy*.

Dam. O, hee told us that in a *Prologue*, long since.

Boy. If you doe the same reprehensible ill things, still the same reprehension will serve you, though you heard it afore: They are his owne words. I can invent no better, nor he.

Pro. It is the solemne vice of interpretation, that deforms the figure of many a faire *Scene*, by drawing it awry; and indeed is the civill murder of most good *Plays*: If I see a thing vively presented on the *Stage*, that the Glasse of custome (which is *Comedy*) is so held up to me, by the *Poet*, as I can therein view the daily examples of mens lives, and images of Truth, in their manners, so drawne for my delight, or profit, as I may (either way) use them; and will I, rather (then make that true use) hunt out the *Persons* to defame, by my malice of misapplying; and imperill the innocence, and candor of the *Author*, by his calumnie? It is an unjust way of hearing, and beholding *Plays*, this, and most unbecomming a *Gentleman* to appeare malignantly witty in anothers *Worke*.

Boy. They are no other but narrow, and shrunke natures, shriveld up, poore things, that cannot thinke well of themselves, who dare to detract others. That *Signature* is upon them, and it will last. A halfe-witted *Barbarisme*! which no *Barbers* art, or his bals, will ever expunge or take out.

Dam. Why, *Boy*? This were a strange Empire, or rather a Tyrannie, you would entitle your *Poet* to, over *Gentlemen*, that they should come to heare, and see *Plays*, and say nothing for their money.

Boy. O, yes; say what you will: so it be to purpose, and in place.

Dam. Can anything be out of purpose at a *Play*? I see no reason, if I come here, and give my eightene pence, or two shillings for my Seat, but I should take it out in censure, on the *Stage*.

Boy. Your two shilling worth is allow'd you: but you will take your ten shilling worth, your twenty shilling worth, and more: And teach others (about you) to doe the like, that follow your leading face; as if you were to cry up or downe every *Scene*, by confederacy, be it right or wrong.

Dam. Who should teach us the right, or wrong at a *Play*?

Boy. If your owne science can nor doe it, or the love of Modesty, and Truth,

Truth; all other intreaties, or attempts — are vaine. You are fitter *Spectators* for the *Bears*, then us, or the *Puppets*; This is a popular ignorance indeed, somewhat better appareld in you, then the *People*: but a hard handed, and stiffe ignorance, worthy a *Trowel*, or a *Hammer-man*; and not onely fit to be scorn'd, but to be triumph'd ore.

Dam. By whom, *Boy*?

Boy. No particular, but the generall neglect, and silence. Good Master *Damplay*, be your selfe still, without a second: Few here are of your opinion to day, I hope; to morrow, I am sure there will bee none, when they have ruminated this.

Pro. Let us mind what you come for, the *Play*, which will draw on to the *Epitaph* now.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Item. Needle. Keepe, Pleasance.

Item. **W**Here's Mr. Doctor? *Nec*. O Mr. *Tim Item*, His learned Potheary! you are welcome:

He is within at dinner. *It*. Dinner! Death!

That hee will eat now, having such a busines,

That so concernes him! *Nec*. Why, can any busines

Concerne a man like his meat? *It*. O twenty millions,

To a Physician, that's in practise: I

Doe bring him newes, from all the points o' the *Compass*,

(That's all the parts of the sublinary *Globe*.)

Of times, and double times. *Nec*. In, in, sweet *Item*,

And furnish forth the Table with your newes:

Deserve your dinner: Sow out your whole bag full:

The Guests will heare it. *Item*. I heard they were out,

Nec. But they are piec'd, and put together againe,

You may goe in, you'll find them at high eating:

The *Parson* has an edifying stomach,

And a perswading *Palate* (like his name:)

Hee hath begun three draughts of sack in *Doctrines*,

And fewer in *Uses*. *It*. And they follow him.

Nec. No, Sir *Diaphanous* is a *Recusant*

In sack. He onely takes it in French wine,

With an allay of water. In, in, *Item*,

And leave your peeping. *Kee*. I have a moneths mind,

To peepe a little too. Sweet *Mas' Needle*,

How are they set? *Nec*. At the boords end my Lady—

Kee. And my young *Mrs*, by her? *Nec*. Yes, the *Parson*

On the right hand (as hee'l nor lose his place

For thrusting) and 'gainst him *Mrs. Polish*:

Next, Sir *Diaphanous*, against Sir *Moath*;

Knights, one againe another: Then the *Souldier*,

The man of warre, and man of peace the *Lawyer*.

Then

Then the pert Doctor, and the politique *Bias*,
And Mr. *Compasse* circumscribeth all.

A noise within.

Pls. Nurse Keepe, nurse Keepe! *Nec.* What noise is that within?

Pls. Come to my Mistris, all their weapons are out.

Nec. Mischiefe of men! what day, what houre is this?

Kec. Run for the cellar of strong waters, quickly.

ACT III. SCENE II.

To them aforesaid.

Compasse. Ironside.

Com. Were you a mad man to doe this at table?
And trouble all the Guests, to affright the Ladies,
And Gentlewomen? *Iro.* Pox upo' your women,
And your halfe man there, Court-Sir *Amber-gris*:
A pertum'd braggart: He must drinke his wine
With three parts water, and have Amber in that too.

Com. And you must therefore breake his face with a Glasse,
And wash his nose in wine. *Iro.* Can not he drinke
In Orthodoxe, but he must have his Gums,
And Panyng Drugs? *Com.* You should have us'd the Glasse
Rather as ballance, then the sword of Justice:
But you have cut his face with it, he bleeds.
Come you shall take your Sanctuary with me,
The whole house will be up in armes 'gainst you else,
Within this halfe houre; this way to my lodging.

*Rut. Lady. Polish. Keepe, carrying Placenta
over the Stage.*

Plesance. Item.

Rut. A most rude action I carry her to her bed,
And use the Fricace to her, with those oyles.
Keepe your newes *Item* now, and tend this busines.

Lad. Good Gossip looke to her. *Pol.* How doe you sweet charge?

Kec. She's in a sweat. *Pol.* I, and a faint sweat mary.

Rut. Let her alone to *Tim*: he has directions,
He heare your newes *Tim Item*, when you ha' done.

Lad. Was ever such a Guest brought to my table?

Rut. These boistrous souldiers ha' no better breeding,
Here Mr. *Compasse* comes: where's your Captaine,

Rudbudibras de Ironside? *Com.* Gone out of doores.

Lad. Would he had nere come in them, I may wish.
He has discredited my house, and boord,

With his rude swaggering manners, and endanger'd
My Neices health (by drawing of his weapon)

God knowes how farre, for Mr. Doctor does not.

Com. The Doctor is an Assc then, if hee say so,
And cannot with his conjuring names, *Hippocrates*,
Galen or *Rasis*, *Avicen*, *Averroes*,

Care

Cure a poore wenches falling in a swoone:

Which a poore Farthing chang'd in *Rosa solis*,

Or *Cinnamon* water would. *Lad.* How now? how does shee?

Kec. Shee's somewhat better. Mr. *Item* has brought her

A little about. *ol.* But there's Sir *Month* your brother

Is falne into a fit o' the happyplexe,

It were a happy place for him, and us,

If he could steale to heaven thus: All the house

Are calling Mr. Doctor, Mr. Doctor.

The *Parson* he has gi'n him gone, this halfe houre;

Hee's pale in the mouth already, for the feare

O' the fierce *Captaine*. *Lad.* Helpe me to my Chamber,

Nurse Keepe: Would I could see the day no more,

But night hung over me, like some darke cloud;

That, buried with this losse of my good name,

I, and my house might perish, thus forgotten —

Com. Her taking it to heart thus, more afflicts me

Then all these accidents, for they'll blow over.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Practise. Silkworme. Compasse.

Pra. It was a barbarous Injury, I confesse:

But if you will be counsell'd, Sir, by me,

The reverend Law lies open to repaire

Your reputation. That will gi' you damages;

Five thousand pound for a finger, I have knowne

Given in Court: And let me pack your Jury.

Silk. There's nothing vexes me, but that he has staine

My new white sattin Doublet; and bespatter'd

My spick and span silke Stockings, o' the day

They were drawne on: And here's a spot i' my hose too.

Com. Shrewd maimes! your Clothes are wounded desperately,

And that I thinke troubles a Courtier more,

An exact Courtier, then a gash in his flesh.

Silk. My flesh? I sweare had he gi'n me twice so much,

I never should ha' reckon'd it. But my clothes

To be defac'd, and stigmatiz'd so foulely!

I take it as a contumely done me

Above the wisdom of our Lawes to right.

Com. Why then you'll challenge him? *Silk.* I will advise,

Though Mr. *Practise* here doth urge the Law;

And reputation it will make me of credit,

Beside great damages (let him pack my Jury.)

Com. He speaks like Mr. *Practise*, one, that is

The Child of a Profession he's vow'd too,

And servant to the studie he hath taken,

A pure Apprentice at Law! But you must have

E

The

The Counsell o' the Sword; and square your action
Vnto their Cannons, and that brother-hood,
If you doe right. *Pra.* I tell you Mr. *Compassse*,
You speake not like a friend unto the Lawes,
Nor scarce a subject, to perswade him thus,
Vnto the breach o' the peace: Sir you forget
There is a Court above, o' the *Starre-Chamber*,
To punish Routs and Riots. *Com.* No, young Master,
Although your name be *Practise* there in Terme time,
I doe remember it. But you'l not heare
What I was bound to say, but like a wild
Young haggard Justice, fly at breach o' the Peace,
Before you know, whether the amorous Knight
Dares break the peace of conscience in a Duell.

Silk. Troth Mr. *Compassse*, I take you my friend;
You shall appoint of me in any matter
That's reasonable, so wee may meet faire,
On even termes. *Com.* I shall perswade no other,
(And take your learned Counsell to advise you)
He run along with him. You say you'l meet him,
On even termes. I doe not see indeed
How that can be, 'twixt *Ironsides* and you,
Now I consider it. Hee is my brother.
I doe confesse (wee ha' call'd so twenty yeare:)
But you are, Sir, a Knight in Court, allied there,
And so befriended, you may easily answer
The worst successe: He a knowne, noted, bold
Boyo' the Sword, hath all mens eyes upon him;
And there's no *London-Iury*, but are led
In evidence, as farre by common fame,
As they are by present deposition.
Then you have many brethren, and neer kinsmen.
If he kill you, it will be a lasting Quarrell
'T'wixt them, and him. Whereas *Rud. Ironside*,
Although he ha' got his head into a Beaver,
With a huge feather, 's but a *Corriers sonne*,
And has not two old *Cordov'an* skins, to leave
In Leather Caps to mourne him in, if he die.
Again, you are generally belov'd, he hated
So much, that all the hearts, and votes of men
Goe with you, in the wishing all prosperity
Vnto your purpose, hee's a fat, corpulent,
Vnwildy fellow: you, a dieted Sparke,
Fit for the Combat. He has kild so many,
As it is ten to one his turne is next;
You never fought with any, lesse, slew any:
And therefore have the hopes before you.
I hope these things thus specified unto you,
Are faire advantages: you cannot encounter
Him upon equall termes. Beside, Sir *Silkworme*.

He hath done you wrong in a most high degree:
And sense of such an Injury receiv'd,
Should so exacute, and whet your choller,
As you should count your selfe an host of men,
Compar'd to him. And therefore you, brave Sir,
Have no more reason to provoke, or challenge
Him, then the huge great Porter has to try
His strength upon an Infant. *Silke.* Mr. *Compassse*,
You rather spur me on, then any way
Abate my courage to the Enterprise.

Com. All Counsell's as it's taken. If you stand
On point of honour, not t'have any odds,
I have rather then dissuaded you, then otherwise:
If upon termes of humour and revenge,
I have encourag'd you. So that I thinke,
I have done the part of a friend on either side:
In furnishing your feare with matter first,
If you have any: Or, if you dare fight,
To heighten, and confirme your resolution.

Pra. I now doe crave your pardon, Mr. *Compassse*:
I did not apprehend your way before,
The true *Perimeter* of it: you have Circles,
And such fine draughts about! *Silke.* Sir I doe thanke you,
I thanke you Mr. *Compassse* heartily,
I must confesse, I never fought before,
And I'll be glad to doe things orderly,
In the right place: I pray you instruct me.
Is't best I fight ambitiously, or maliciously?

Com. Sir, if you never fought before, be wary,
Trust not your selfe too much. *Silke.* Why? I assure you,
I am very angry. *Com.* Doe not suffer, though,
The statuous, windy choller of your heart,
To move the clapper of your understanding,
Which is the guiding faculty, your reason:
You know not, if you'l fight, or no, being brought
Vpo' the place. *Silke.* O yes, I have imagin'd
Him treble arm'd, provok'd too, and as furious
As *Homer* makes *Achilles*, and I find
My selfe not frighted with his fame one jot.

Com. Well, yet take heed. These fights imaginary,
Are lesse then skirmishes, the fight of shadows:
For shadows have their figure, motion
And their umbratile action from the reall
Posture, and motion of the bodies act:
Whereas (imaginarily) many times,
Those men may fight, dare scarce eye one another,
And much lesse meet. But if there be no helpe,
Faith I would wish you, send him a faire Challenge.

Silke. I will goe pen it presently. *Com.* But word it
In the most generous termes. *Silke.* Let me alone.

Pra. And silken phrase: the courtliest kind of Quarrell.
Com. He'l make it a petition for his peace.
Pra. O, yet, of right, and hee may doe it by Law.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Rut. *Palate, Bias*, bringing out *Interest* in a Chaire.
Item, Polish following.

Rut. Come, bring him out into the aire a little:
 There set him downe. Bow him, yet bow him more,
 Dash that same Glasse of water in his face:
 Now tweak him by the nose. Hard, harder yet:
 If it but call the blood up from the heart,
 I aske no more. See, what a feare can doe!
 Pinch him in the nape of the neck now; nip him, nip him.
It. He feeles, there's life in him. *Pal.* He graones, and stirres.
Rut. Tell him the Captaine's gone. *Int.* Ha! *Pal.* He's gone Sir.
Rut. Gi' him a box, hard, hard, on his left eare.
Int. O! *Rut.* How doe you feele your selfe? *Int.* Sore, sore.
Rut. But where?
Int. I my neck. *Rut.* I nip him there. *Int.* And i' my head.
Rut. I box'd him twice, or thrice, to move those Sinewes.
Bia. I sweare you did. *Pol.* What a brave man's a Doctor,
 To beat one into health! I thought his blowes
 Would eene ha' kild him: hee did feele no more
 Then a great horse. *Int.* Is the wild Captaine gone?
 That man of murther? *Bia.* All is calme and quiet.
Int. Say you so, *Cosen Bias*? Then all's well.
Pal. How quickly a man is lost! *Bia.* And soone recover'd!
Pol. Where there are meanes, and Doctors, learned men,
 And their Apothecaries, who are not now,
 (As *Chaucer* sayes) their friendship to begin.
 Well, could they teach each other how to win
 I their swath bands —. *Rut.* Leave your Poetry good Gossip.
 Your *Chaucers* clouts, and wash your dishes with hem,
 Wee must rub up the roots of his disease,
 And crave your peace awhile, or else your absence.
Pol. Nay, I know when to hold my peace. *Rut.* Then do it.
 Gi' me your hand *Sir Mouth*. Let's feele your pulse.
 It is a Purfinelle, a kind of Stoppage,
 Or tumor o' the Purse, for want of exercise,
 That you are troubled with: some ligatures
 I th neck of your *Pesica*, or *Marfupium*,
 Are so close knit, that you cannot evaporate;
 And therefore you must use relaxatives,
 Beside, they say, you are so restive growne,
 You cannot but with trouble put your hand
 Into your pocket, to discharge a reckoning.

And

And this we sonnes of Physick doe call *chiragra*,
 A kind of Crampe, or Hand-Gout. You shall purge for't.
It. Indeed your worship should doe well to advise him,
 To cleanse his body, all the three high wayes;
 That is, by Sweat, Purge, and Phlebotomy.
Rut. You say well learned *Tim*, He first prescribe him,
 To give his purse a purge once, twice a weeke
 At Dice, or Cards: And when the weather is open,
 Sweat at a bowling Alley; or be let blood
 I' the lending veine, and bleed a matter of fley,
 Or three score ounces at a time. Then put
 Your thumbs under your Girdle, and have some body
 Else, pull out your purse for you, till with more ease,
 And a good habit, you can doe it your selfe.
 And then be sure alwayes to keepe good diet,
 And h' your table furnish'd from one end,
 Vnto the tother: It is good for the eyes,
 But feed you on one dish still, ha' your Diet-drinke,
 Ever in Bottles ready, which must come
 From the Kings-head: I will prescribe you nothing,
 But what He take before you mine owne selfe:
 That is my course with all my Patients.
Pal. Very methodicall, *Secundum Artem*.
Bia. And very safe *pro capiti recipientis*.
Pol. All errant learned men, how they 'spute Latine!
Rut. I had it of a Jew, and a great Rabbi,
 Who every morning cast his cup of White-wine
 With sugar, and by the residence i' the bottome,
 Would make report of any Chronick malady,
 Such as *Sir Mouth*'s is, being an oppilation,
 In that you call the neck o' the money bladder,
 Most anatomically, and by dissection.
Ke. O Mr. Doctor, and his Potheary!
 Good Mr. *Item*, and my Mistress *Polish*!
 Wee need you all above! Shee's false againe,
 In a worse fitten ever. *Pol.* Who? *Ke.* Your charge.
Pol. Come away Gentlemen. *Int.* This fit with the Doctor,
 Hath mended me past expectation.

ACT III. SCENE V.

Compasse, Diaphanous, Practise, Bias, Ironside.

Com. O *Sir Diaphanous*, ha' you done? *Dia.* I ha' brought it.
Pra. That's well. *Com.* But who shall carry it now? *Dia.* A friend:
 He find a friend to carry it, Mr. *Bia* here
 Will not deny me that. *Bia.* What is't? *Dia.* To carry
 A Challenge I have writ unto the Captaine.
Bia. Faith but I will Sir, you shall pardon me
 For a twi-reaton of State: He beare no Challenges,

I will

I will not hazard my Lords favour so,
Or forfeit mine owne Judgement with his honour,
To turne a Russian: I have to commend me
Nought but his Lordships good opinion;
And to't my *Kallygraphy*, a faire hand,
Fit for a Secretary: Now you know, a mans hand
Being his executing part in fight,
Is more obnoxious to the common perill —

Dia. You shall not fight Sir, you shall onely search
My *Antagonist*; commit us fairely there
Vpo' the ground on equall termes. *Bia.* O Sir!
But if my Lord should heare I stood at end
Of any quarrell, 'twere an end of me
In a state course! I ha' read the *Politiques*;
And heard th' opinions of our best Divines.

Com. The Gentleman has reason! Where was first
The birth of your acquaintance? or the Cradle
Of your strickt friendship made? *Dia.* We met in *France*, Sir.

Com. In *France*! that Garden of humanity,
The very seed-plot of all courtesies:
I wonder that your friendship suck'd that aliment,
The milke of *France*; and see this sower effect
It doth produce, 'gainst all the sweets of travell:
There, every Gentleman professing armes,
Thinks he is bound in honour to embrace
The bearing of a Challenge for another,
Without or questioning the cause, or asking
Least colour of a reason. There's no Cowardize,
No Poultrounerie, like urging why? wherefore?
But carry a Challenge, die, and doe the thing.

Bia. Why, heare you Mr. *Compassse*, I but crave
Your eare in private? I would carry his Challenge,
If I but hop'd your Capitaine angry enough
To kill him: For (to tell you truth) this Knight,
Is an impertinent in Court, (wee thinke him;) *Com.*
And troubles my Lords Lodgings, and his Table
With frequent, and unnecessary visits,
Which wee (the better sort of Servants) like not:
Being his Fellowes in all other places,
But at our Masters boord; and we disdain
To doe those servile offices, oft times,
His foolish pride, and Empire will exact,
Against the heart, or humour of a Gentleman.

Com. Truth Mr. *Bia*, I'd not ha' you thinke
I speake to flatter you: but you are one
O' the deepest *Politiques* I ever met,
And the most subtilly rationall. I admire you.
But doe not you conceive in such a case,
That you are accessory to his death,
From whom you carry a Challenge with such purpose,

Bia.

Bia. Sir the corruption of one thing in nature,
Is held the Generation of another,
And therefore, I had as leive be accessory
Vnto his death, as to his life. *Com.* A new
Morall Philosophy too! you'l carry't then.

Bia. If I were sure, 't would not incense his choller
To bear the Messenger. *Com.* O! Ile secure you,
You shall deliver it in my lodging; safely,
And doe your friend a service worthy thanks.

Bia. Ile venture it, upon so good Induction,
To rid the Court of an Impediment,
This baggage Knight. *Iro.* Peace to you all Gentlemen,
Save to this Mushrome; who I heare is menacing
Me with a Challenge: which I come to anticipate,
And save the Law a labour: Will you fight Sir?

Dia. Yes, in my shirt. *Iro.* O, that's to save your doublet;
I know it a Court trick! you had rather have
An Ulcer in your body, then a Pinke
More i' your clothes. *Dia.* Capitaine, you are a Coward,
If you not fight i' your shirt. *Iro.* Sir I not meane
To put it off for that, nor yet my doublet:
Yo' have cause to call me Coward, that more feare
The stroke of the common, and life giving aire,
Then all your fury, and the Panoplie.

Pra. (Which is at best, but a thin linnen armour.)
I thinke a cup of generous wine were better,
Then fighting i' your shirts. *Dia.* Sir, Sir, my valour,
It is a valour of another nature,
Then to be mended by a cup of wine.

Com. I should be glad to heare of any valours,
Differing in kind; who have knowne hitherto,
Only one vertue, they call *Fortitude*,
Worthy the name of valour. *Iro.* Which, who hath not,
Is justly thought a Coward: And he is such.

Dia. O, you ha' read the Play there, the *New Inne*,
Of *Ionsons*, that decries all other valour
But what is for the publike. *Iro.* I doe that too,
But did not learne it there; I thinke no valour
Lies for a private cause. *Dia.* Sir, Ile redargue you,
By disputation. *Com.* O let's heare this!
I long to heare a man dispute in his shirt
Of valour, and his sword drawne in his hand.

Pra. His valour will take cold; put on your doublet.

Com. His valour will keepe cold, you are deceiv'd;
And relish much the sweeter in our eares:
It may be too, i' the ordinance of nature.
Their valours are not yet so combatant,
Or truly *antagonistick*, as to fight;
But may admit to heare of some divisions,
Of *Fortitude*, may put 'hem off their Quarrell.

Dia.

Dia. I would have no man thinke me so ungovern'd,
Or subject to my passion, but I can
Reade him a Lecture 'twixt my undertakings,
And executions: I doe know all kinds
Of doing the busines, which the Towne calls valour.

Com. Yes, he has read the Towne, *Towne-top's* his Author!
Your first? *Dia.* Is a rash head-long unexperience.

Com. Which is in Children, Fooles, or your street Gallants
O' the first head. *Pra.* A pretty kind of valour!

Com. Commend him, he will spin it out in 's shirt,
Fine, as that thred. *Dia.* The next, an indiscreet
Presumption, grounded upon often scapes.

Com. Or th' insufficiencie of Adversaries,
And this is in your common fighting Brothers,
Your old *Perdu's*, who (after a time) doe thinke,
The one, that they are shot free; the other sword free,
Your third? *Dia.* Is nought but an excesse of choller,
That raignes in testy old men—*Com.* Noble mens Porters,
And selfe conceited Poets. *Dia.* And is rather
A peevishnesse, then any part of valour.

Pra. He but reherſes, he concludes no valour.

Com. A history of distempers, as they are practiz'd,
His *Harangue* undertaketh, and no more.

Your next? *Dia.* Is a dull desperate resolving.

Com. In case of some necessitous misery, or
Incumbent mischief. *Pra.* Narrownesse of mind,
Or ignorance being the root of it.

Dia. Which shou shall find in Gamesters, quite blowne up;

Com. Bankrupt Merchants, undiscovered Traytors.

Pra. Or your exemplified Malefactors,
That have surviv'd their infamy, and punishment.

Com. One that hath lost his eares, by a just sentence
O' the *Starre-Chamber*, a right valiant Knave—
And is a *Histrionicall* Contempt,
Of what a man feares most, it being a mischief
In his owne apprehension unavoidable.

Pra. Which is in Cowards wounded mortally,
Or Theeves adjudg'd to die. *Com.* This is a valour,
I should desire much to see encourag'd:
As being a speciall entertainment

For our rogue People; and make oft good sport
Vnto 'hem, from the Gallows to the ground.

Dia. But mine is a Judiciall resolving,
Or liberall undertaking of a danger—

Com. That might be avoided. *Dia.* I, and with assurance,
That it is found in Noble-men, and Gentlemen,
Of the best sheafe. *Com.* Who having lives to lose,
Like private men, have yet a world of honour,
And publike reputation to defend—

Dia. Which in the brave historified *Greeks*,

And

And *Romans* you shall reade of. *Com.* And (no doubt)
May in our Alder-men meet it, and their Deputies,
The Souldiers of the Citie, valiant blades,
Who (rather then their houses should be ranſack'd)
Would fight it out, like so many wild beasts;
Not for the fury they are commonly arm'd with:
But the close manner of their fight, and custome,
Of joyning head to head, and foot to foot.

Iro. And which of these so well-preſt resolutions
Am I to encounter now? For commonly,
Men that have so much choiſe before 'hem, have
Some trouble to resolve of any one.

Bia. There are three valours yet, which Sir *Diaphanous*,
Hath (with his leave) not touch'd. *Dia.* Year which are those?
Pra. He perks at that! *Com.* Nay, he does more, he chatters.

Bia. A Philosophicall contempt of death,
Is one: Then an infused kind of valour,
Wrought in us by our *Genii*, or good spirits;
Of which the gallant *Ethnicks* had deepe sense:
Who generally held, that no great States-man,
Scholler, or Souldier, ere did any thing
Sine divino aliquo afflatu.

Pra. But there's a Christian valour, 'bove these too.
Bia. Which is a quiet patient toleration,
Of whatsoever the malicious world

With Injury doth unto you; and consists
In passion, more then action, Sir *Diaphanous*.

Dia. Sure, I doe take mine to be Christian valour—

Com. You may mistake though. Can you justifie
On any cause, this seeking to deface,
The divine Image in a man? *Bia.* O Sir!

Let 'hem alone: Is not *Diaphanous*

As much a divine Image, as is *Ironside*?

Let Images fight, if they will fight, a God's name.

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Keepe. Needle. Interest.

To them inter-vening.

Kee. Where's Mr. *Needle*? Saw you Mr. *Needle*?

Wee are undone. *Com.* What ailes the frantick Nurse?

Kee. My Miſtris is undone, shee's crying out!

Where is this man trow? Mr. *Needle*? *Nee.* Here.

Kee. Run for the party, Mrs. *Chaire* the Mid-wife.

Nay, looke how the man stands, as he were gok't!

Shee's lost, if you not haste away the party.

Nee. Where is the Doctor? *Kee.* Where a scoffing man is.

And his Apothecary, little better;

They laugh, and geere at all: will you dispatch?

F

And

And fetch the party quickly to our Mistress:

Wee are all undone! The Timpanie will out else.

Int. Newes, newes, good newes, better then butter'd newes!

My Neice is found with Child, the Doctor tels me,

And false in labour. *Com.* How? *Int.* The portion's paid!

Exit. The portion — o' the Captaine! Is he here?

Pra. He has spi'd your words out! put 'hem up, put up,

Yo' have driven him hence, and yet your quarrell's ended.

Iro. In a most strange discovery. *Ira.* Of light gold.

Dia. And crack't within the Ring. I take the *Omen*,

As a good *Omen*. *Pra.* Then put up your Sword,

And on your Doublet. Give the Captaine thanks.

Dia. I had beene slur'd else. Thanke you noble Captaine:

Your quarrelling caus'd all this. *Iro.* Where's *Compasse*? *Pra.* Gone,

Shrunke hence, contracted to his Center, I feare.

Iro. The slip is his then. *Dia.* I had like't have beene

Abus'd i' the busines, had the slip slur'd on me,

A Counterfeit. *Bias.* Sir, we are all abus'd:

As many as were brought on to be Sutors;

And we will joyne in thanks, all to the Captaine,

And to his fortune that so brought us off.

Chorus.

Dam. This was a pittifull poore shift o' your Poët, *Boy*, to make his
prime woman with child, and fall in labour, just to compose a quarrell.

Boy. With whose borrowed eares, have you heard, Sir, all this while,
that you can mistake the current of our *Scene* so? The streame of the
Argument, threatned her being with child from the very beginning, for it
presented her in the first of the second *Act*, with some apparent note of
infirmitie, or defect: from knowledge of which, the Auditory were
rightly to bee suspended by the *Author*, till the quarrell, which was but
the accidentall cause, hastned on the discovery of it, in occasioning her
affright, which made her fall into her throwes presently, and within that
compassse of time allow'd to the *Comedy*, wherein the Poët exprest his
prime Artifice, rather then any error, that the detection of her being
with child, should determine the quarrell, which had produc'd it.

Pra. The *Boy* is too hard for you. Brother *Damplay*, best marke the
Play, and let him alone.

Dam. I care not for marking the *Play*: He damne it, talke, and doe that
I come for. I will not have *Gentlemen* lose their priviledge, nor I my
selfe my prerogative, for neere an overgrowne, or superannuated Poët of
'hem all. Hee shall not give me the Law; I will censure, and be witty,
and take my Tobacco, and enjoy my *Magna Charta* of reprehension, as
my Predecessors have done before me.

Boy. Even to license, and absurdity.

Pra. Not now, because the *Gentleman* is in travell: and the Midwife
may come on the sooner, to put her and us out of our paine.

Dam. Well, looke to your busines afterward, *Boy*, that all things bee
cleare,

cleare, and come properly forth, suited, and set together, for I will
search what followes severely and to the naile.

Boy. Let your naile run smooth then, and not scratch: lest the *Author*
be bold to pare it to the quick, and make it smart: you'l find him as se-
vere as your selfe.

Dam. A shrewd *Boy*! and has mee every where. The Mid-wife is
come, she has made haste.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Chaire. Needle. Keepe.

Cha. Stay Mr. *Needle*, you doe prick too fast
Vpo' the busines: I must take some breath:

Lend me my stoole, you ha' drawne a stitch upon me,
In faith, sonne *Needle*, with your haste.

Nec. Good Mother, peice up this breach, He gi' you a new Gowne,
A new filke. Grogoran Gowne. He do't Mother.

Kee. What'll you doe? you ha' done too much already
With your prick-seame, and through-stitch. Mr. *Needle*,
I pray you sit not fabling here old tales,
Good Mother *Chaire*, the Mid-wife, but come up.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Compasse. Keepe. Practise.

Com. How now Nurse, where's my Lady? *Kee.* In her Chamber
Lock'd up, I thinke: shee'll speake with nobody.

Com. Knowes shee o' this accident? *Kee.* Alas Sir, no;
Would she might never know it. *Pra.* I thinke her Ladiship
Too vertuous, and too nobly innocent,
To have a hand in so ill-form'd a busines.

Com. Your thought Sir is a brave thought, and a safe one,
The child now to be borne is not more free,
From the aspersion of all spot, then she?
She have her hand in plot, gainst Mr. *Practise*.
If there were nothing else, whom she so loves?
Cries up, and values? knowes to be a man
Mark'd out, for a chiefe Justice in his cradle?
Or a Lord Paramount, the head o' the Hall?
The Top, or the Top-gallant of our Law?
Assure your selfe, she could not so deprave,
The rectitude of her Judgement, to wish you
Vnto a wife, might prove your Infamy,
Whom she esteem'd that part o' the Common-wealth,
And had up for honour to her blood.

Pra. I must confesse a great beholdingnesse
Vnto her Ladiships offer, and good wishes.

But the truth is, I never had affection,
Or any liking to this Neice of hers.

Com. You fore-saw somewhat then? *Pra.* I had my notes,
And my Prognosticks. *Com.* You read Almanacks,
And study 'hem to some purpose, I beleeve?

Pra. I doe confesse, I doe beleeve, and pray too:
According to the Planets at sometimes.

Com. And doe observe the signe in making Lover?

Pra. As in Phlebotomy. *Com.* And choose your Mistris
By the good dayes, and leave her by the bad?

Pra. I doe, and I doe not. *Com.* A little more
Would fetch all his Astronomie from *Allestree*.

Pra. I tell you Mr. *Compasse*, as my friend,
And under scale, I cast mine eye long since,
Vpo' the other wench, my Ladies woman,
Another manner of peice for handfomnesse,
Then is the Neice (but that is *sub sigillo*,
And as I give it you) in hope o' your aid,
And counsell in the busines. *Com.* You need counsell?
The only famous Counsell, o' the kingdome,
And in all Courts? That is a seere in faith,
Worthy your name, and your profession too,
Sharpe Mr. *Practise*. *Pra.* No, upo' my Law,
As I am a Benchet, and now double Reader,
I meant in meere simplicity of request.

Com. If you meant so. Th' affaires are now perplex'd,
And full of trouble, give 'hem breath, and settling,
He doe my best. But in meane time doe you
Prepare the *Parson*. (I am glad to know
This, for my selfe lik'd the young Maid before,
And lov'd her too.) Ha' you a Licence? *Pra.* No;
But I can fetch one straight. *Com.* Doe, doe, and mind
The *Parsons* pint t' ingage him — the busines;
A knitting Cup there must be. *Pra.* I shall doe it.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Bias. Interest. Compasse.

Bia. 'Tis an affront, from you Sir; you here brought me,
Vnto my Ladies, and to wooe a wife,
Which since is prov'd a crack'd commoditie;
Shee hath broke bulke too soone. *Int.* No fault of mine,
If she be crack'd in peeces, or broke round;
It was my sisters fault, that owne the house,
Where she hath got her clap, makes all this noise.
I keepe her portion safe, that is not scatter'd:
The money's rattle not; nor are they throwne,
To make a Muffe, yet 'mong the game some Suitors.

Com.

Com. Can you endure that flout, close Mr. *Bias*,
And have beene so bred in the Politiques?
The injury is done you, and by him only;
He lent you imprest money, and upbraids it:
Furnish'd you for the wooing, and now waves you.

Bia. That makes me to expostulate the wrong
So with him, and resent it as I doe.

Com. But doe it home then. *Bia.* Sir, my Lord shall know it.

Com. And all the Lords o' the Court too. *Bia.* Whata Moath
You are Sir *Interest*! *Int.* Wherein I intreat you,

Sweet Master *Bias*? *Com.* To draw in young States-men,
And heires of policie into the noose

Of an infamous matrimonic. *Bia.* Yes,

Infamous, *quasi in communem famam*:

And Matrimony, *quasi* matter of Money.

Com. Learnedly urg'd, my cunning Mr. *Bias*.

Bia. With his lewd, knowne, and prostituted Neice.

Int. My knowne, and prostitute: how you mistake,
And run upon a false ground, Mr. *Bias*!

(Your Lords will doe me right.) Now, she is prostitute,

And that I know it (please you understand me.)

I meane to keepe the portion in my hands:

And pay nomonies. *Com.* Marke you that *Don Bias*?

And you shall still remaine in bonds to him,

For wooing furniture, and imprest charges.

Int. Good Mr. *Compasse*, for the summes he has had
Of me, I doe acquit him: They are his owne.

Here, before you, I doe release him. *Com.* Good!

Bia. O Sir. *Com.* 'Slid take it: I doe witness it:
Hee cannot hurle away his money better.

Int. He shall get so much Sir, by my acquaintance,

To be my friend: And now report to his Lords

As I deserve no otherwise. *Com.* But well:

And I will witness it, and to the value;

Four hundred is the price, if I mistake not,

Of your true friend in Court. Take hands, you ha' bought him,

And bought him cheap. *Bia.* I am his worships servant.

Com. And you his slave, Sir *Moath*, Seal'd, and deliver'd.

Ha' you not studied the Court Complement?

Here are a paire of Humours, reconcil'd now,

That money held at distance: or their thoughts,

Basfer then money.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Polish. Keepe. Compasse.

Pol. Out thou carife witch!
Baud, Beggar, Gipley: Any thing indeed,

But

But honest woman. *Kee.* What you please, Dame *Polish*,
My Ladies Stroaker. *Com.* What is here to doe?
The Gossips out! *Pol.* Thou art a Traytor to me,
An *Eve*, the *Apul*, and the Serpent too:
A Viper, that hast ear a passage through me,
Through mine owne bowels, by thy retchlesnesse.

Com. What frantick fit is this? Ile step aside
And hearken to it. *Pol.* Didst thou trust thee, wretch,
With such a secret, of that consequence,
Didst thou concerne me, and my child, our livelihood,
And reputation? And hast thou undone us?
By thy connivence, nodding in a corner,
And suffering her begot with child so basely?
Sleepie unlucky Hag! Thou bird of night,
And all mischance to me. *Kee.* Good Lady Empresse!
Hadst thou the keeping of your Daughters elicket
In charge? was that committed to my trust?

Com. Her Daughter. *Pol.* Softly Divell, not so low'd,
You'd ha' the house heare, and be witness, would you?

Kee. Let all the world be witness. Afore Ile
Endure the Tyrannie of such a tongue—
And such a pride—. *Pol.* What will you doe? *Kee.* Tell truth,
And shame the She-man Divell in putt'd sleeves;
Run any hazzard, by revealing all

Vnto my Lady: how you chang'd the cradles,
And chang'd the children in 'hem. *Pol.* Not so high!

Kee. Calling your Daughter *Pleasance*, there *Placentia*,
And my true Mistris by the name of *Pleasance*.

Com. A horrid secret, this! worth the discovery;

Pol. And must you be thus low'd? *Kee.* I will be lowder:
And cry it through the house, through every roome,
And every office of the Lawndry-maids:
Till it be borne hot to my Ladies eares.
Ere I will live in such a slavery,

Ile doe away my selfe. *Pol.* Didst thou not sweare
To keepe it secret? and upon what booke?
(I doe remember now) *The Practise of Pity*.

Kee. It was a practise of impiety,
Out of your wicked forge, I know it now,
My conscience tels me. First, against the Infants,
To rob them o' their names, and their true parents;
T'abuse the neighbour-hood, keepe them in error;
But most my Lady: Shee has the maine wrong:
And I wil let her know it instantly.

Repentance, (if it be true) here comes too late.

Pol. What have I done? Conjur'd a spirit up
I ha' not lay againe? drawne on a danger,
And mine on my selfe thus, by provoking
A peevish foole, whom nothing will pray of,
Or laushe I feare? Her patience stirr'd,

Is turn'd to fury. I have run my Barke,
On a sweet Rock, by mine owne arts, and trust:
And must get off againe, or dash in peeces.

Com. This was a busines, worth the hitting after.

ACT III. SCENE V.

Pleasance. Compasse.

Ple. O Mr. *Compasse*, did you see my Mother?
Mistris *Placentia*, my Ladies Neice;
Is newly brought to bed o' the bravest boy!
Will you goe see it? *Com.* First, Ile know the father,
Ere I approach these hazards. *Ple.* Mistris Midwife
Has promis'd to find out a father for it,
If there be need. *Com.* Shee may the safeliest do't,
By vertue of her place. But pretty *Pleasance*,
I have a newes for you, I thinke will please you.

Ple. What is't Mr. *Compasse*? *Com.* Stay, you must
Deserve it ere you know it. Where's my Lady?

Ple. Retir'd unto her Chamber, and shut up.

Com. She heares o' none o' this yet? well, doe you
Command the Coach, and fit your selfe to travell
A little way with me. *Ple.* Whither, for Gods sake?

Com. Where Ile intreat you not to your losse, beleeve it,
If you dare trust your selfe. *Ple.* With you the world ore,

Com. The newes will well requite the paines, I assure you,
And i' this tumult you will not be mist.

Command the Coach, it is an instant busines,
Wu' not be done without you. *Parson Palate*

Most opportunely met, step to my Chamber;
Ile come to you presently. There is a friend,

Or two, will entertaine you. Mr. *Practise*,
Ha' you the Licence?

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

Practise. Compasse. Pleasance. Palate.

Pra. Here it is. *Com.* Let's see it:

Your name's not in't. *Pra.* Ile fill that presently;
It has the Seale, which is the maine: And registred,

The Clarke knowes me, and trusts me. *Com.* Ha' you the *Parson*?

Pra. They say hee's here, he's pointed to come hither.

Com. I would not have him seene here for a world,
To breed supition. Doe you intercept him,

And prevent that. But take your Licence with you,

And fill the blanke: or leave it here with me,

Ile doe it for you, stay you with us at his Church,

Behind the old Exchange, wee'll come i' th Coach,

And meet you there within this Quarter at least.

Prs. I am much bound unto you, Mr. *Compassse*,
You have all the Law, and parts of *Squire Practise*
For ever at your use. He tell you newes, too:
Sir, your Reversion's fall'n: *Thin-wits* dead,
Surveyor of the Projects generall.

Com. When died he? *Prs.* Eene this morning, I receiv'd it
From a right hand. *Com.* Conceale it Mr. *Practise*,
And mind the maine affaire, you are in hand with.

Ple. The Coach is ready Sir. *Com.* 'Tis well faire *Pleasance*,
Though now wee shall not use it, bid the Coach-man
Drive to the Parish Church, and stay about there,
Till Mr. *Practise* come to him, and imploy him:
I have a Licence now, which must have entry
Before my Lawyers. Noble *Parson Palate*,
Thou shalt be a marke advanc't: here's a peece,
And doe a feat for me. *Pal.* What, Mr. *Compassse*?

Com. But run the words of Matrimony, over
My head, and Mrs. *Pleasances* in my Chamber:
There's Captaine *Ironside* to be a witnesse:
And here's a Licence to secure thee. *Parson*!
What doe you stick at? *Pal.* It is after-noon Sir,
Directly against the Canon of the Church;
You know it Mr. *Compassse*: and beside,
I am engag'd unto our worshipfull friend,
The learned Mr. *Practise* in that busines.

Com. Come on, ingage your selfe: Who shall be able
To say you married us, but i'the morning,
The most canonick minute o' the day,
If you affirme it? That's a spic'd excuse,
And shewes you have set the Common Law, before
Any profession else, of love, or friendship.
Come Mrs. *Pleasance*, wee cannot prevaile
With th' rigid *Parson* here; but Sir, I'll keepe you
Lock'd in my lodging, 'till't be done elsewhere,
And under feare of *Ironside*. *Pal.* Doe you heare, Sir?

Com. No, no, it matters not. *Pal.* Can you thinke Sir
I would deny you any thing? not to losse
Of both my Livings: I will doe it for you,
Ha' you a wedding Ring? *Com.* I and a Poet:
Annulus hic nobis, quod scit uterq; dabit. *Pal.* Good!
This Ring will give you what you both desire.
He make the whole house chant it, and the Parish.

Com. Why, well said *Parson*. Now to you my newes,
That comprehend my reasons, Mrs. *Pleasance*.

ACT III. SCENE VII.

Chaire. Needle. Polish. Keepe.

Cha. Goe, get a Nurse, procure her at what rate
You can: and out o' th' house with it, *sonne Needle*.

It is a bad Commodity. *Nec.* Good Mother,
I know it, but the best would now be made on't.

Cha. And shall: you should not fret so, Mrs. *Polish*,
Nor you Dame *Keepe*, my Daughter shall doe well,
When she has tane my Cawdle. I ha' knowne
Twenty such breaches piec'd up, and made whole;
Without a bumb of noise. You two fall out?
And teare up one another? *Pol.* Blessed woman?
Blest be the Peace-maker. Kee. The Peace-dresser!
He heare no peace from her. I have beene wrong'd,
So has my Lady, my good Ladies worship,
And I will right her, hoping shee'll right me.
Pol. Good gentle *Keepe*, I pray thee Mistris Nurse,
Pardon my passion, I was misadvys'd,
Be thou yet better, by this grave sage woman,
Who is the Mother of Matrons, and great persons,
And knowes the world. *Kee.* I doe confesse, she knowes
Something—and I know someth'ing—*Pol.* Put your somethings
Together then. *Cha.* I, here's a chance false out
You cannot helpe; lesse can this Gentlewoman;
I can and will, for both. First, I have sent
By-chop away; the cause gone, the fame ceaseth,
Then by my Cawdle, and my Cullice, I set
My Daughter on her feet, about the house here:
Shee's young, and must stirre somewhat for necessity,
Her youth will beare it out. She shall pretend,
T'have had a fit o' the Mother: there is all.
If you have but a Secretary Landresse,
To blanch the Linnen—Take the former counsels
Into you; keepe them safe i' your owne breasts,
And make your Merkat of 'hem at the highest.
Will you goe peach, and cry your selfe a foole
At Granam's Crosse? be laugh'd at, and dispis'd?
Betray a purpose, which the Deputie
Of a double Ward, or scarce his Alderman,
With twelve of the wisest Questmen could find out,
Imployed by the Authority of the Citie?
Come, come, be friends: and keepe these women-matters,
Smock-secrets to our selves, in our owne verge.
Wee shall marre all, if once we ope the mysteries
O' the Tying-house, and tell what's done within:
No Theaters are more cheated with apparances,
Or these shop-lights, then th' Ages, and folke in them,
That seeme most curious. *Pol.* Breath of an Oracle!
You shall be my deare Mother; wisest woman
That ever tip'd her tongue, with point of reasons,
To turne her hearers! Mistris *Keepe*, relent,
I did abuse thee; I confesse to penance:
And on my knees aske thee forgiveness. *Cha.* Rise,
She doth begin to melt, I see it—*Kee.* Nothing

Griev'd me so much, as when you call'd me Baud:
 Witch did not trouble me, nor Gipsie; no
 Nor Beggar. But a Baud, was such a name!
Cha. No more rehearals; Repetitions
 Make things the worse: The more wee stirre (you know
 The Proverbe, and it signifies a) stink.
 What's done, and dead, let it be buried.
 New houres will fit fresh handles, to new thoughts.

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

Interst. with his Foot-boy. To them *Compasse.* *Ironside.*
Silkenworme. *Palate.* *Pleasance.* To them the
Lady: and after *Practise.*

Int. Run to the Church, Sirrah. Get all the Drunkards
 To ring the Bells, and jangle them for joy
 My Neice hath brought an Heire unto the house,
 A lusty boy. Where's my sister *Loadstone*?
 Asleepe at afternoones! It is not wholesome,
 Against all rules of Physick, Lady sister.
 The little Doctor will not like it. Our Neice
 Is new deliver'd of a chopping Child,
 Can call the Father by the name already,
 If it but ope the mouth round. *Mr. Compasse,*
 He is the man, they say, fame gives it out,
 Hath done that Act of honour to our house,
 And friendship to pompe out a Sonne, and Heire,
 That shall inherit nothing, surely nothing
 From me at least. I come t' invite your Ladiship
 To be a witnessse, I will be your Partner,
 And give it a horne-spoone, and a treene dish,
 Bastard, and Beggars badges, with a blanket
 For Dame the Doxey to march round the Circuit,
 With bag, and baggage. *Com.* Thou malicious Knight,
 Envious Sir *Mouth,* that eates on that which feeds thee,
 And frets her goodnesse, that sustaines thy being;
 What company of Mankind would owne thy brother-hood,
 But as thou hast a title to her blood,
 Whom thy ill nature hath chose out t' insult on,
 And vexes thus, for an Accident in her house,
 As if it were her crime! Good innocent Lady,
 Thou shew'st thy selfe a true corroding Vermine,
 Such as thou art. *Int.* Why, gentle *Mr. Compasse*?
 Because I wish you joy of your young Sonne,
 And Heire to the house, you ha' sent us? *Com.* I ha' sent you?
 I know not what I shall doe. Come in friends:
 Madam, I pray you be pleas'd to trust your selfe
 Vnto our company. *Lad.* I did that too late;
 Which brought on this calamity upon me,

With

With all the infamy I heare; your Souldier,
 That swaggering Guest. *Com.* Who is return'd here to you,
 Your vowed friend, and servant, comes to sup with you,
 So wee doe all, and 'll prove he hath deserv'd,
 That speciall respect, and favour from you,
 As not your fortunes, with your selfe to boote,
 Cast on a Feather-bed, and spread o'th' sheets
 Vnder a brace of your best Persian Carpets,
 Were scarce a price to thanke his happy merits.
Int. What impudence is this? can you indure
 To heare it sister? *Com.* Yes, and you shall heare it,
 Who will indure it worse. What deserves he
 In your opinion, Madam, or weigh'd judgement,
 That things thus hanging (as they doe in doubt)
 Suspended, and suspected, all involv'd,
 And wrapt in error, can resolve the knot?
 Redintegrate the same, first of your house?
 Restore your Ladiships quiet? render then
 Your Neice a Virgin, and unvisited?
 And make all plaine, and perfect as it was)
 A practise to betray you, and your name?

Int. Hee speaks impossibilities. *Com.* Here he stands,
 Whose fortune hath done this, and you must thanke him:
 To what you call his swaggering, wee owe all this.
 And that it may have credit with you Madam,
 Here is your Neice, whom I have married, witnessse
 These Gentlemen, the Knight, Captaine, and *Parson*,
 And this grave Politique Tell-troth of the Court.

Lad. What's she that I call Neice then? *Com.* *Polishes Daughter*;
 Her Mother Goodwy' *Polish* hath confes'd it
 To Granam *Kepe*, the Nurse, how they did change
 The children in their Cradles. *Lad.* To what purpose?
Com. To get the portion, or some part of it,
 Which you must now disburse intire to me, Sir,
 If I but gaine her Ladiships consent.

Lad. I bid God give you joy, if this be true.
Com. As true it is, Lady, Lady, 'tch' long.
 The portion's mine, with interest Sir *Mouth*,
 I will not 'bate you a single Harrington,
 Of interest upon interest. In meane time,
 I doe commit you to the Guard of *Ironside*.
 My brother here, Captaine *Rudbudbras*:
 From whom I will expect you, or your Ransome.

Int. Sir you must prove it, and the possibility,
 Ere I beleev'e it. *Com.* For the possibility,
 I leave to triall. Truth shall speake it selfe.
 O *Mr. Practise*, did you meet the Coach?
Pr. Yes Sir, but empty. *Com.* Why, I sent it for you,
 The busines is dispatch'd here, ere you come;
 Come in, I tell you how: you are a man

G 2

Will

Will look for satisfaction, and must have it.

All. So doe wee all, and long to heare the right.

Chorus.

Dam. Troth, I am one of those that labour with the same longing, for it is almost pucker'd, and pull'd into that knot, by your Poet, which I cannot easily, with all the strength of my imagination, untie.

Boy. Like enough, nor is it in your office to be troubled or perplexed with it, but to sit still, and expect. The more your imagination busies it selfe, the more it is intangled, especially if (as I told, in the beginning) you happen on the wrong end.

Pro. He hath said sufficient, Brother Damplay; our parts that are the Spectators, or should heare a Comedy, are to await the proceffe, and events of things, as the Poet presents them, not as wee would corruptly fashion them. Wee come here to behold *Plays*, and censure them, as they are made, and fitted for us; not to beslave our owne thoughts, with censorious spittle tempering the Poets clay, as wee were to mould every *Scene* anew: That were a meere Plastick, or Potters ambition, most unbecomming the name of a Gentleman. No, let us marke, and not lose the busines on foot, by talking. Follow the right thred, or find it.

Dam. Why, here his *Play* might have ended, if hee would ha' let it; and have spar'd us the vexation of a *fifth Act* yet to come, which every one here knowes the issue of already, or may in part conjecture.

Boy. That conjecture is a kind of Figure-linging, or throwing the Dice, for a meaning was never in the Poets purpose perhaps. Stay, and see his last *Act*, his *Catastrophe*, how hee will perplex that, or spring some fresh cheat, to entertaine the Spectators, with a convenient delight, till some unexpected, and new encounter breake out to rectifie all, and make good the *Conclusions*.

Pro. Which ending here, would have shewne dull, flat, and unpoin- ted, without any shape, or sharpenesse, Brother Damplay.

Dam. Well, let us expect then: And wit be with us, o' the Poets part.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Needle. Item.

Nee. T Roth Mr. Item, here's a house divided, And quarter'd into parts, by your Doctors ingine.

H' has cast out such aspersions on my Ladies.

Neice here, of having had a Child; as hardly

Will be wip'd off, I doubt. It. Why, is't not true?

Nee. True! did you thinke it? It. Was shee not in labour?

The Mid-wife sent for? It. There's your error now!

Yo' ha' drunke o' the same water. Item. Thee say'd it,

And gave it out too. Nee. More you wrong'd the party;

She

She had no such thing about her, innocent creature!

Item. What had she then? only a fir o' the Mother!

They burnt old shoes, Goose-feathers, *Assa fatida*,

A few horne shavings, with a bone, or two,

And she is well againe, about the house;

It. Is't possible? Nee. See it, and then report it.

It. Our Doctors Vrinall-Judgement is halfe crack'd then.

Nee. Crack'ti' the case, most hugely, with my Lady,

And sad Sir *Moash*, her brother, who is now

Vnder a cloud a little. It. Of what? Disgrace?

Nee. He is committed to *Rud-hudibras*,

The Captaine *Ironside*, upon displeasure,

From Mr. *Compassse*, but it will blow off.

It. The Doctor shall reverse his, instantly,

And set all right againe: if you'll assist

But in a toy, Squire *Needle*, comes i' my nodle now.

Nee. Good, *Needle* and Nodle! what may't be? I long for't.

It. Why, but to goe to bed: faine a distemper

Of walking i' your sleepe, or talking in't

A little idly, but so much, as on't,

The Doctor may have ground, to raise a cure

For's reputation. Nee. Any thing, to serve

The worship o' the man I love and honour.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Polish. Pleasant. Chaire. Placentia. Keepe.

Pol. O! gi' you joy *Mademoiselle Compassse*!

You are his Whirle-pool now: all to be married;

Against your Mothers leave, and without counsell!

H' has fish'd faire, and caught a Frog, I feare it.

What fortune ha' you to bring him in dower?

You can tell stories now: you know a world

Of secrets to discover. It. I know nothing

But what is told me; nor can I discover

Anything. Pol. No, you shall not, He take order.

Goe, get you in there: It is *Ember-weeke*!

He keepe you fasting from his flesh a while.

Cha. See, who's here? she 'has beene with my Lady; who kist her, all

to kist her, twice or thrice.

Nee. And call'd her Neice againe, and view'd her *Limbs*.

Pol. You ha' done a Miracle, Mother *Chaire*. Cha. Not I,

My Cawdle has done it. Thank my Cawdle heartily.

It. It shall be thank'd, and you too, wisest Mother,

You shall have a new, brave, four-pound Beaver hat,

Set with enamell'd studs, as mine is here:

And a right paire of *Cristall Spectacles*,

Cristall o' th' Rock, thou mighty Mother of Dames;

Hung in an Ivory Case, at a gold Belt,

And

And silver Bells to gingle, as you passe
Before your fittie Daughters in procession
To Church, or from the Church. *Cha.* Thankes Mrs. Polish.

Nec. She does deserve as many pensions,
As there be peeces in a Maiden-head;
Were I a Prince to give 'hem. *Pol.* Come sweet Charge,
You shall present your selfe about the house, be confident, and beare up;
you shall be seene.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Compassse. Ironside. Practise.

Com. What? I can make you amends, my learned Counsell,
And satisfie a greater Injury
To chafed Mr. *Practise*. Who would thinke
That you could be thus testie? *Iro.* A grave head!
Gi'n over to the study of our Lawes.

Com. And the prime honours of the Common-wealth.
Iro. And you to mind a wife. *Com.* What should you doe
With such a toy as a wife, that might distract you,
Or hinder you i' your Course? *Iro.* He shall not thinke on't.

Com. I will make over to you my Possession,
Of that same place is false (you know) to satisfie
Surveyor of the Projects generall.

Iro. And that's an office, you know how to stirre in.
Com. And make your profits of. *Iro.* Which are (indeed)
The ends of a gown'd man: Shew your activity,
And how you are built for busines. *Fra.* I accept it
As a Possession, be't but a Reversion.

Com. You first told me 'twas a Possession. *Fra.* I,
I told you that I heard so. *Iro.* All is one,
Hee'll make Reversion a Possession quickly.

Com. But I must have a generall Release from you.
Fra. Doe one, Ile doe the other. *Com.* It's a match
Before my brother *Ironside*. *Fra.* 'Tis done.

Com. Wee two are reconcil'd then. *Iro.* To a Lawyer,
That can make use of a place, any halfe title,
Is better then a wife. *Com.* And will save charges
Of Coaches, Vellute Gownes, and cut-worke Smocks.

Iro. Hee is to occupie an office wholly.
Com. True, I must talke with you neerer, Mr. *Practise*,
About recovery o' my wives portion,
What way I were best to take. *Fra.* The plainest way.

Com. What's that, for plainenesse? *Fra.* Sue him at Common-Law:
Arrest him on an Action of Choke-baile,
Five hundred thousand pound, it will affright him,
And all his sureries. You can prove your marriage? *Com.* Yes.
Wee'll talke of it within, and heare my Lady.

Act

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Interest. Lady. Rut. Item.

Int. I am sure, the Rogue o' the house went all that way;
She was with Child, and Mr. *Compassse* got it.

Lad. Why, that you see, is manifestly false,
H' has married the other; our true Neice he sayes:
He would not wooe 'hem both: hee is not such
A Stallion, to leape all. Againe, no Child
Appeares, that I can find with all my search,
And strictest way of Inquiry, I have made
Through all my family. A fit o' the Mother,
The women say she had, which the Mid-wife cur'd,
With burning bones and feathers: Here's the Doctor.

Int. O noble Doctor, did not you, and your *Item*,
Tell me our Neice was in labour? *Rut.* If I did,
What followes? *Int.* And that Mother Mid-night
Was sent for? *Rut.* So she was, and is i' the house still.

Int. But here has a noise beene since, she was deliver'd
Of a brave boy, and Mr. *Compassse*'s getting.

Rut. I know no rattle of Gossips, nor their noyses.
I hope you take not me for a Pimp errant,
To deale in smock Affaires? Where's the Patient?

The infirme man, I was sent for, Squire *Needle*?
Lad. Is *Needle* sick? *Rut.* My Potheccary tels me
Hee is in danger, how is't *Tim*? where is he?

Int. I cannot hold him downe. Hee's up, and walkes,
And talks in his perfect sleepe, with his eyes shut,
As sensibly, as he were broad awake.

Rut. See, here he comes. Hee's fast asleepe, observe him.
Rut. Hee'll tell us wonders: What doe these women here?

ACT V. SCENE V.

Rut. Needle. Interest. Item. Lady. Polish. Chaire.
Keepe. Placentia.

Hunting a man halfe naked? you are fine beagles!
You'd have his dousets. *Nec.* I ha' linnen breeks on.

Rut. He heares, but hee sees nothing. *Nec.* Yes, I see
Who hides the treasure yonder. *Int.* Ha? what treasure?

Rut. If you aske questions, he wakes presently:
And then you'll heare no more, till his next fit.

Nec. And whom she hides it for. *Rut.* Doe you marke Sir? list.

Nec. A fine she spirit it is, an Indian Mag-pie.
She was an Aldermans Widow, and fell in love
With our Sir *Moath*, my Ladies brother. *Rut.* (Heare you?)

Nec. And she has hid an Aldermans estate;

Dropt

Dropt through her bill in little holes, i' the Garden,
And scrapes earth over 'hem; where none can spy
But I, who see all by the Glowwormes light,
That creeps before. *Pol.* I knew the Gentlewoman;
Alderman *Parrots* Widow, a fine Speaker,
As any was i' the Clothing, or the Bevy;
She did become her scarlet, and black Velvet,
Her Greene, and purple. *Rut.* Save thy colours, Rainebow,
Or she will run thee over, and all thy lights.

Pol. She dwelt in *Doo-little* Lane, a top o' the hill there;
I' the round Cage, was utter Sir *Chimie Squirrell's*.
Shee would eate nought but Almonds, I assure you.

Rut. Would thou had'st a dose of pilles, a double dose,
O' the best purge, to make thee turne tale, tother way.

Pol. You are a foule mouth'd, purging, absurd Doctor;
I tell you true, and I did long to tell it you.
You ha' spread a scandall i' my Ladies house here,
On her sweet Neice, you never can take off
With all your purges, or your plaister of Oathes;
Though you distill your Dam-me, drop by drop,
I' your defence. That she hath had a Child,
Here she doth spit upon thee, and defie thee;
Or I do't for her. *Rut.* Madam, pray you bind her
To her behaviour. Tye your Gossip up,
Or send her unto *Be'tlem*. *Pol.* Goe thou thither,
That better hast deserv'd it, shame of Doctors:
Where could she be deliver'd? by what charme?
Restor'd to her strength so soone? who is the Father?
Or where the Infant? Aske your Oracle,
That walkes, and talkes in his sleepe. *Rut.* Where is he? gone?
You ha' lost a fortune listning to her, to her Tabour.
Good Madam lock her up. *Lad.* You must give loosers
Their leave to speake, good Doctor. *Rut.* Follow his footing
Before he get to his bed: This rest is lost else.

ACT V. SCENE VI.

Compasse, Practise, Ironside, Polish, Lady.

Com. Where is my wife? what ha' you done with my wife,
Gossip o' the Countesse? *Pol.* I, sweet Mr. *Compasse*?
I honour you, and your wife. *Com.* Well, doe so still.
I will not call you Mother tho', but *Polish*.

Good Gossip *Polish*, where ha' you hid my wife?

Pol. I hide your wife. *Com.* Or she's run away.

Lad. That would make all suspected, Sir, a fresh.

Comewe will find her, if she be i' the house.

Pol. Why should I hide your wife, good Mr. *Compasse*?

Com. I know no cause, but that you are goo'dy *Polish*,
That's good at malice; good at mischief; all

That

That can perplex, or trouble a busines, throughly.

Pol. You may say what you will: yo' are Mr. *Compasse*.
And carry a large sweep, Sir, i' your Circle.

Lad. Ile sweep all corners, Gossip, to spring this.

If't be above ground, I will have her cry'd,

By the Common-cryer, through all the Ward,

But I will find her. *Ita.* It will be an Act

Worthy your justice, Madam. *Prat.* And become

The integrity, and worship of her name.

ACT V. SCENE VII.

Rut. Interest. Item. Needle.

Rut. 'Tis such a Fly, this Gossip, with her buz,
Shee blowes on every thing, in every place!

Int. A busie woman, is a fearefull grievance!

Will hee not sleepe againe? *Rut.* Yes instantly,

As soone as he is warme. It is the nature

Of the disease, and all these cold dry fumes,

That are melancholicke, to worke at first,

Slow, and insensibly in their ascent,

Till being got up, and then distilling downe

Vpo' the braine; they have a pricking quality

That breeds this restless rest, which we, the sonnes

Of Physick, call a walking in the sleepe,

And telling mysteries, that mu't be heard.

Softly, with art, as we were sowing pillowes

Vnder the Patients elbowes, else they'd fly

Into a phrensie, run into the Woods,

Where there are Noises, huntings, shoutings, hallowings,

Amidst the brakes, and furzes, over bridges

Fall into waters: Scratch their flesh: Sometimes

Drop downe a precipice, and there be lost.

How now! what does her? *Ita.* He is up againe,

And gins to talke. *Int.* O' the former matter, *Item*?

Ita. The treasure, and the Lady: That's his argument.

Int. O mee, happy man! he cannot off it.

I shall know all then. *Rut.* With what appetite

Our owne desires delude us! Heare you *Tim*?

Let no man interrupt us. *Ita.* Sir *Diaphanous*,

And Mr. *Bias*, his Court-friend's, desire

To kisse his Neices hands, and gratulate

The firme recovery of her good fame,

And honour—*Int.* Good, lay to 'hem, Mr. *Item*,

My Neice is on my Ladies side: they'll find her there;

I pray to be but spar'd, for halfe an houre:

Ile see 'hem presently. *Rut.* Doe, put 'hem off, *Tim*.

And tell 'hem the importance of the busines.

Here, he is come! sooth, and have all out of him.

Nec. How doe you Lady-bird? so hard at worke, *Bill*?

H

What's

What's that you say? Doe you bid me walke, sweet Bird?
 And tell our Knight? I will. How? walke knave, walke?
 I thinke y' are angry with me *Pol.* Fine *Pol!*
Pol's a fine bird! O fine Lady *Pol!*
 Almond for Parrat, Parrat's a brave bird:
 Three hundred thousand peeces ha' you stuck,
 Edge-long into the ground, within the Garden?
 O bounteous Bird! *Int.* And me, most happy creature.
Rut. Smother your joy. *Nec.* How? and drop'd twice so many—
Int. Ha! where? *Rut.* Containe your selfe. *Nec.* I' the old Well?
Int. I cannot, I am a man of flesh, and blood:
 Who can containe himselfe, to heare the Ghost
 Of a dead Lady, doe such workes as these?
 And a Citie Lady too, o' the streight waste?
Rut. Hee's gone. *Nec.* I will goe try the truth of it.
Rut. Follow him, *Tim:* See what he does, if he bring you
 A'ssay of it now. *Int.* He say hee's a rare fellow:
 And has a rare disease. *Rut.* And I will worke
 As rare a cure upon him. *Int.* How, good Doctor?
Rut. When he hath utter'd all, that you would know of him;
 Ile cleanse him with a pill (as small as a pease)
 And stop his mouth: for there his issue lies,
 Betweene the Muscles o' the tongue. *Int.* Hee's come.
Rut. What did he, *Item?* *Int.* The first step he stept
 Into the Garden, he pull'd these five peices
 Up, in a fingers bredth one of another.
 The dirt sticks on 'hem still. *Int.* I know enough,
 Doctor, proceed with your Cure, Ile make thee famous,
 Famous among the sonnes of the Physicians,
Machaon, Podalirius, Esculapius.
 Thou shalt have a golden beard, as well as he had;
 And thy *Tim* here, have one of silver:
 A livery beard. And all thy 'Pothecaries
 Belong to thee. Where's Squire *Needle?* gone?
Int. Hee's prick'd away, now he has done the worke.
Rut. Prepare his pill, and gi' it him afore Supper.
Int. Ile send for a dozen o' labourers to morrow,
 To turne the surface o' the Garden up.
Rut. In mould? bruise every clod? *Int.* And have all sifted,
 For Ile not loose a peice o' the Birds bounty,
 And take an Inventory of all. *Rut.* And then,
 I would goe downe into the Well—*Int.* My selfe;
 No trusting other hands: Sixe hundred thousand,
 To the first three; nine hundred thousand pound—
Rut. 'Twill purchase the whole Bench of Aldermanity,
 Stript to their shirts. *Int.* There never did accrew,
 So great a gift to man, and from a Lady,
 I never saw but once, now I remember,
 Wee met at Merchants-Taylor's-hall, at dinner,
 In Thred-needle street, *Rut.* Which was a signe Squire *Needle*

Should

Should have the thredding of this thred. *Int.* 'Tis true;
 I shall love Parrots better, while I know him.
Rut. I'd have her statue cut, now in white marble.
Int. And have it painted in most orient colours.
Rut. That's right! all Citie statues must be painted:
 Else, they be worth nought i' their subtile Judgements.

ACT V. SCENE VIII.

Interest. Bias. Rut. Palate.

Int. My truest friend in Court, deare Mr. *Bias*,
 You heare o' the recovery of our Neice
 In fame, and credit? *Bia.* Yes, I have beene with her,
 And gratulated to her; but I am sorry
 To find the Author o' the fowle aspersion
 Here i' your company, this insolent Doctor.
Int. You doe mistake him: He is cleare got off on'r.
 A Gossips Jealousie first gave the hint.
 He drives another way, now, as I would have him.
 Hee's a rare man, the Doctor, in his way.
 He has done the noblest cure here, i' the house,
 On a poore Squire, my sisters Taylor, *Needle*
 That talk'd in's sleepe; would walke to Saint *John's* wood,
 And *Waltham* Forrest, scape by all the ponds,
 And pits i' the way; run over two-inch bridges;
 With his eyes fast, and i' the dead of night!
 Ile ha' you better acquainted with him. Doctor,
 Here is my deare, dearest friend in Court,
 Wife, powerfull Mr. *Bias*; pray you salute
 Each other, nor as strangers, but true friends.
Rut. This is the Gentleman you brought to day,
 A Suitor to your Neice? *Int.* Yes. *Rut.* You were
 Agreed, I heard; the writings drawne betweene you?
Int. And seald. *Rut.* What broke you off? *Int.* This rumour of here,
 Was it not Mr. *Bias*? *Bia.* Which I find
 Now false, and therefore come to make amends
 I' the first place. I stand to the old conditions.
Rut. Faith give 'hem him, Sir *Moath*, what ere they were.
 You have a brave occasion now, to crosse
 The flanting Mr. *Compass*, who pretends
 Right to the portion, by th' other Intaile.
Int. And claimes it. You doe heare he's married?
Bia. We heare his wife is run away from him,
 Within: She is not to be found i' the house,
 With all the Hue, and Cry is made for her,
 Through every roome; the Larders ha' beene search'd,
 The Bak-houses, and Boulting-tub, the Ovens,
 Wash-house, and Brew-house, nay the very Fornace,
 And yet she is not heard of. *Int.* Be she nere heard of.

H a

The

The safety of Great Brittain lyes not on't.
 You are content with the ten thousand pound,
 Defalking the foure hundred garnish money;
 That's the condition here, afore the Doctor,
 And your demand, friend Bias. *Bia.* It is Sir Mouth.
Rut. Here comes the Parson then, shall make all sure.
Int. Goe you with my friend Bias, Parson Palate,
 Vnto my Neice; assure them wee are agreed.
Pal. And Mrs. *Compassse* too, is found within.
Int. Where was she hid? *Pal.* In an old Bottle-house,
 Where they scrap'd trenchers; there her mother had thrust her.
Rut. You shall have time, Sir, to triumph on him,
 When this fine feate is done, and his *Rust-Ironside*.

ACT V. SCENE IX.

Compassse. Pleasance. *Lady.* Ironside. *Practise.*
Polish. Chaire. *Keepe.* &c.

Com. Was ever any Gentlewoman us'd
 So barbarously by a malicious Gossip,
 Pretending to be Mother to her too?
Pol. Pretending! Sir, I am her Mother, and challenge
 A right, and power for what I have done. *Com.* Out, Hag.
 Thou that hast put all nature off, and woman:
 For fordid gaine, betray'd the trust committed
 Vnto thee by the dead, as from the living:
 Chang'd the poore innocent Infants in their Cradles;
 Defrauded them o' their parents, chang'd their names,
 Calling *Placentia*, *Pleasance*; *Pleasance*, *Placentia*.
Pol. How knowes he this? *Com.* Abus'd the neighbour-hood;
 But most this Lady. Did't enforce an oath,
 To this poore woman, on a pious booke,
 To keepe close thy impiety. *Pol.* Ha' you told this?
Ke. I told it? no, he knowes it, and much more,
 As he's a cunning man. *Pol.* A cunning foole,
 If that be all. *Com.* But now to your true daughter,
 That had the Child, and is the proper *Pleasance*,
 Wee must have an account of that too, Gossip;
Pol. This's like all the rest of Mr. *Compassse*.

ACT V. SCENE X.

Enter to them running, *Rut.*

Rut. Helpe, helpe for Charity; Sir Mouth Interest
 Is false into the Well. *Lad.* Where? where? *Rut.* I the Garden.
 A rope to save his life. *Com.* How came he there?
Rut. He thought to take possession of a fortune,
 There newly drop't him, and the old Chaine broke,
 And downe fell hee i' the Bucket. *Com.* Is it deepe?

Rut. We cannot tell. A rope: helpe with a rope.
Sil. He is got out againe. The Knight is sav'd.
Iro. A little sows'd i' the water: *Needle* sav'd him.
It. The water sav'd him; 'twas a faire escape.
Nec. Ha' you no hurt? *Int.* A little wet. *Nec.* That's nothing.
Rut. I wish'd you stay Sir till to morrow: And told you,
 It was no lucky houre: since fixe a Clock
 All starres were retrograde. *Lad.* I the name
 Of fate, or folly how came you i' the Bucket?
Int. That is a *Quere* of another time, sister,
 The Doctor will resolve you - who hath done
 The admirable'st cure upon your *Needle*!
 Gi' me thy hand good *Needle*: thou can't timely
 Take off my hood and coar. And let me shake
 My selfe a little. I have a world of busines.
 Where is my Nephew *Bias*? and his wife?
 Who bids God gi' them joy? Here they both stand
 As sure affianced, as the *Parson*, or words
 Can tie 'em. *Rut.* Wee all wish 'em joy, and happinesse.
Sil. I saw the Contract, and can witness it.
Int. He shall receive ten thousand pounds to morrow.
 You look'd for't, *Compassse*, or a greater summe,
 But 'tis dispos'd of, this another way.
 I have but one Neice, verely *Compassse*.
Com. He find another. *Varlet*, doe your office.
Var. I doe arrest your body, Sir Mouth Interest,
 In the Kings name: At suite of Mr. *Compassse*,
 And Dame *Placentia* his wife. The Action's entred,
 Five hundred thousand pound. *Int.* Heare you this, sister?
 And hath your house the cares, to heare it too?
 And to resound the affront? *Lad.* I cannot stop
 The Lawes, or hinder Justice. I can be
 Your Baile, if it may be taken. *Com.* With the Captaines,
 I aske no better. *Rut.* Here are better men,
 Will give their Baile. *Com.* But yours will not be taken,
 Worshipfull Doctor, you are good security
 For a suit of clothes, to th' Taylor, that dares trust you:
 But not for such a summe, as is this Action.
Varlet, You know my mind. *Var.* You must to prison, Sir,
 Vnlesse you can find Baile the Creditor likes.
Int. I would faine find it, if you'd shew me where.
Sil. It is a terrible Action; more indeed,
 Then many a man is worth. And is call'd *Fright-Baile*.
Iro. Faith I will baile him, at mine owne apperill.
Varlet, be gone: He once ha' the reputation,
 To be security for such a summe.
 Beare up Sir Mouth. *Rut.* He is not worth the Buckles
 About his Belt, and yet this *Ironside* clashes.
Int. Peace, lest he heare you Doctor; wee'll make use of him.
 What doth your brother *Compassse*, Captaine *Ironside*,

Enter *Silke*,
Needle, and
Interest.

Lady.

Bias,
Placentia,
Palate.

Varlet.

De-

Demand of us, by way of challenge, thus?

Iro. Your Neice's portion, in the right of his wife.

Int. I have assur'd one portion, to one Neice,

And have no more account for, that I know of:

What I may doe in charity—if my sister,

Will bid an Offring for her maid, and him,

As a Benevolence to 'hem, after Supper,

He spit into the Bason, and intreat

My friends to doe the like. *Com.* Spit out thy gall,

And heart, thou Viper: I will now no mercy,

No pitty of thee, thy false Neice, and Neale;

Bring forth your Child, or I appeale you of murder,

You, and this Gossip here, and Mother Chaire.

Cha. The Gentleman's false mad! *Ile.* No, Mrs. Midwife,

I saw the Child, and you did give it me,

And put it in my armes, by this ill token,

You wish'd me such another, and it cry'd.

Pra. The Law is plaine, if it were heard to cry,

And you produce it not, hee may indict

All that conceale't, of Felony, and Murder.

Com. And I will take the boldnesse, Sir, to doe it:

Beginning with Sir Mouth here, and his Doctor.

Silk. Good faith this same is like to turne a busines.

Pal. And a shrewd busines, marry: they all start at't.

Com. I ha' the right thred now, and I will keepe it.

You good'y Keepe, confesse the truth to my Lady,

The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.

Pol. I come to be prevented of my glories.

I plotted the deede it, and I will owne it.

Love to my Child, and lucre of the portion

Prove'd me, wherein though th'event hath fail'd

In part, I will make use of the best side.

This is my Daughter, and she hath had a Child

This day, 'unro her shame, I now professe it.)

By this meere false-stick Squire Needle, but

Since this wife Knight, hath thought it good to change

The foolish Father of it, by assuring

Her to his deare friend, Mr. Bias, and him

Againe to her, by clapping of him on

With his free promise of ten thousand pound,

Afore so many witnesses. *Silk.* Whereof I

Am one. *Pal.* And I another. *Pol.* I should be unnaturall

To my owne flesh, and blood, would I not thanke him.

I thanke you Sir: and I have reason for it.

For here your true Neice stands, fine Mrs. *Compasse.*

(He tell you truth, you have deserv'd it from me.)

To whom you are by bond engag'd to pay

The sixteene thousand pound, which is her portion,

Due to her husband, on her marriage-day.

I speake the truth, and nothing but the truth.

*Plausance
steps out.*

Iro. You'll pay it now, Sir Mouth, with interest?

You see the truth breaks out on every side of you.

Int. Into what nets of cou's nage am I cast

On ev'ry side? each thred is growne a noose:

A very mesh: I have run my selfe into

A double breake, of paying twice the money.

Bia. You shall be releas'd, of paying me a penny,

With these conditions. *Pol.* Will you leave her then?

Bia. Yes, and the summe, twice told, ere take a wife,

To pick out Mounseur Needles basting threds.

Com. Gossip you are paid: though he be a fit nature,

Worthy to have a Whore justly put on him,

He is not bad enough to take your Daughter,

On such a cheat. Will you yet pay the portion?

Int. What will you 'bate? *Com.* No penny the Law gives.

Int. Yes, *Bia's* money. *Com.* What? your friend in Court?

I will not rob you of him, nor the purchase,

Nor your deare Doctor here, stand altogether.

Birds of a nature all, and of a feather.

Lad. Well, wee are all now reconcil'd to truth.

There rests yet a Gratuite from me,

To be conferr'd upon this Gentleman;

Who (as my Nephew *Compasse* sayes) was cause,

First of th' offence, but since of all th' amends,

The Quarrell caus'd th' affright, that fright brought on

The travell, which made peace, the peace drew on

This new discovery, which enderth all

In reconciliation. *Com.* When the portion

Is tender'd, and receiv'd. *Int.* Well, you must have it,

As good at first as last. 'Tis well said brother.

And I, if this good Captaine will accept me,

Give him my selfe, endow him with my estate,

And make him Lord of me, and all my fortunes:

He that hath sav'd my houre, though by chance,

Ile really study his, and how to thanke him.

Iro. And I embrace you, Lady, and your goodnesse,

And vow to quit all thought of warre hereafter,

Save what is fought under your colours, Madam.

Pal. More worke then for the *Parson*, I shall cap

The *Loadstone* with an *Ironside*, I see.

Iro. And take in these, the forlorne Couple, with us,

Needle, and's Thred, whose portion I will thinke on,

As being a busines, waiting on my bounty:

Thus I doe take possession of you, Madam,

My true Magnetic Mistris, and my Lady.

The end.

CHORVS.

CHORUS

Changed into an EPILOGUE:

To the KING.

WEll, Gentlemen, I now must under seale,
 And th' Authors charge, waive you, and make my appeale
 To the supremest power, my LORD, the KING;
 Who best can judge of what wee humbly bring.
 Hee knowes our weaknesse, and the Poets faults;
 Where he doth stand upright, goe firme, or halts;
 And hee will doome him. To which voice he stands,
 And prefers that, for all the Peoples hands.

A TALE OF A TUB.

A COMEDY composed

By

BEN: IOHNSON.

Carul.—*Isficio est inficetior rure.*

LONDON,
 Printed M. CD. XL.

The Persons that act.

CHAN HVGH,	<i>Vicar of Pancrasso, and Capitaine Thurnis.</i>
SQUIRE TVB,	<i>of Totten-Court, or Squire TRIFORT.</i>
BASKETHILTS,	<i>His man, and Governour.</i>
IYST: PREAMBLE,	<i>of Maribone, alias BRAMBLES.</i>
MILES METAPHOR,	<i>His Clarke.</i>
LADY TVB,	<i>Of Totten, the Squires Mother.</i>
POL-MARTEN,	<i>Her Huisber. DIDO WILKS her woman.</i>
TOBIE TVRFE,	<i>High Constable of Kentish Towne.</i>
DA: SIBIL TVRFE	<i>His Wife.</i>
Mrs. AWDREY TVRFE,	<i>Their Daughter the Bride.</i>
JOHN CLAY,	<i>} of Kilborne Tile-maker, the appointed Bride-groom.</i>
IN-AND-IN.MEDLAY,	<i>of Islington, Cooper and Headborough.</i>
RASE: CLENCH,	<i>of Hamsted, Farrier, and petty Constable.</i>
TO-PAN,	<i>Tinker, or Metall-man of Belfise. Thirdbor.</i>
D'OGGE: SCRIBEN,	<i>of Chalcot the great Writer.</i>
BALL PVPPY,	<i>The high Constables man.</i>
FATHER ROSIN,	<i>The Minstrell, and His 2 Boyes.</i>
IONE IOYCE,	<i>} Maids of the Bridall.</i>
MADGE PARNEL,	<i rowspan="2">} The Lady Tubs Butler.</i>
GRISELL; KATE,	
BLACK IACK,	
2 Groomes.	

The Scene, Finsbury-hundred.

I 2

PRO.

PROLOGVE.

NO State-affaires, nor any politique Club,
 Pretend wee in our Tale, here, of a Tub:
 But acts of Clownes and Constables, to day
 Stuffle out the Scenes of our ridiculous Play.
 A Coopers Wit, or some such busie Sparke,
 Illumining the high Constable, and his Clarke.
 And all the Neighbour-hood, from old Records,
 Of antick Proverbs, drawne from Whitson-Lord's,
 And their Authorities, at Wakes and Ales,
 With countrey precedents, and old Wives Tales;
 Wee bring you now, to shew what different things
 The Cotes of Clownes, are from the Courts of Kings:

A TALE

A TALE
OF
A TUB.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir Hugh. Tub. Hilt.

Hug. **N**OW o' my faith, old Bishop Valentine,
 You' ha' brought us nipping weather: *Februaire*
 Dorth cut and sheare, your day, and diocesse
 Are very cold. All your Parishioners;
 As well your Layicks, as your Quiristers,
 Had need to keepe, to their warme Fether-beds,
 If they be sped of loves: this is no leason,
 To seeke new Makes in; though Sir Hugh of *Panrace*,
 Be hither come to *Totten*, on intelligence,
 To the young Lord o' the Mannor, Squire *Tripoly*,
 On such an errand, as a Mistris is.
 What! Squire, I say? *Tub*. I should call him too:
 Sir *Peter Tub* was his father, a Sale-peceter-man;
 Who left his Mother, Lady *Tub* of *Totten*-
 Court, here, to revell, and keepe open house in;
 With the young Squire her sonne, and's Governour *Basket*-
Hilt, both by sword, and danger: *Domine*,
Armiger Tub, Squire *Tripoly*, *Expergiscere*.
 I dare not call aloud, lest she should heare me,
 And thinke I conjur'd up the spirit her sonne,
 In Priests-lack-latine: O shee is jealous
 Of all man-kind for him. *Tub*. Chanon, I'll youe.
Hug. The Vicar of *Panrace*, Squire *Tub*! wa' hoh!
Tub. I come, I stoop unto the call; Sir Hugh!
Hug. He knowes my lure is from his Love: faire *Andrey*,
 Th'high Constables Daughter of *Kentish Towne*, here Mr.
Tobias Turfe. *Tub*. What newes of him? *Hug.* He has wak'd me,
 An houre before I would Sir. And my duty,
 To the young worship of *Totten-Court*, Squire *Tripoly*.
 Who hath my heart, as I have his: your Mis.
 Is to be made away from you, this morning;
 Saint Valentines day: there are a knot of Clownes,
 The Counsell of *Finsbury*, so they are y-styl'd
 Met at her Fathers; all the wise o' th' hundred;
 Old *Bast* Glench of *Hampsted*, petty Constable;

In-and-In Medley, Cooper of *Islington*,
And *Headborough*, with lowd *To-Pan* the Tinker,
Or *Mettall-man* of *Belfise*, the Third-borough:
And *D'ogenes Scriben*, the great Writer of *Chalcot*.

Tub. And why all these? *Hug*. Sir to conclude in Counsell,
A Husband, or a Make for Mrs. *Awdrey*,
Whom they have nam'd, and prick'd downe, *Clay* of *Kilborne*,
A tough young fellow, and a Tile-maker.

Tub. And what must he doe? *Hug*. Cover her, they say:
And keepe her warme Sir: Mrs. *Awdrey Turfe*,
Last night did draw him for her *Valentine*,
Which chance, it hath so taken her Father, and Mother,
(Because themselves drew so, on *Valentine's* Eve
Was thirty yeare) as they will have her married!
To day by any means; they have sent a Messenger
To *Kilborne*, post, for *Clay*, which when I knew,
I posted with the like to worshipfull *Tripoly*,
The Squire of *Totten*: and my advise to crosse it.

Tub. What is't Sir *Hugh*? *Hug*. Where is your Governour *Hills*?
Basquet must doe it. *Tub*. *Basquet* shall be call'd:
Hills, can you see to rise? *Hil*. Cham not blind Sir
With too much light. *Tub*. Open your tother eye,
And view if it be day. *Hil*. Che can spy that
At's little a hole, as another, through a Millstone.

Tub. Hee will ha' the last word, though he talke Bilke for't.
Hug. Bilke? what's that? *Tub*. Why nothing, a word signifying
Nothing; and borrow'd here to expresse nothing.

Hug. A fine device! *Tub*. Yes, till we heare a finer.
What's your device now, Chanon *Hugh*? *Hug*. In private.
Lend it your eare, I will not trust the ayre with it;
Or scarce my Shirt; my Cassock sha' not know it;
If I thought it did, Ile burne it. *Tub*. That's the way,
You ha' thought to get a new one, *Hugh*: Is't worth it?

They whisper. Let's heare it first. *Hug*. Then hearken, and receive it.
Hil. It's tis Sir, doe you relish it? *Tub*. If *Hills*
Be close enough to carry it, there's all.

Hil. It's no sand? nor Butter-milke? If't be,
Ich'am no zive, or warring pot, to draw
Knots i' your 'cassions. If you trust me, zo:
It not, praforme it your zelves. 'Cham no mans wife,
But resolute *Hills*: you'll vind me i' the Buttry.

Tub. A testie Clowne: but a tender Clowne, as wooll:
And melting as the Weather in a Thaw:
Hee'll weepe you, like all *April*: But he'll roare you
Like middle *March* afore: He will be as mellow,
And tipple too, as *October*: And as grave,
And bound up like a frost (with the new yeare)
In *January*, as rigid, as he is rusticke.

Hug. You know his nature, and describe it well;
Ile leave him to your fashioning. *Tub*. Stay, Sir *Hugh*,

They whisper.
Hil enters,
and walks by,
making him-
selfe ready.

Take

Take a good Angell with you, for your Guide:
And let this guard you home-ward, as the blessing,
To our devise. *Hug*. I thanke you Squires-worship,
Most humbly (for the next, for this I am sure of.)
O for a Quire of these voices, now,
To chime in a mans pocket, and cry chinke!
One dorth not chirpe: it makes no harmony.
Grave Justice *Bramble*, next must contribute;
His charity must offer at this wedding:
Ile bid more to the Bason, and the Bride-ale;
Although but one can beare away the Bride.
I smile to thinke how like a Lottery
These Weddings are. *Clay* hath her in possession;
The Squire he hopes to circumvent the *Tile-Kill*:
And now, if Justice *Bramble* doe come off,
'Tis two to one but *Tub* may loose his botome.

The Squire
goes off.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Clench. Medley. Scriben. Pan. Puppy.

Cle. Why, 'tis thirty yeare, eene as this day now:
Zin Valentines day, of all dayes cursin'd, looke you;
And the same day o' the moneth, as this *Zin Valentine*,
Or I am vovly deceiv'd. *Med*. That our High Constable,
Mr. *Tobias Turfe*, and his Dame were married:
I thinke you are right. But what was that *Zin Valentine*?
Did you ever know 'um, Good-man *Clench*? *Cle*. *Zin Valentine*,
Hee was a deadly *Zin*, and dwelt at *High-gate*,
As I have heard, but 't was avore my time:
Hee was a Cooper too, as you are. *Medley*,
An' In-an-In: A woundy, brag young yellow:
As th' port went o' hun, then, and i' those dayes.

Scri. Did he not write his name, *Sin Valentine*?
Vor I have met no *Sin* in *Finsbury* bookes;
And yet I have writ 'hem fixe or seven times over.

Pan. O' you mun looke for the nine deadly *Sins*,
I' the Church bookes, *Doge*; not the 'high Constables;
Nor i' the Counties: Zure, that same *Zin Valentine*,
Hee was a stately *Zin*: an' hee were a *Zin*,
And kept 'brave house. *Cle*. At the Cock and Hen, in *High-ga*:
You ha' 'fresht' my rememory well i' t! neighbour *Pan*:
He had a place, in last King *Harrie's* time,
Of sorting all the young couples, joyning 'hem;
And putting 'hem together, which is, yet,
Praform'd, as on his day—*Zin Valentine*;
As being the *Zin* o' the shire, or the whole Countie:
I am old Rivet still, and beare a braine,
The *Clench*, the Varrier, and true Leach of *Hamsted*.

Pan.

Pan. You are a shrewd antiquity, neighbour *Clench*!
And a great Guide to all the Parishes!
The very Bel-wether of the Hundred, here,
As I may say, *Mr. Tobias Turfe*;
High Constable, would not misse you, for a score on us,
When he doe scourse of the great Charty to us.
Pup. What's that, a Horle? Can't scourse nought but a Horle?
Inere read o' hun, and that in *Smith-veld* Chartye:
I' the old *Fabians* Chronicles: nor I thinke
In any new. He may be a Giant there,
For I ought I know. *Scrib.* You should doe well to study
Records, fellow *Bull*, both Law and Poetry.
Pup. Why, all's but writing, and readings, is it *Scriben*?
An't be any more, it's meere cheating zure.
Vlat cheating, all your Law, and Poets too.
Pan. Mr. High Constable comes. *Pup.* He zay't avore 'hun.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Turfe, Clench, Medlay, Scriben, Puppy, Pan.

Tur. What's that, makes you all so merry, and lowd, Sirs, ha?
I could ha' heard you, to my privie walke.

Cl. A Contervarrie, 'twixt your two learn'd men here:
Annibal Puppy sayes, that Law and Poetry
Are both flat cheating; All's but writing and reading,
He sayes, be't verse or prose. *Tur.* I thinke in conziencie,
He do' zay true: Who is't doe thwait 'un, ha?

Med. Why my friend *Scriben*, and't please your worship.
Tur. Who *D'oge*? my *D'ogenes*? a great Writer, marry!
Hee'll vace mee down, mee my selfe sometimes,
That verse goes upon vete, as you and I doe;
But I can gi' 'un the hearing; zit me downe;
And laugh at 'un; and to my selfe conclude,
The greatest Clarkes, are not the wisest men
Ever. Here they are both! what Sirs, disputin,
And holdin Arguments of verse, and prose?
And no greene thing afore the Door, that shewes,
Or speaks a wedding? *Ser.* Those were verses now,
Your worship spake, and run upon vive feet.

Tur. Feet, vrom my mouth, *D'oge*? Leave your 'zurd uppi-nions!
And get me in some boughes. *Ser.* Let 'hem ha' leaves first.
There's nothing greene but Bayes, and Rosemary.

Pup. And they're too good for strewings, your Maids say.

Tur. You take up 'dorry still, to vouch against me.
All the twelve Imocks i' the house, zur, are your Authors.
Get some fresh hay then, to lay under foot:
Some Holly and Ivie, to make vine the posts:
Is't not *Sonne Valentines* day? and Mrs. *Audrey*,
Your young Dame to be married: I wonder *Clay*

Should

Should be so tedious: Hee's, to play *Sonne Valentine*!
And the Clowne saggard's not come fro' *Kilborne* yet?
Med. Do you call your Son i' Law Clowne, and't please your worship?
Tur. Yes, and vor worship too, my neighbour *Medlay*.
A *Middlesex* Clowne, and one of *Finsbury*.
They were the first Colon's o' the kingdome here:
The Primitory Colon's, my *D'ogenes* sayes.
Where's *D'ogenes*, my Writer now? What were those
You told me, *D'ogenes*, were the first Colon's
O' the Countrey? that the *Romans* brought in here?
Ser. The *Coloni*. Sir, *Colonus* is an Inhabitant:
A Clowne originall: as you'd zay a Farmer, a Tiller o' the Earth;
Ere sin' the *Romans* planted their Colonie first,
Which was in *Middlesex*.

Tur. Why so, I thanke you heartily, good *D'ogenes*, you ha' zertified me!
I had rather be an ancient Colon, (as they zay) a Clowne of *Middlesex*.
A good rich Farmer, or high Constable.
I'd play hun' gaine a Knight, or a good Squire,
Or Gentleman of any other Countie
I' the Kindome. *Pan.* Out-cept *Kent*, for there they landed: most
All Gentlemen, and came in with the Conquerour,
Mad *Julius Caesar*, who built *Dover* Castle:
My Ancestor *To-Pan*, beat the first Kettle-drum,
Avore 'hun, here vrom *Dover* on the March:
Which peice of monumentall copper hangs
Vp, scourd, at *Hammer-smith* yet, for there they came
Over the *Thames*, at a low water marke;
Vore either *London*, I, or *Kingston* Bridge—
I doubt were kurfind. *Tur.* Zee, who is here: *John Clay*!
Sonne Valentine, and Bride-groome! ha' you zee?
Your *Valentine*-Bride yet, sin' you came? *John Clay*?

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Clay. To them.

Cl. No wuffe, Che lighted, I, but now i' the yard:
Puppy ha' scarce unswaddled my legges yet.

Tur. What? wispes o' your wedding day, zonne? This is right
Originous *Clay*: and *Clay* o' *Kilborne* too!

I would ha' had booties o' this day, zure, zonne *John*.

Cl. I did it to save charges: we munn dance,
O this day, zure: and who can dance in boots?
No, I got on my best straw-coloured stockins,
And swaddeld 'hem over to save charges; I.

Tur. And his new shamois Doublet too with points;
I like that yet: and his long sawsedge-hose,
Like the Commander of foure smacking Tile-kils,
Which he is Captaine of, Captaine of *Kilborne*.
Clay with his hat turn'd up, o' the leere side, too:
As if he would leape my Daughter yet ere night,
And spring a new *Turfe* to the old house:
Looke, and the wenches ha' not vound 'un out,
And doe parzent un, with a van of Rosemary,

K

And

And Bayes, to vill a Bow-por, from the head
Of my best vore-horse, wee shall all ha' Bride-laces,
Or points, I see, my Daughter will be valiant;
And prove a very *Mary Aubrey* in the busines.

Cle. They said, your worship had fur'd her to *Squire Tab*
Of *Totten-Court* here; all the hundred rings on't.

Tur. A Tale of a Tub, Sir; a meere tale of a Tub.

Lend it no care I pray you: The *Squire Tab*

Is a fine man, but he is too fine a man,

And has a Lady *Tab* too to his Mother:

He deale with none o' these vine-silken *Tubs*.

John Clay, and *Clorith* breech for my money, and Daughter.

Here comes another old Boy too, vor his colours

Enter Father Will stroake downe my wives udder of purses, empty

Ref. Of all her milke-money, this Winter Quarter;

Old *Father* *Rosin*, the chiefe Minstrell here:

Chiefe Minstrell too of *High gate*: she has hir'd him

And all, his two Boyes for a day and a halfe,

And now they come for Ribbanding, and *Rosemary*,

Give 'hem enough *Girles*, gi' 'hem enough, and take it

Out in his tunes anon. *Cle.* I'll ha' *Tom Tiler*,

For our *John Clay*'s sake, and the *Tile* kills, zure.

Med. And I the jolly Joyner, for mine owne sake.

Pan. He ha' the joviall *Tinker* for *To. Pans* sake.

Tur. Wee'll all be jovy this day, vor sonne *Valentine*,

My sweet sonne *John*'s sake. *Seri.* There's another reading now:

My Mr. reads it *Sonne*, and not *Sonne Valentine*.

Pup. Nor *Zim*: And hee is i' the right: He is high Constable.

And who should reade above us, or a vore 'hun?

Tur. Sonne *John* shall bid us welcome all, this day:

Wee'll zerve under his colours: Leade the troop *John*,

And *Puppy*, see the *Bels* ring: Prieße all noises

Of *Finbury*, in our name; *Dogenes* *Scriben*

Shall draw a score of warrants vor the busines.

Do's any wight parzent hir Majesties person,

This Hundred, 'bove the high Constables? *All.* No, nor

Tur. Vile our Authority then, to the utmost on't.

Act I. SCENE V.

Hugh. Preamble. Metaphor.

Hugh. So, you are sure Sir to prevent 'hem all,

And throw a block i' the Bride-groomes way, *John Clay*,

That he will hardly leape ore. *Pre.* I conceive you,

Sir Hugh; as if your Rhetorick would say,

Whereas the Father of her is a *Turfe*,

A very superficies of the earth;

Hee aims no higher, then to match in *Clay*,

And there hath pitch'd his rest. *Hug.* Right Justice *Bramble*,

You ha' the winding wir, compassing all.

Pre. Subtile *Sir Hugh*, you now are i' the wrong,
And erre with the whole Neighbour-hood, I must tell you;

For you mistake my name. *Justice Preamble*

I write my selfe, which with the ignorant *Clownes*, here

(Because of my profession of the Law,

And place o' the peace, is taken to be *Bramble*.

But all my warrants Sir, doe run *Preamble*:

Richard Preamble. Hugh. Sir I thanke you for't.

That your good worship, would not let me run

Longer in error, but would take me up thus—

Pre. You are my learned, and canonick neighbour:

I would not have you stray; but the incorrigible

Knot-headed beast, the *Clownes*, or *Constables*,

Still let them graze; eat *Sallads*; chew the *Cud*:

All the Towne-musicke will not move a log.

Hug. The Beetle and Wedges will, where you will have 'hem.

Pre. True, true *Sir Hugh*, here comes *Miles Metaphore*,

My *Clarke*: Hee is the man shall carry it, *Chanon*,

By my instructions. *Hug.* Hee will do't *ad ungum*,

Miles Metaphore: Hee is a pretty fellow.

Pre. I love not to keepe shadowes, or halfe-wits,

To soile a busines. *Metaphore*! you ha' scene

A King ride forth in state. *Met.* Sir that I have:

King *Edward* our late Leige, and soveraigne Lord:

And have set downe the pompe. *Pre.* Therefore I ask'd you:

Ha' you observ'd the Messengers o' the Chamber?

What habits they were in? *Met.* Yes; Minor Coats.

Vnto the Guard, a Dragon, and a Grey-hound,

For the supporters of the Armes. *Pre.* Well mark'd;

You know not any of 'hem? *Met.* Here's one dwells

In *Maribone*. *Pre.* Ha' you acquaintance with him?

To borrow his coat an houre? *Hug.* Or but his badge,

'Twill serve: A little thing he weares on his brest.

Pre. His coat, I say, is of more authority:

Borrow his coat for an houre. I doe love

To doe all things complearely, *Chanon Hugh*,

Borrow his coat, *Miles Metaphore*, or nothing.

Met. The Taberd of his office, I will call it,

Or the Coat-Armour of his place: and so

Insinuate with him by that Trope—

Pre. I know your powers of Rhetorick, *Metaphore*.

Fetch him off in a fine figure for his coat I say.

Hug. He take my leave Sir of your worship too:

Bycause I may expect the issue anone.

Pre. Stay my diviner Counsell, take your fee;

Wee that take fees, allow 'hem to our Counsell;

And our prime learned Counsell, double fees:

There are a brace of Angels to support you

I' your foot-walke this frost, for feare of falling;

Or praying of a point of Matrimony.

When you come at it. *Hug.* I' your worships service;
That the exploit is done, and you possesse

Fromble goes out.
Of Mrs. *Audrey Turfe*—*Pre.* I like your project.

Hug. And I, of this effect of two to one;
It worketh in my pocket, 'gainst the Squire,
And his halfe bottome here, of halfe a peice:
Which was not worth the stepping ore the stile for:
His Mother has quite marr'd him: *Lady Tub,*
She's such a vessell of feces: all dry'dearth!
Terra damnata, not a drop of salt!
Or *Peeter* in her! All her Nitre is gone.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

Lady Tub. Pol-Marten.

Lad. Is the Nag ready *Marten*? call the Squire.
This frosty morning wee will take the aire,
About the fields: for I doe meane to be
Some-bodies *Valentine*, i' my Velvet Gowne,
This morning, though it be but a beggar-man.
Why stand you still, and doe not call my sonne?

Pol. Madam, if he had couched with the Lambe,
He had no doubt beene stirring with the Larke:
But he sat up at Play, and watch'd the Cock,
Till his first warning chid him off to rest.
Late Watchers are no early Wakers, Madam;
But if your Ladiship will have him call'd—

Lad. Will have him call'd? Wherefore did I, Sir, bid him
Be call'd, you Weazell, Vermin of an Huisher?

You will returne your wit to your first stile
Of *Marten Polcat*, by these stinking tricks,
If you doe use 'hem: I shall no more call you

Pol-marten goes out.

Pol-marten, by the title of a Gentleman,
If you goe on thus—*Pol.* I am gone. *Lad.* Be quick then,
I' your come off: and make amends you Store!

Was ever such a Full-mart for an Huisher,
To a great worshipfull Lady, as my selfe,
Who, when I heard his name first, *Martin Polcat*,
A stinking name, and not to be pronounc'd

Without a response.

In any Ladies presence, my very heart cene earn'd, seeing the Fellow
Young, pretty and handsome; being then I say,
A Basket-Carrier, and a man condemn'd
To the Salt-peeter workes, made it my suit
To Mr. *Peeter Tub*, that I might change it;
And call him as I doe now, by *Pol-marten*,
To have it sound like a Gentleman in an Office,
And made him mine owne Fore-man, daily waiter,
And he to serve me thus! Ingratitude!
Beyond the C ourtfenes yet of any Clownage,

Shew:

Shewen to a Lady! what now, is he stirring?

Pol. Stirring betimes out of his bed, and ready.

Lad. And comes he then? *Pol.* No Madam, he is gone.

Lad. Gone? whither? ask the Porter: Where's he gone?

Pol. I met the Porter, and have ask'd him for him;
He sayes he let him forth an houre agoe.

Lad. An houre agoe! what busines could he have,
So early? where is his man, grave *Basket-Hits*?

His Guide, and Governour? *Pol.* Gone with his Master.

Lad. Is he gone too? O that same surly knave,
Is his right hand: and leads my sonne amisse.

He has carried him to some drinking match, or other:
Pol-marten, I will call you so againe;

I am friends with you now. Goe get your horse, and ride
To all the Townes about here, where his haunts are;

And crosse the fields to meet, and bring me word;
He cannot be gone farre, being a foot.

Be curious to inquire him: and bid *Wisse*
My woman come, and waite on me. The love

Wee Mothers beare our Sonnes, we ha' bought with paine,
Makes us oft view them, with too carefull eyes,

And over-looke 'hem with a jealous feare,
Out-fitting Mothers.

ACT I. SCENE VII.

Lady Tub. Wisse.

Lad. How now *Wisse*? Ha' you
A Valentine yet: I'm taking th'aire to choose one.

Wif. Fate send your Ladiship a fit one then.

Lad. What kind of one is that? *Wif.* A proper man,
To please your Ladiship. *Lad.* Out o' that vanity,

That takes the foolish eye: Any poore creature,
Whose want may need my almes, or courtesie;

I rather wish, so *Bishop Valentine*,
Left us example to doe deeds of Charity;

To feed the hungry; cloath the naked, visite
The weake, and sicke; to entertaine the poore;

And give the dead a Christian Funerall;
These were the workes of piety he did practise,

And bad us imitate; not looke for Lovers,
Or handsome Images to please our senses.

I pray thee *Wisse*, deale freely with me now:
Wee are alone, and may be merry a little:

Tho' art none o' the Court-glories; nor the wonders
For wit, or beauty i' the Citie: tell me,

What man would satisfie thy present phansie?
Had thy ambition leave to choose a Valentine,

Within the Queenes Dominion, so a subject.

Wif.

Wif. Yo' ha' gi' me a large scope, Madam, I confesse;
And I will deale with your Ladiship sincerely:
I'll utter my whole heart to you. I would have him,
The bravest, richest, and the properest man
A Taylor could make up; or all the Poets,
With the Perfumers: I would have him such,
As not another woman, but should spite me:
Three Citie Ladies should run mad for him:
And Countri-Madams infinite. *Lad.* You'd spare me,
And let me hold my wits? *Wif.* I should with you—
For the young Squire, my Masters sake: dispense
A little; but it should be very little.
Then all the Court-wives I'd ha' jealous of me;
As all their husbands jealous of them:
And not a Lawyers Pusle of any quality,
But lick her lips, for a snatch in the Terme time. *Lad.* Come,
Let's walke: wee'll heare the rest, as we goe on;
You are this morning in a good veine, *Dido*:
Would I could be as merry. My sonnes absence
Troubles me not a little: though I seeke
These wayes to put it off, which will not helpe
Care that is entred, once into the brest,
Will have the whole possession, ere it rest.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Turfe. Clay. Medley. Clench. To-Pan. Scriben. Puppy.

Tur. **Z**onne Clay, cheare up, the better leg avore:

This is a veat is once done, and no more.

Cle. And then 'tis done vor ever, as they say.

Med. Right! vora man ha' his houre, and a dog his day.

Tur. True neighbour *Medley*, yo' are still *In-and-In*.

Med. I would be Mr. Constable, if 'ch' could win.

Pan. I zay, *John Clay*, keepe still on his old gate:
Wedding, and hanging, both goe at a rate.

Tur. Well said *To-Pan*: you ha' still the hap to hit
The naile o' the head at a close: I thinke there ne ver
Marriage was manag'd with a more avisement,
Then was this marriage, though I say't, that should not;
Especially 'gain' mine owne flesh, and blood;
My wedded Wife. Indeed my Wife would ha' had
All the young Batchelers and Maids, forsooth,
O' the zixe Parishes hercabout: But I
Cry'd none, sweet *Sybil*: none of that geare, I:
It would lick salt, I told her, by her leave.
No, three, or vour our wife, choise honest neighbours:
Vpstantiall persons: men that ha' borne office:

And

And mine owne Family, would bee inough
To eate our dinner. What? Deare meates a theife
I know it by the Butchers, and the Mercat-volke;
Hum drunt I cry. No halfe-Oxe in a Pie
A man that's bid to Bride-ale, if hee ha' eake,
And drinke enough, hee need not feare his stake;

Cle. 'Tis right: he has spoke as true as a Gun, beleeveth
Tur. Come *Sybil*, come: Did not I tell you o' this?

This pride, and muster of women would marre all?
Sixe women to one Daughter, and a Mother!

The Queene (God save her) ha' no more herselfe,
D. Tur. Why, if you keepe so many, Mr. *Turfe*,

Why, should not all present our service to her?
Tur. Your service? good! I thinke you'll write to her shortly.

Your very loving and obedient Mother,
Tur. Come, send your Maids off, I will have 'hem sent

Home againe wife: I love no traines o' *Kent*,
Or Christendome, as they say. *Sc.* Wee will not back,

And leave our Dame. *Mad.* Why should her worship lack
Her taile of Maids, more then you do of men?

Tur. What, mutin in *Madge*? *Is.* Lend back your *C'lons* againe,
And wee will vollow. *Al.* Else wee'll guard our Dame.

Tur. I ha' zet the nest of waspes all on a flame.
D. Tur. Come, you are such another Mr. *Turfe*:

A Clod you should be call'd, of a high Constable:
To let no musick goe afore your child;

To Church, to cheare her heart up this cold morning.
Tur. You are for Father *Rafin*, and his consort

Of fidling Boyes, the great *Feates*, and the lesse:
Bycause you have entertain'd 'hem all from *High-gate*.

To shew your pompe, you'd ha' your Daughter, and Maids
Dance on the fields like Faies, to Church this frost:

He ha' no rondels, I, if the Queenes pathes;
Let 'un scrape the Gutar home, where they ha' fill'd it

At after-noon. *D. Turfe.* He ha' 'hem play at dinner.
He. She is it 'th' right, Sir, vor your wedding dinner

Is starv'd without the Musicke. *Med.* If the *Pics*
Come not in piping hot, you ha' lost that Proverbe.

Tur. I yield to truth: wife are you sufficed?
Pan. A right good man! when he knowes right, he loves it.

Scri. And he will know't, and shew't too by his place
Of being high Constable, if no where else.

Act II. SCENE II.
Hilts bearded, booted and spur'd.

Hil. Well over-taken, Gentlemen! I pray you,
Which is the Queenes High Constable among you?

Pup.

Pup. The tallest man: who should be else, doe you thinke?
Hil. It is no matter what I thinke, young Clowne:
 Your answer favours of the Cart. *Pup.* How? Cart?
 and Clowne? Doe you know whose teame you speake to?
Hil. No: nor I care not: Whose Jade may you be?
Pup. Jade? Cart? and Clowne? O for a lash of whip-cord!
 Three-knotted coard! *Hil.* Doe you mutter? Sir, shorle this way,
 That I may heare, and answer what you say,
 With my schoole-dagger, 'bout your Costard Sir.
 Looke to't, young growse: He lay it on, and sure;
 Take't off who's wull. *Cle.* Nay, pray you Gentleman—
Hil. Goetoo: I will not bate him an'ze on't.
 What? Rowle-powle? Maple-face? All fellowes?
Pup. Doe you heare friend, I wou'd wish you, vor your good,
 Tie up your brended Birch there, your dun rustie
 Pannier-hilt poinard: and not vex the youth
 With shewing the teeth of it. Wee now are going
 To Church, in way of matrimony, some on us:
 Tha' rung all in a ready. If it had not,
 All the horne beasts are grazing i' this close,
 Sould not ha' pull' me hence, till this Ash-plant
 Had rung noone o' your pate, Mr. Broome-beard.
Hil. That would I faine see, quoth the blind *George*
 Of *Holloway*: Come Sir, *And.* O their naked weapons!
Pan. For the passion of man, hold Gentleman, and *Puppy*.
Cle. Murder, O Murder! *And.* O my Father, and Mother!
D. Tur. Husband, what doe you meane? Sonne *Clay* for Gods sake—
Tur. I charge you in the *Queenes* name, keepe the peace.
Hil. Tell me o' no *Queene*, or *Keyfars*: I must have
 A legge, or a hanch of him, ere I goe. *Med.* But zis,
 You must obey the *Queenes* high Officers.
Hil. Why must I, Good-man *Must*? *Med.* You must, an' you wull.
Tur. Gentleman, I am here for fault, high Constable—
Hil. Are you zo? what then? *Tur.* I pray you Sir put up
 Your weapons, doe, at my request: For him,
 On my authority, he shall lie by the heeles,
 Verbatim continents, an' I live.
D. Tur. Out on him for a knave, what a dead fright
 He has put me into! Come *Andrey*, doe not shake.
And. But is not *Puppy* hurt? nor the tother man?
Cle. No Bun, but had not I cri'd Murder, I wusse—
Pup. Sweet Good-man *Clench*, I pray you revise my Mr.
 I may not zit i' the stocks, till the wedding be past
Dame. Mrs. *Andrey*: I shall breake the Bride-cake else.
Cle. Zomething must be, to save authority, *Puppy*.
D. Tur. Husband—*Cle.* And Gossip—*And.* Father—*Tur.* Treat
 mee not.
 It is i' vaine. If he lye not by the heeles,
 He lie there for 'hun. He teach the *Hine*,
 To carry a tongue in his head, to his superiors.

Hil.

Hil. This 's a wise Constable! where keepes he schoole?
Cle. In *Kentish Towne*, a very survere man.
Hil. But as survere as he is; Let me Sir tell him,
 He sha' not lay his man by the heeles for this.
 This was my quarrell: And by his office leave,
 I'll carry 'hun for this, it shall carry double,
 Vor he shall carry me too. *Tur.* Breath of man!
 Hee is my chattell, mine owne hired goods:
 An' if you doe aber 'un in this matter,
 He clap you both by the heeles, ankle to ankle.
Hil. You'll clap a dog of waxe as soone, old *Blurt*?
 Come, spare not me, Sir, I am no mans wife:
 I care not, I, Sir, nor three skips of a Lowse for you,
 And you wereten tall Constables, not I.
Tur. Nay, pray you Sir, be not angry; but content:
 My man shall make you, what amends you'll aske 'hun.
Hil. Let 'hun mend his manners then, and know his betters:
 It's all I aske 'hun: and 'twill be his owne,
 And's Masters too, another day. Che vore 'hun.
Med. As right as a Club, still, Zure this angry man
 Speakes very neere the marke, when he is pleas'd.
Pup. I thanke you Sir, an' I meet you at *Kentish Towne*,
 I ha' the courtesie o' hundred for you.
Hil. Gramercy, good high Constables *Hine*. But hear you?
 Mass: Constable, I have other manner o' matter,
 To bring you about, then this. And so it is,
 I doe belong to one o' the *Queenes* Captaines;
 A Gent'man o' the Field, one Captaine *Thum's*:
 I know not, whether you know 'hun, or no: It may be
 You doe, and't may be you doe not againe.
Tur. No, I assure you on my Constable-ship,
 I doe not know 'hun. *Hil.* Nor I neither i' faith.
 It skils not much; my Captaine, and my selfe,
 Having occasion to come riding by, here,
 This morning, at the corner of *Saint John's* wood,
 Some mile o' this Towne, were set upon
 By a sort of countrey fellowes: that not onely
 Beat us, but rob'd us, most sufficiently;
 And bound us to our behaviour, hand and foot;
 And so they lefr us. Now, *Don Constable*,
 I am to charge you in her Majesties name,
 As you will answer it at your apperill,
 That forth-with you raise Hue and Cry i' the Hundred,
 For all such persons as you can suspect,
 By the length and bredth, o' your office: vor I tell you,
 The losse is of some value, therefore looke to't.
Tur. As Fortune mend me, now, or any office
 Of a thousand pound, if I know what to say,
 Would I were dead, or vaire hang'd up at *Tiburne*,
 If I doe know what course to take, or how

To

To turne my selfe; just at this time too, now,
My Daughter is to be married: He but goe
To *Pantridge* Church, hard by, and returne instantly,
And all my Neighbour-hood shall goe about it.

Hil. Tut, *Pantridge* me no *Pantridge*, if you let it
Slip, you will answer it, and your Cap be of wooll;
Therefore take heed, you'll feeble the smart else, Constable.

Tur. Nay, good Sir stay. Neighbours! what thinke you o' this?

D. Tur. Faith, Man —. Odd pretious woman, hold your tongue;
And mind your pigs o' the spit at home; you must
Have Ore in every thing. Pray you Sir, what kind
Of fellows were they? *Hil.* Theev's kind, I ha' told you.

Tur. I meane, what kind of men? *Hil.* Men of our make.

Tur. Nay, but with patience, Sir, we that are Officers
Must 'quire the speciall markes, and all the tokens
Of the despected parties, or perhaps — else,
Be nere the nere of our purpose in 'prehending 'hem.
Can you tell, what 'parrell any of them wore?

Hil. Troth no: there were so many o' hun, all like
So one another: Now I remember me,
There was one busie fellow, was their Leader;
A blunt squat swad, but lower then your selfe,
He had on a Lether Doublet, with long points.
And a paire of pin'd-up breech's, like pudding bags:
With yellow stockings, and his hat turn'd up
With a silver Claspe, on his leere side. *D. Tur.* By these
Markes it should be *John Clay*, now blesse the man!

Tur. Peace, and be nought: I thinke the woman be phrensick!

Hil. *John Clay*? what's he, good Mistris? *Awd.* He that shall be
My husband — *Hil.* How! your husband, pretty one?

Awd. Yes, I shall anone be married: That's he.

Tur. Passion o' me, undone! *Pup.* Blesse Masters sonne!

Hil. O you are well 'prehended: know you me Sir?

Clay. No's my record: I never saw you avore.

Hil. You did not? where were your eyes then? out at washing?

Tur. What should a man say? who should he trust
In these dayes? Harke you *John Clay*, if you have
Done any such thing, tell troth, and shame the Divell.

Cl. Vaith doe: my Gossip *Turfe* zaies well to you *John*.

Med. Speake man, but doe not confesse, nor be avraid.

Pan. A man is a man, and a beast's a beast, looke to't.

D. Tur. I' the name of men, or beasts! what doe you doe?

Have the poore fellow out on his five wits,
And seven senses? Doe not weepe *John Clay*.

If we are the poore wretch is as guilty from it,
As the Child was, was borne this very morning.

Cl. No, as I am a kysin soule, would I were hang'd
If ever I — alas! I would I were out

Of my life, so I would I were, and in againe —

Pup. Nay, Mrs. *Andrey* will lay nay to that.

No,

No, In-and-out? an' you were out o' your life,
How should she doe for a husband? who should fall
Aboord o' her then, *Ball*? He's a *Puppy*?

No, *Hannibal* has no breeding: well! I say little,
But hitherto all goes well, pray it prove no better.

Awd. Come Father, I would wee were married: I am a cold.

Hil. Well, Mr. Constable, this your fine Groome here,
Bride-groome, or what Groome else, soere he be,
I charge him with the felonie, and charge you
To carry him back forthwith to *Paddington*,
Vnto my Captaine, who staies my returne there:
I am to goe to the next Justice of peace,

To get a warrant to raise *Huy* and *Cry*,
And bring him, and his fellowes all afore 'hun.
Fare you well Sir, and looke to 'hun I charge you,
As yo'll answer it. Take heed, the busines
If you deferre, may prejudiciall you
More then you thinke-for, say I told you so.

Tur. Here's a Bride-ale indeed! Ah zonne *John*, zonne *Clay*!
I little thought you would ha' prov'd a peccc
Of such false metall. *Cl.* Father, will you beleeeve me?
Would I might never stirre i' my new shoes,
If ever I would doe so voule a fact.

Tur. Well Neighbours, I doe charge you to assist me
With 'hun to *Paddington*. Be he a true man, so:
The better for 'hun, I will doe mine office,
An' he were my owne begotten a thousand times.

D. Tur. Why, doe you heare man? Husband? Mr. *Turfe*!
What shall my Daughter doe? *Puppy*, stay here.

Awd. Mother, Ile goe with you, and with my Father.

*She follows
her husband
and
neighbours.*

ACT II. SCENE III.

Puppy, Andrey, Hilts.

Pup. Nay, stay sweet Mrs. *Andrey*: here are none
But one friend (as they say) desires to speake
A word, or two, cold with you: How doe you veele
Your selfe this frosty morning? *Awd.* What ha' you
To doe to aske, I pray you? I am a cold.

Pup. It seemes you are hot, good Mrs. *Andrey*.

Awd. You lie, I am as cold as Ice is: Feele selfe.

Pup. Nay, you ha' coold my courage: I am past it,
I ha' done feeling with you. *Awd.* Done with me?
I doe defie you. So I doe, to say

You ha' done with me: you are a sawcy *Puppy*.

Pup. O you mistake! I meant not as you meane.

Awd. Meant you not knavery, *Puppy*? No: not I.
Clay meant you all the knavery, it seemes.

L 2

Who

Who rather, then he would be married to you,
Chose to be wedded to the Gallows first.

Awd. I thought he was a dissembler; he would prove
A slippery Merchant i' the frost. Hee might
Have married one first, and have beene hang'd after,
If hee had had a mind to't. But you men,
Fie on you. *Pup.* Mrs. *Awdrey*, can you vind,
I your heart to fancie *Puppy*? me poore *Ball*?

Awd. You are dispos'd to jeere one, Mr. *Hanniball*.
Enter Hills. *Pitty* o' me! the angry man with the beard!

Hil. Put on thy hat, I looke for no despect.
Where's thy Master? *Pup.* Matry, he is gone
With the picture of despaire, to *Paddington*.

Hil. Pr'y thee run after 'hun, and tell 'hun he shall
Find out my Captaine, lodg'd at the red-Lyon
In *Paddington*; that's the Inne. Let 'un aske
Vor Captaine *Thum's*. And take that for thy paines:
He may seeke long enough else. Hie thee againe.

Pup. Yes, Sir you'll looke to Mrs. *Bride* the while?

Hil. That I will: prethee haste. *Awd.* What *Puppy*? *Puppy*?

Hil. Sweet Mrs. *Bride*, Hee'll come againe presently.

Here was no subtil device to get a wench.

This Chanon has a brave pate of his owne!

A shaven pate! And a right monger, y' vaith!

This was his plot! I follow Captaine *Thum's*?

Wee rob'd in Saint *John's* wood? I' my tother hose!

I laugh, to thinke what a fine fooles finger they have

O this wise Constable, in pricking out

This Captaine *Thum's* to his neighbours: you shall see

The Tile-man too set fire on his owne *Kill*,

And leap into it, to save himselfe from hanging.

You talke of a *Bride-ale*, here was a *Bride-ale* broke,

I' the nick. Well: I must yet dispatch this *Bride*,

To mine owne master, the young Squire, and then

My taske is done. Gen'wo man! I have in sort

Done you some wrong, but now Ile doe you what right

I can: It's true, you are a proper woman;

But to be cast away on such a *Clowne-pipe*

As *Clay*; me thinkes, your friends are not so wise

As nature might have made 'hem; well, goe too:

There's better fortune comming toward you,

As if you doe not deject it. Take a voole's

Counsell, and doe not stand i' your owne light.

I may prove better then you thinke for: Looke you.

Awd. Alas Sir, what is't you would ha' me doe?

I'd faine doe all for the best, if I knew how.

Hil. For sake not a good name, when 'tis offered you;

Faire *Mistis Awdrey*, that's your name, I take it.

Awd. No *Mistis*, Sir, my name is *Awdrey*.

Hil. Well, so it is, there is a bold young Squire,

The blood of *Totten*, *Tab*, and *Tripoly*.

Awd. Squire *Tab*, you meane? I know him: he knowes me too!

Hil. He is in love with you: and more, he's mad for you.

Awd. I, so he told me: in his wits, I thinke.

But hee's too fine for me; and has a Lady

Tab to his Mother. Here he comes himselfe!

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Tab. *Hilts.* *Awdrey.*

Tab. O you are a trusty Governour! *Hil.* What ailes you?

You doe not know when yo'are well, I thinke:

You'd ha' the Calfe with the white face, Sir, would you?

I have her for you here, what would you more?

Tab. Quietnes, *Hilts*, and heare no more of it.

Hil. No more of it, quoth you? I doe not care,

If some on us had not heard so much of't,

I tell you true; A man must carry, and vetch,

Like *Bungy's* dog for you. *Tab.* What's he? *Hil.* A Spaniel.

And scarce be spit i' the mouth for't. A good Dog

Deserves, Sir, a good bone, of a free Master:

But, an' your turnes be serv'd, the divell a bit

You care for a man after, ere a Lard of you.

Like will to like, y-faith, quoth the scab'd Squire

Toth' mangy Knight, when both met in a dish

Of butter'd vish. One bad, there's nere a good;

And not a barrell better Hering among you.

Tab. Nay *Hilts*! I pray thee grow not fram-pull now.

Turne not the bad Cow, after thy good soape.

Our plot hath hitherto tane good effect:

And should it now be troubled, or stop'd up,

I would prove the utter ruine of my hopes.

I pray thee haste to *Pantridge*, to the Chanon;

And gi' him notice of our good successe;

Will him that all things be in readinesse.

Faire *Awdrey*, and my selfe, will crosse the fields,

The nearest path. Good *Hilts*, make thou some haste,

And meet us on the way. Come gentle *Awdrey*,

Hil. Vaith, would I had a few more geances on't:

An' you say the word, send me to *terichs*.

Out-cept a man were a Post-horse, I ha' not knowne

The like on't; yet, an' he had kind words,

I would never irke 'hun. But a man may breake

His heart out i' these dayes, and get a flap

With a fox-taile, when he has done. And there is all.

Tab. Nay, say not so *Hilts*: hold thee; there are *Crowbes*

My love bestowes on thee, for thy reward.

If Gold will please thee, all my land shall drop
In bounty thus, to recompence thy merit.

Hil. Tut, keepe your land, and your gold too Sir: I
Seeke neither — nother of 'hun: Learne to get
More: you will know to spend that zinn you have
Early enough: you are assur'd of me.
I love you too too well, to live o' the spoyle:
For your owne sake, were there were no worse then I.
All is not Gold that glisters: Ile to *Pantridge*.

Tub. See, how his love doth melt him into Teares!
An honest faithfull servant is a Jewell.
Now th' adventurous Squire hath time, and leisure,
To aske his *Awdrey* how she do's, and heare
A gratefull answer from her. Shee not speakes:
Hath the proud Tiran, Frost, usurp'd the seate
Of former beauty, in my Loves faire cheek;
Staining the roseattincture of her blood,
With the dull die of blew-congealing cold:
No, sure the weather dares not so presume
To hurt an object of her brightnesse. Yet,
The more I view her, shee but lookes so, so.
Ha? gi' me leave to search this mysterie!
O now I have it: Bride, I know your grieve;
The last nights cold, hath bred in you such horror
Of the assigned Bride-groomes constitution,
The *Kilborne* Clay-pit, that frost-bitten marle,
That lumps in courage: melting eake of Ice,
That the conceit thereof hath almost kill'd thee.
But I must doe thee good wench, and refresh thee.

Awd. You are a merry man, Squire *Tub*, of *Totten*!
I have heard much o' your words, but not o' your deeds.

Tub. Thou sayest true, sweet, I ha' beene too slack in deeds.

Awd. Yet, I was never so straight-lac'd to you, Squire.

Tub. Why, did you ever love me, gentle *Awdrey*?

Awd. Love you? I cannot tell: I must hate no body,

My Father sayes. *Tub.* Yes, *Clay*, and *Kilburne*, *Awdrey*,

You must hate them. *Awd.* It shall be for your sake then.

Tub. And for my sake, I shall yield you that gratitie.

Awd. Soft, and faire, Squire, there goe two word's to a bargaine.

Tub. What are those *Awdrey*? *Awd.* Nay, I cannot tell.

My Mother said, zure, if you married me,

You'd make me a Lady the first weeke: and put me

In, I know not what, the very day. *Tub.* What was it?

Speake gentle *Awdrey*, thou shalt have it yet.

Awd. A velvet dressing for my head, it is,

They say will make one brave: I will not know

Besse Maule, nor *Margery Turne-up*: I will looke

Another way upon 'hem, and be proud.

Tub. Troth I could wish my wench a better wit:

But what she wanteth there, her face supplies.

He offers to
kisse her.
She puts him
back.

There

There is a pointed lustre in her eye
Hath shot quite through me, and hath hit my heart:
And thence it is, I first receiv'd the wound,
That rankles now, which only shee can cure.
Faine would I worke my selfe, from this conceit,
But, being flesh, I cannot. I must love her,
The naked truth is: and I will goe on,
Were it for nothing, but to crosse my *Rivall's*.
Come *Awdrey*: I am now resolv'd to ha' thee.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Preamble. Metaphore. *Tub.* *Awdrey*.

Pre. Nay, doe it quickly, *Miles*, why shak'st thou man?
Speake but his name: Ile second thee my selfe.

Met. What is his name? *Pre.* Squire *Tripoly* or *Tub*.

Anything — *Met.* Squire *Tub*, I doe arrest you
I' the *Queenes* Majesties name, and all the Councels.

Tub. Arrest me, Varlett? *Pre.* Keepe the peace I charge you.

Tub. Are you there, Justice *Bramble*? where's your warrant?

Pre. The warrant is directed here to me,
From the whole table; wherefore I would pray you
Be patient Squire, and make good the peace.

Tub. Well, at your pleasure, Justice. I am wrong'd:
Sirrah, what are you have arrested me?

Pre. He is a Purs'yvant at Armes, Squire *Tub*.

Met. I am a Purs'yvant, see, by my Coat else.

Tub. Well Purs'yvant, goe with me: Ile give you baile.

Pre. Sir he may take no baile. It is a warrant,

In speciall from the Councell, and commands

Your personall appearance. Sir, your weapon

I must require: And then deliver you

A Prisoner to this officer, Squire *Tub*.

I pray you to conceive of me no other,

Then as your friend, and neighbour. Let my person

Be sever'd from my office in the fact,

And I am cleare. Here Purs'yvant, receive him

Into your hands; And use him like a Gentleman.

Tub. I thanke you Sir: But whither must I goe now?

Pre. Nay, that must not be told you, till you come

Vnto the place assign'd by his instructions.

Ile be the Maidens Convoy to her father,

For this time, Squire. *Tub.* I thanke you Mr. *Bramble*.

I doubt, or feare, you will make her the ballance

To weigh your Justice in. Pray yee doe me right,

And lead not her, at least out of the way.

Justice is blind, and having a blind Guide,

She may be apt to slip aside. *Pre.* Ile see to her:

Tub.

Tub. I see my wooing will not thrive. Arrested!
As I had let my rest up, for a wife?
And being so faire for it, as I was.— Well, fortune,
Thou art a blind Bawd, and a Beggartoo,
To crosse me thus; and let my onely Rivall,
To get her from me? That's the spight of spights.
But most I muse at, is, that I, being none
O' th' Court, am sent for thither by the Councell!
My heart is not so light, as't was i' the morning.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Hil. *Tub.* *Metaphor.*

Hil. You meane to make a Hoiden, or a Hare
O me, t' hunt Counter thus, and makes these doubles:
And you meane no such thing, as you send about?
Where's your sweet-heart now, I marle? *Tub.* Oh *Hil.*!
Hil. I know you of old! nere halt afore a Cripple.
Will you have a Cawdle? where's your griefe, Sir? speake?
Met. Doe you heare friend? Doe you serve this Gentleman?
Hil. How then, Sir? what if I doe? peradventure yea:
Peraventure nay, what's that to you Sir? Say.
Met. Nay, pray you Sir, I meant no harme in truth:
But this good Gentleman is arrested. *Hil.* How?
Say me that againe. *Tub.* Nay *Basket*, never storme;
I am arrested here, upon command
From the Queenes Councell, and I must obey.
Met. You say Sir very true, you must obey.
An honest Gentleman, in faith! *Hil.* He must?
Tub. But that which most tormenteth me, is this,
That Justice *Bramble* hath got hence my *Awdrey*.
Hil. How? how? stand by a little, firrah, you
With the badge o' your brest. Let's know Sir what you are?
Met. I am Sir (pray you doe not looke so terribly)
A Purs'yvant. *Hil.* A Purs'yvant? your name Sir?
Met. My name Sir—*Hil.* What is't? speake? *Met.* *Miles Metaphor*,
And Justice *Preambles Clarke*. *Tub.* What sayes he? *Hil.* Pray you,
Let us alone. You are a Purs'yvant?
Met. No faith, Sir, would I might never stirre from you,
I' is made a Purs'yvant against my will.
Hil. Ha! and who made you one? tell true, or my will
Shall make you nothing instantly. *Met.* Put up
Your frightfull Blade, and your dead-doing looke,
And I shall tell you all. *Hil.* Speake then the truth,
And the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
Met. My Master, Justice *Bramble*, hearing your Master,
The Squire *Tub*, was comming on this way,
With Mrs. *Awdrey*, the high Constables Daughter,
Made me a Purs'yvant: and gave me warrant

To

To arrest him, so that hee might get the Lady,
With whom he is gone to *Pantridge*, to the Vicar;
Not to her Fathers. This was the device,
Which I beseech you, doe not tell my Master.

Tub. O wonderfull! well *Basket*, let him rise:
And for my free escape, forge some excuse.
He post to *Paddington*, t' acquaint old *Turse*,
With the whole busines, and so stop the marriage.

Hil. Well, blesse thee: I doe wish thee grace, to keepe
Thy Masters secrets, better, or be hang'd.

Met. I thanke you, for your gentle admonition.
Pray you, let me call you God-father hereafter,
And as your God-fonne *Metaphor* I promise,
To keepe my Masters privities, seald up
I' the vallies o' my trust, lock'd close for ever,
Or let me be trufs'd up at *Tiburne* shortly.

Hil. Thine owne wilh, save, or choake thee; Come away.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Turse. *Clench.* *Medley.* *To-Pan.* *Scriben.* *Clay.*

Tur. **P**Assion of me, was ever man thus cros'd?
All things run *Arse-verse*, upside downe.
High Constable! Now by our Lady o' *Walsingham*.
I had rather be mark'd out *Tom Scavenger*:
And with a shovell make cleane the high wayes,
Then have this office of a Constable,
And a high Constable! The higher charge
It brings more trouble, more vexation with it.
Neighbours, good neighbours, vize me what to doe:
How wee shall beare us in this *Huy and Cry*.
We cannot find the *Captaine*; no such man
Lodg'd at the *Lion*, nor came thither hurt.
The morning wee ha' spent in privie search;
And by that meanes the Bride-ale is differ'd,
The Bride, shee's left alone in *Puppie's* charge;
The Bride-groome goes under a paire of fureties;
And held of all as a respected person.
How should we bustle forward? Gi' some counsell,
How to bestirre our stumps i' these crosse wayes.
Cle. Faith Gossip *Turse*, you have, you say, Remission,
To comprehend all such, as are dispeet'd:
Now, would I make another privie search
Through this Towne, and then you have zearch'd two towne.
Med. Masters, take heed, let's not vind too many:
One's enough to stay the Hang-mans stomach.
There is *John Clay*, who is yvound already;
A proper man: A Tile-man by his trade:

M

A

A man as one would say, moulded in clay:
 As spruce as any neighbours child among you:
 And he (you see) is taken on conspition,
 And two, or three (they say) what call you 'hem?
 Such as the Justices of *Coram nobis*
 Grant— (I forget their names, you ha' many on 'hem,
 Mr. High Constable they come to you.)
 I ha' it at my tongues end— *Cunni-borroughes*,
 To bring him straight afore the sessions house.
Tur. O you meane warrens, neighbour, doe you not?
Med. I, I, thick same! you know 'un well enough.
Tur. Too well, too well; wou'd I had never knowne 'hem.
 Wee good Vree-holders cannot live in quiet,
 But every houre new purcepts, *Huy's* and *Cry's*,
 Put us to requisitions night and day:
 What shud a man say, shud we leave the zearch?
 I am in danger, to reburse as much
 As he was rob'd on; I, and pay his hurts,
 If I should vollow it, all the good cheare
 That was provided, for the wedding dinner
 Is spoil'd, and lost. Oh there are two vat pigs,
 A zindging by the vior: Now by Saint *Tomy*,
 Too good to cate, but on a wedding day;
 And then, a Goose will bid you all, Come cut me.
 Zun *Clay*, zun *Clay* (for I must call thee so)
 Be of good comfort; take my Muckinder;
 And dry thine eyes. If thou beest true, and honest;
 And if thou find'st thy conscience cleare vrom it,
 Pluck up a good heart, wee'll doe well enough.
 If not, confesse a truths name. But in faith
 I durst be sworne upon all holy bookes,
John Clay would nere commit a Robberie
 On his owne head. *Cl.* No, Truth is my rightfull Judge:
 I have kept my hands, here hence, fro' evill speaking,
 Lying, and slandering; and my tongue from stealing.
 He doe not live this day can say, *John Clay*
 I ha' zeene thee, but in the way of honesty.
Pan. Faith neighbour *Medlay*, I durst be his burrough,
 He would not looke a true man in the vace.
Cl. I take the towne to concord, where I dwell,
 All *Kilburne* be my witnesse; If I were not
 Begot in bashfulness, brought up in shamefac'tnesse:
 Let 'un bring a dog, but to my vace, that can
 Zay, I ha' beat 'hun, and without a vault;
 Or but a cat, will sweare upon a booke,
 I have as much as zeta vior her taile;
 And Ile give him, or her a crowne for 'mends.
 But to give out, and zay, I have rob'd a Captaine!
 Receive me at the latter day, if I
 Be thought of any such matter, or could mindit—

Med. No *John*, you are come of too good personage;
 I thinke my Gossip *Clench*, and Mr. *Turfe*
 Both thinke, you would sa'tempt no such voule matter.
Tur. But how unhappily it comes to passe!
 Just on the wedding day! I cry me merie:
 I had almost forgot the *Huy* and *Cry*:
 Good neighbour *Pan*, you are the Third-burrow,
 And *D'ogenes Scriben*, you my learned Writer,
 Make out a new purcept—Lord, for thy goodnesse,
 I had forgot my Daughter, all this while;
 The idle knave hath brought no newes from her.
 Here comes the sneaking *Puppy*, What's the newes?
 My heart! my heart! I feare all is not well,
 Some things mishap'd, that he is come without her.

ACT III. SCENE II.

To them.

Puppy. Da: Turfe.

Pap. Oh, where's my Master? my Master? my Master?
D. Tur. Thy Master? what would'st with thy Master, man?
 There's thy Mr. *Tur*. What's the matter *Puppy*?
Pap. Oh Master! oh Dame! oh Dame! oh Master!
D. Tur. What saist thou to thy Master, or thy Dame?
Pap. Oh *John Clay*! *John Clay*! *John Clay*! *Tur.* What of *John Clay*?
Med. Luck grant he bring not newes he shall be hang'd.
Cl. The world forfend, I hope, it is not so well.
Cl. Oh Lord! oh me! what shall I doe? poore *John*!
Pap. Oh *John Clay*! *John Clay*! *John Clay*! *Cl.* Alas,
 That ever I was borne! I will not stay by't,
 For all the Tiles in *Kilburne*. *D. Tur.* What of *Clay*?
 Speake *Puppy*, what of him? *Pap.* He hath lost, he hath lost.
Tur. For luck sake speake, *Puppy*, what hath he lost?
Pap. Oh *Awdrey*, *Awdrey*, *Awdrey*! *D. Tur.* What of my daughter
Awdrey?
Pap. I tell you *Awdrey*— doe you understand me?
Awdrey, sweet Master! *Awdrey*, my deate Dame—
Tur. Where is she? what's become of her, I pray thee?
Pap. Oh the serving-man! the serving-man! the serving-man!
Tur. What talk'st thou of the serving-man? where's *Awdrey*?
Pap. Gone with the serving-man, gone with the serving-man,
D. Tur. Good *Puppy*, whither is she gone with him?
Pap. I cannot tell, he had me bring you word,
 The Captaine lay at the *Lion*, and before
 I came againe, *Awdrey* was gone with the serving-man;
 I tell you, *Awdrey*'s run away with the serving-man.
Tur. Od'locks! my woman, what shall we doe now?
D. Tur. Now, so you helpe not, man, I know not, I.
Tur. This was your pompe of Maids: I told you on't.
 Sixe Maids to vollow you, and not leave one

M 2

To

To wait upo' your Daughter: I zaid, Pride
Would be paid one day, her old vi'pence, wife.

Med. What of *John Clay*, Ball *Puppy*? *Pup.* He hath lost—

Med. His life for velonie? *Pup.* No, his wife by villanie.

Tur. Now, villaines both! oh that fame *Huy* and *Cry*!

Oh neighbours! oh that cursed serving-man!

Clay's first wife. O maids! O wife! But *John Clay*, where's he?

How! fled for yeare, zay yee? will he slip us now?

Wee that are sureties, must require 'hun out.

How shall wee doe to find the serving-man?

Cocks bodikins! wee must not lose *John Clay*:

Andrey, my daughter *Andrey* too! let us zend

To all the townes, and zecke her; but alas,

The *Huy* and *Cry*, that must be look'd unto.

ACT III. SCENE III.

To them.

Tub.

Tub. What, is a passion *Turfe*? *Tur.* I good Squire *Tub*.
Were never honest Varmers thus perplex.

Tub. *Turfe*, I am privie to thy deepe unrest:

The ground of which, springs from an idle plot,

Cast by a Suitor, to your daughter *Andrey*—

And thus much, *Turfe*, let me advertise you,

Your daughter *Andrey*, met I on the way,

With Justice *Bramble* in her company:

Who meanes to marry her at *Pancridge* Church.

And there is *Channon Hugh*, to meet them ready:

Which to prevent, you must not trust delay;

But winged speed must crosse their sic intent:

Then hie thee, *Turfe*, haste to forbid the Banes.

Tur. Hath Justice *Bramble* got my daughter *Andrey*?

A little while, shall he enjoy her, zure.

But O the *Huy* and *Cry*! that hinders me:

I must pursue that, or neglect my journey:

He ene leave all: and with the patient Ass,

The over-laden Ass, throw off my burden,

And cast mine office, pluck in my large eares

Betimes, lest some dis-judge 'hem to be hornes:

I'll leave to beat it on the broken hoofe,

And ease my pasternes. He no more High Constables.

Tub. I cannot chooie, but smile, to see thee troubled

With such a bald, halfe-hatched circumstance!

The Captaine was not rob'd, as is reported,

That nick the Justice craftily deviz'd,

To breake the marriage with the Tile-man *Clay*.

The *Huy*, and *Cry*, was merely counterfeit:

The rather may you judge it to be such,

Because

Because the Bride-groome, was describ'd to be
One of the theeves, first i' the velonie.

Which, how farre 'tis from him, yourselves may guesse:

'Twas Justice *Bramble*'s vetch, to get the wench.

Tur. And is this true Squire *Tub*? *Tub.* Beleeve me *Turfe*,
As I am a Squire: or lesse, a Gentleman.

Tur. I take my office back: and my authority,
Vpon your worships words. Neighbours, I am

High Constable againe: where's my zonne *Clay*?

He shall be zonne, yet, wife, your meat by leasure;

Draw back the spits. *D. Tur.* That's done already man!

Tur. He breake this marriage off: and afterward,

She shall be given to her first betroth'd.

Looke to the meate, wife: looke well to the rost.

Tub. He follow him aloofe, to see the event.

Pup. Dame, Mistris, though I doe not turne the spit;

I hope yet the Pigs-head. *D. Tur.* Come up, Jack-sauce:

It shall be serv'd in to you. *Pup.* No, no service,

But a reward for service. *D. Tur.* I still tooke you

For an unmannerly *Puppy*: will you come,

And vetch more wood to the vrier, Mr. hall?

Pup. I wood to the vrier: I shall piss it out first:

You thinke to make me ene your oxe, or asse,

Or anything. Though I cannot right my selfe

On you; He sure revenge me on your meat.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

La: *Tub.* *Pol-Marten.* *Wisse.* *Puppy.*

Pol. Madam, to *Kentish* Towne, wee are got at length;

But, by the way wee cannot meet the Squire:

Nor by inquiry can we heare of him.

Here is *Turfe*'s house, the father of the Maid.

Lad. *Pol-Marten*, see, the streets are strew'd with herbes,

And here hath beene a wedding, *Wisse*, it seemes!

Pray heaven, this Bridall be not for my sonne!

Good *Marten*, knock: knock quickly: Aske for *Turfe*.

My thoughts misgave me, I am in such a doubt—

Pol. Who keepe the house here? *Pup.* Why the doore, and wals

Doe keepe the house. *Pol.* I aske then, who's within?

Pup. Not you that are without. *Pol.* Looke forth, and speake

Into the street, here. Come before my Lady.

Pup. Before my Lady? Lord have mercy upon me:

If I doe come before her, shee will see

The hand-som'st man in all the Towne, pardee!

Now stand I vore her, what zaith velvet she?

Lad. Sirrah, whose man are you? *Pup.* Madam, my Masters.

Lad. And who's thy Master? *Pup.* What you tread on, Madam.

Lad.

Lad. I read on an old Turfe. *Pup.* That Turfe's my Master.
Lad. A merry fellow! what's thy name? *Pup.* Ball Puppy
 They call me at home: abroad, Hanniball Puppy.
Lad. Come hither, I must kiss thee, Valentine Puppy.
Wife! ha! you got you a Valentine? *Wife.* None, Madam;
 He's the first stranger that I saw. *Lad.* To me
 Hee is so, and such. Let's share him equally.
Pup. Helpe, helpe good Dame. A rescue, and in time.
 In stead of Bills, with Coltsaves come; in stead of Spears, with Spits;
 Your slices serve for slicing swords, to save me, and my wits:
 A Lady, and her woman here, their Huisher eke by side,
 (But he stands mute) have plotted how your Puppy to divide.

ACT III. SCENE V.

To them.

D. Turfe, Maids.

D. Turfe. How now? what noise is this with you, Ball Puppy?
Pup. Oh Dame! And fellows o' the Kitchen! Arme,
 Arme, for my safety; if you love your Ball:
 Here is a strange thing, call'd a Lady, a Mad-dame:
 And a device of hers, ye clep her woman;
 Have plotted on me, in the Kings high-way,
 To steale me from my selfe, and cut me in halfe,
 To make one Valentine to serve 'hem both;
 This for my right-side, that my left-hand love.
D. Tur. So sawcy, Puppy? to use no more reverence
 Unto my Lady, and her velvet Gowne?

Lad. Turfe's wife, rebuke him not: Your man doth please me
 With his conceits. Hold: there are ten old nobles,
 To make thee merrier yet, halfe-Valentine.

Pup. I thanke you right-side: could my left as much,
 'Twould make me a man of marke: young Hanniball!

Lad. Dido, shall make that good; or I will for her.
 Here Dido Wisse, there's for your Hanniball:

He is your Countrey-man, as well as Valentine.

Wife. Here Mr. Hanniball: my Ladies bounty
 For her poore woman, Wisse. *Pup.* Brave Carthage Queene!

And such was Dido: I will ever be
 Champion to her, who loves is to thee.

D. Tur. Your Ladship is very welcome here.

Please you, good Madam, to goe nere the house.

Lad. Turfe's wife, I come thus farre to seeke thy husband,
 Having some busines to impart unto him.

Is he at home? *D. Tur.* O no, and I shall please you:
 He is posted hience to Pangridge with a witnessle,

Young Justice Bramble has kept levell coyle

Here in our Quarters, stole away our Daughter

And Mr. Turfe's son after, as he can.

To

To stop the marriage, if it will be stop'd.

Pol. Madam, these tydings are not much amisse!

For if the Justice have the Maid in keepe,

You need not feare the marriage of your sonne.

Lad. That somewhat easeth my suspicious brest.

Tell me, Turfe's wife, when was my sonne with Andrey?

How long is't, since you saw him at your house?

Pup. Dame, let me take this rump out of your mouth.

D. Tur. What meane you by that Sir? *Pup.* Rump, and taile's all one.

But I would use a reverence for my Lady:

I would not say surreverence, the tale

Out o' your mouth, but rather take the rumpe.

D. Tur. A well bred youth! and vull of favour you are:

Pup. What might they say, when I were gone, if I

Not weigh'd my wordz? This Puppy is a voole!

Great Hanniball's an Ass, he had no breeding:

No Lady gay, you shall not say,

That your Val. Puppy, was so unlucky,

In speech to faile, as t' name a taile,

Beas be may be, 'vore a faire Lady.

Lad. Leave jesting, tell us, when you saw our sonne.

Pup. Marry, it is two houres agoe. *Lad.* Sin' you saw him?

Pup. You might have seene him too, if you had look'd up.

For it shind, as bright as day. *Lad.* Meane my sonne.

Pup. Your sunne, and our sunne are they not all one?

Lad. Foole, thou mistak'st; I ask'd thee, for my sonne.

Pup. I had thought there had beene no more sunnes, then one!

I know not what you Ladies have, or may have.

Pol. Didst thou nere heare, my Lady had a sonne?

Pup. She may have twenty; but for a soane, unlesse

She meane precisely, Squire Tub, her zonne,

He was here now; and brought my Mr. word

That Justice Bramble had got Mrs. Andrey.

But whither he be gone, here's none can tell.

Lad. Marten, I wonder at this strange discourse:

The foole it seemes tells true; my sonne the Squire

Was doubtlesse here this morning. For the match,

He smother what I thinke, and staying here,

Attend the sequell of this strange beginning,

Turfe's wife, my people, and I will trouble thee:

Unill we heare some tidings of thy husband.

The rather, for my partie Valentine.

ACT III. SCENE VI.

*Turfe, Andrey, Clench, Med-lay.**Par. Scriben.*

Tur. Well, I have carried it, and will triumph
 Over this Justice, as becomes a Constable;

And

And a high Constable: next our Saint George,
Who rescued the Kings Daughter, I will ride,
Above Prince Arthur. *Cle.* Or our Shore-ditch Duke.
Med. Or Pancridge Earle. *Pan.* Or Bevis, or Sir Guy.
Who were high Constables both. *Cle.* One of Southhampton—
Med. The tother of Warwick-Castle. *Tur.* You shall worke it
Into a storie for me, neighbour Medlay,
Over my Chimney. *Seri.* I can give you Sir,
A Roman storie of a petty-Constable,
That had a Daughter, that was call'd Virginia,
Like Mrs. Awdrey, and as young as she,
And how her Father bare him in the busines,
'Gainst Justice Appius, a Decemvir in Rome,
And Justice of Asise. *Tur.* That, that good D'ogenes!
A learned man is a Chronikell! *Seri.* I can tell you
A thousand, of great Pompey, Caesar, Trajan,
All the high Constables there. *Tur.* That was their place:
They were no more. *Seri.* DiGator, and high Constable
Were both the same. *Med.* High Constable was more, tho'!
He laid Dick: Tator by the heeles. *Pan.* Dick: Toter!
H' was one o' the Waights o' the Citie: I ha' read o' hun:
He was a fellow would be drunke, debauch'd—
And he did zet un' the stocks indeed:
His name Padian, and a cunning Toter.

Awd. Was ever filly Maid thus posted off?
That should have had three husbands in one day;
Yet (by bad fortune) am posselt of none?
I went to Church to have beene wed to Clay;
Then Squire Tub he seiz'd me on the way,
And thought to ha' had me: but he mist his aime;
And Justice Bramble (nearest of the three)
Was well nigh married to me; when by chance,
In rush'd my Father, and broke off that dance.

Tur. I, Girle, there's nere a Justice on 'hem all,
Shall teach the Constable to guard his owne:
Let's back to Kentish-Towne, and there make merry;
These newes will be glad tidings to my wife:
Thou shalt have Clay, my wench. That word shall stand.
Hee's found by this time, sure, or else hee's drown'd:
The wedding dinner will be spoil'd: make haste.

Awd. Husbands, they say, grow thick, but thin are sowne,
I care not who it be, so I have one.

Tur. I? zay you zo? Perhaps you shall ha' none, for that.

Awd. Now out on me! what shall I doe then?

Med. Sleepe Mistris Awdrey, dreame on proper men.

Act.

Act III. SCENE VII.

Hugh. *Predicible. Metaphore.*

Hugh. O bone Deus! have you scene the like?
Here was, Hodge hold thine eare, faire, whilst I strike,
Body o' me, how came this geare about?

Pre. I know not, Chanon, but it falls out crosse,
Nor can I make conjecture by the circumstance
Of these events; it was impossible,
Being so close, and politickly carried,
To come so quickly to the eares of Turfe.
O Priest, had but thy slow delivery
Beene nimble, and thy lazie Latinetongue,
But run the formes ore, with that swift dispatch,
As had beene requisite, all had beene well!

Hug. What should have beene, that never lov'd the Friar;
But thus you seeth' old Adage verified,
Multa cadunt inter—you can ghesse the rest.
Many things fall betweene the cup, and lip:
And though they touch, you are not sure to drinke.
You lack'd good fortune, wee had done our parts:
Give a man fortune, throw him i' the Sea.
The properer man, the worse luck: Stay a time,
Tempus edax—In time the stately Oxe, &c.
Good counsels lightly never come too late.

Pre. You Sir will run your counsels out of breath.

Hug. Spurre a free horse, hee'll run himfelle to death.
Santi Evangeliste! Here comes Miles!

Pre. What newes man, with our new made Purs'vyant?

Met. A Purs'vyant? would I were, or more pursie,
And had more store of money; or lesse pursie,
And had more store of breath: you call me Purs'vyant!
But, I could never vant of any purse

I had, sin' yo' were my God-fathers, and God-mothers,
And ga' me that nick-name. *Pre.* What, now's the matter?

Met. Nay, 'tis no matter. I ha' beene simply beaten.

Hugh. What is become o' the Squire, and thy Prisoner?

Met. The lines of blood, ran streaming from my head,
Can speake what rule the Squire hath kept with me.

Pre. I pray thee Miles relate the manner, how?

Met. Be't knowne unto you, by these presents, then,
That I Miles Metaphore, your worships Clarke:
Have ene beene beaten, to an Allegory,
By multitude of hands. Had they beene but
Some five or sixe, I' had whip'd 'hem all, like tops
In Lent, and hurl'd 'hem into Hoblers-hole;
Or the next ditch: I had crack'd all their costards,
As numbly as a Squirrell will crack nuts:

N

And

And flourish'd like to *Hercules*, the Porter
Among the Pages. But, when they came on
Like Bees about a Hive, Crows about carrion,
Flies about sweet meats; nay, like water-men
About a Fare: then was poore *Metaphore*
Glad to give up the honour of the day,
To quit his charge to them, and run away
To save his life, onely to tell this newes.

Hug. How indirectly all things have falne out!
I cannot choose but wonder what they were
Reskued your rivall from the keepe of *Miles*:
But most of all I cannot well digest,
The manner how our purpose came to *Turse*.

Pre. Miles, I will see that all thy hurts be dress'd.

As for the Squires escape, it matters not:
Wee have by this meanes disappointed him;
And that was all the maine I aimed at.
But Chanon *Hugh*, now muster up thy wits,
And call thy thoughts into the Consistory.
Search all the secret corners of thy cap,
To find another queint devised drift,
To disappoint her marriage with this *Clay*,
Doe that, and Ile reward thee jovially.

Hug. Well said *Magister Justice*. If I fit you not
With such a new, and well-laid stratagem,
As never yet your eares did heare a finer,
Call me, with Lilly, *Bos*, *Fur*, *Sus*, atq; *Sacerdos*.

Pre. I heare, there's comfort in thy words yet, Chanon.
Ile trust thy regulars, and say no more.

Met. Ile follow too. And if the dapper Priest
Be but as cunning, point in his devise,
As I was in my lie: my Master *Preamble*
Will stalke, as led by the nose with these new promises;
And fatted with supposes of fine hopes.

ACT III. SCENE VIII.

Turse, *D. Turse*, *L. Tub*, *Pol-mart*, *Awd*, *Pup*.

Tur. Well Madam, I may thanke the Squire your sonne:
For, but for him, I had beene over-reach'd.

D. Tur. Now heavens blessing light upon his heart:
Wee are beholden to him, indeed Madam.

Lad. But can you not resolve me where he is?
Nor about what his purposes were bent?

Tur. Madam, they no whit were concerning me:
And therefore was I lesse inquisitive.

Lad. Faire maid, in faith, I speake truth, and not dissemble:
Do's hee not often come, and visit you?

Awd.

Awd. His worship now, and then, please you, takes paines
To see my Father, and Mother: But for me,
I know my selfe too meane for his high thoughts
To stoop at, more then asking a light question,
To make him merry, or to passe his time.

Lad. A sober Maid! call for my woman *Martin*.

Pol. The maids, and her halfe-*Valentine* have plid her
With court'sie of the Bride-Cake, and the Bowle,
As she is laid awhile. *Lad.* O let her rest!

We will crosse ore to *Canterbury*, in the interim;
And to make home. Farewell good *Turse*, and thy wife.
I wish your daughter joy. *Tur.* Thankes to your Ladiship;
Where is *John Clay* now? have you seene him yet?

D. Tur. No, he has hid himselfe out of the way,
For feare o' the *Huy* and *Cry*. *Tur.* What, walkes that shadow
Afore'un still? *Puppy* goe seeke'un out,
Search all the corners that he haunts unto,
And call'un forth. Wee'll once more to the Church,
And try our vortunes. Luck, sonne *Valentine*:
Where are the wise-men all of *Finzbury*?

Pup. Where wise-men should be; at the Ale, and Bride-cake:
I would this couple had their destinie,

Or to be hang'd, or married out o' the way:
Man cannot get the mount'nance of an Egge-shell,
To stay his stomack. Vaith, vормine owne part,
I have zup'd up so much broth, as would have cover'd
A legge o' Beeffe, ore head and eares, i' the porredge pot:
And yet I cannot suffise wild nature.

Would they were once dispatch'd, we might to dinner.
I am with child of a huge stomack, and long;
Till by some honest Midwife-peice of Beeffe,
I be deliver'd of it: I must goe now,
And hunt out for this *Kilburne Calfe*, *John Clay*.
Whom where to find, I know not, nor which way.

Enter the
neighbourhood
Turse.

ACT III. SCENE IX.

To them.

Chanon *Hugh*, like Captaine *Thumbs*.

Hug. Thus as a begger in a Kings disguise,
Or an old Crosse well sided with a May-pole.
Comes Chanon *Hugh*, accoutred as you see
Disguis'd *Soldado* like: marke his devise:
The Chanon, is that Captaine *Thumbs*, was rob'd:
These bloody scars upon my face are wounds;
This scarfe upon mine arme shewes my late hurts:
And thus am I to gull the Constable.
Now have among you, for a man at armes:
Friends by your leave, which of you is one *Turse*?

N 2

Tur.

Tur. Sir, I am *Turfe*, if you would speake with me.

Hug. With thee *Turfe*, if thou beest High Constable.

Tur. I am both *Turfe*, Sir, and High Constable.

Hug. Then *Turfe*, or *Scurfe*, high, or low Constable:

Know, I was once a Captaine at Saint *Quintins*,
And passing crosse the wayes over the countrey;

This morning betwixt this and *Hamsted-Heath*,

Was by a crue of *Clownes* rob'd, bob'd, and hurt.

No sooner had I got my wounds bound up,

But with much paine, I went to the next Justice,

One Mr. *Bramble* here, at *Maribone*:

And here a warrant is, which he hath directed

For you one *Turfe*; if your name be *Tobie Turfe*;

Who have let fall (they say) the *Huy*, and *Cry*:

And you shall answer it afore the Justice.

Tur. Heaven, and Hell, Dogges, Divels, what is this?

Neighbours, was ever Constable thus cross'd?

What shall we doe? *Med.* Faith, all goe hang our selves:

I know no other way to scape the Law.

Pup. Newes, newes, O newes — *Tur.* What, hast thou found out *Clay*?

Pup. No Sir, the newes is that I cannot find him.

Hug. Why doe you dally, you dam'd russet coat,

You Peasant, nay you Clowne, you Constable;

See that you bring forth the suspected partie,

Or by mine honour (which I won in field)

Ile make you pay for it, afore the Justice.

Tur. Fic, fic, O wife, I am now in a fine pickle.

He that was most suspected is not found;

And which now makes me thinke, he did the deed,

He thus absents him, and dares not be seene.

Captaine, my innocence will plead for me.

Wife, I must goe, needs, whom the Divell drives:

Pray for me wife, and daughter; pray for me.

Hug. Ile lead the way: Thus is the match put off,

And if my plot succeed, as I have laid it,

My Captaine-ship shall cost him many a crowne.

They exit. *D. Tur.* So, wee have brought our egges to a faire Market.

Out on that villaine *Clay*: would he doe a robbery?

Ile nere trust smooth-fac'd Tile-man for his sake.

They exit. *Awd.* Mother, the still Sow eates up all the drasse.

Pup. Thus is my Master, *Toby Turfe*, the patterne

Of all the painefull adventures, now in print.

I never could hope better of this match:

This Bride-ale: For the night before to day,

(Which is within mans memory, I take it)

At the report of it, an Oxe did speake;

Who dy'd soone after: A Cow lost her Calf;

The Belweather was flead for't: A fat Hog

Was sing'd, and wast'd, and shaven all over; to

Looke ugly 'gainst this day: The Ducks they quak'd;

The

The Hens too cackled: at the noise whereof,

A Drake was seene to dance a headlesse round:

The Goose was cut i' the head, to heare it too:

Brave *Chant-it-cleare*, his noble heart was done;

His combe was cut: And two or three o' his wives,

Or fairest Concubines, had their necks broke;

Ere they would see this day: To marke the verven

Heart of a beast, the very Pig, the Pig;

This very mornin, as hee was a roasting

Cry'd out his eyes, and made a show as hee would

Ha' bit in two the spit, as he would say;

There shall no rost-meat be this dismall day.

And zure, I thinke, If I had not got his tongue

Betweene my teeth, and eate it, he had spoke it.

Well, I will in, and cry too; never leave

Crying, untill our maids may drive a Buck

With my salt teares at the next washing day.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Preamble, Hugh, Turfe, Metaphor.

Pre. **K**eepe out those fellowes; Ile ha' none come in,

But the High Constable, the man of peace,

And the Queenes Captaine, the brave man of warre:

Now neighbour *Turfe*, the cause why you are call'd,

Before me by my warrant, but unspecified,

Is this; and pray you marke it thoroughly!

Here is a Gentleman, and as it seemes,

Both of good birth, faire speech, and peaceable,

Who was this morning rob'd here in the wood:

You for your part a man of good report,

Of credit, landed, and of faire demeanes,

And by authority, high Constable,

Are notwithstanding touch'd in this complaint,

Of being carelesse in the *Huy* and *Cry*,

I cannot choole but grieve a Soldiers losse:

And I am fory too for your neglect,

Being my neighbour, this is all I object.

Hug. This is not all; I can alledge far more,

And almost urge him for an accessorie.

Good Mr. Justice gi' me leave to speake,

For I am Plainrife. Let not neighbour-hood

Make him secure, or stand on priviledge.

Pre. Sir, I dare use no partiality:

Object then what you please, so it be truth.

Hug.

Hug. This more: and which is more, then he can answer,
Beside his letting fall the *Hug*, and *Cry*
He doth protect the man, charg'd with the felonie,
And keeps him hid I heare, within his house,
Because he is affied unto his Daughter.

Tur. I doe defie 'hun, so shall thee do too.
I pray your worships favour, le' me have hearing.
I doe confesse, 'twas told me such a felonie,
And not disgriev'd me a little when 'twas told me,
Vor I was going to Church, to marry *Andrey*:
And who should marry her, but this very *Clay*,
Who was charg'd to be the chiefe theife o' hun all.
Now I (the halter stick me, if I tell,
Your worships any leazins did fore-thinke 'un
The truest man, till he waz run away.

I thought, I had had 'un as zure as in a zaw-pit
Or i' mine Oven. Nay, i' the Towne pound.
I was za sure o' hun: I'd ha' gi'n my life for 'un,
Till he did start. But now, I zee 'un guilty,
Az var as I can looke at 'un. Would you ha' more?

Hug. Yes, I will have Sir what the Law will give me,
You gave your word to see him safe, forth comming;
I challenge that: But, that is forfeited;
Beside, your carelesnesse in the pursuit,
Argues your slacknesse, and neglect of dutie,
Which ought be punish'd with severity.

Pre. He speakes but reason *Turfe*. Bring forth the man,
And you are quit: But otherwise, your word
Binds you to make amends for all his losse,
And thinke your selfe befriended, if he take it
Without a farder suit, or going to law.
Come to a composition with him, *Turfe*:
The Law is costly, and will draw on charge.

Tur. Yes, I doe know, I wurst mun vee a Returney,
And then make legges to my great man o' Law,
To be o' my counsell, and take trouble-vees,
And yet zay nothing vor me: but devise
All distrust meanes, to ranfacke me o' my money.
A Pest'lence prick the throats o' hun. I doe know hun
As well az I waz i' their bellies, and brought up there.
What would you ha' me doe? what would you aske of me?

Hug. I aske the restitution of my money;
And will not bate one penny o' the summe:
Foure score, and five pound. I aske, besides,
Amendment for my hurts, my paine, and suffering
Are losse enough for me, Sir, to sit downe with;
He put it to your worship; what you award me,
He take, and gi' him a generall release.

Pre. And what say you now, neighbour *Turfe*? *Tur.* I put it
Ento your worships bitterment, hab, nab.

I shall

I shall have a chance o' the dice for't, I hope, let 'hem ene run: And —

Pre. Faith then Ile pray you, 'cause he is my neighbour,
To take a hundred pound, and give him day.

Hug. Saint *Valentines* day, I will, this very day,
Before Sunne set: my bond is forfeit else.

Tur. Where will you ha' it paid? *Hug.* Faith, I am a stranger
Here i' the countrey: Know you Chanon *Hugh*,
The Vicar of *Pancrace*? *Tur.* Yes, wee who not him:

Hug. Ile make him my Attorney to receive it,
And give you a discharge. *Tur.* Whom shall I send for't?

Pre. Why, if you please, send *Metaphore* my Clarke.
And *Turfe*, I much commend thy willingnesse;
It's argument of thy integrity.

Tur. But, my integrity shall be my zelfe still:
Good Mr. *Metaphore*, give my wife this key;
And doe but whisper it into her hand:
(She knowes it well inow) bid her, by that
Deliver you the two zeal'd bags o' silver,
That lie i' the corner o' the cup-bord, stands
At my bed-side, they are viftie pound a peece;
And bring 'hem to your Master. *Met.* If I prove not
As just a Carrier as my friend *Tom Long* was,
Then call me his curtall, change my name of *Miles*,
To *Guile's*, *Wile's*, *Pile's*, *Bile's*, or the foulest name
You can devise, to crambe with, for ale.

Hug. Come hither *Miles*, bring by that token, too,
Faile *Andrey*; say her father sent for her:
Say *Clay* is found, and waits at *Pancrace* Church,
Where I attend to marry them in haste.
For (by this meanes) *Miles* I may say't to thee,
Thy Master must to *Andrey* married be.
But not a word but mum: goe get thee gone;
Be warie of thy charge, and keepe it close.

Met. O super-dainty Chanon! Vicar in cōney,
Make no delay, *Miles*, but away.
And bring the wench, and money.

Hug. Now Sir, I see you meant but honestly;
And, but that busines calls me hence away,
I would not leave you, till the sunne were lower.
But Mr. Justice, one word, Sir, with you.
By the same token, is your Mistris sent for
By *Metaphore* your Clarke, as from her Father.
Who when she comes, Ile marry her to you,
Vnwithting to this *Turfe*, who shall attend
Me at the parsonage. This was my plot:
Which I must now make good; turne Chanon, againe,
In my square cap. I humbly take my leave.

Pre. Adieu, good Captaine. Trust me, neighbour *Turfe*,
He seemes to be a sober Gentleman:
But this distresse hath somewhat stir'd his patience.

And

And men, you know, in such extremities,
Apt not themselves to points of courtesie;
I am glad you ha' made this end. *Tur.* You stood my friend:
I thank your Justice-worship; pray you be
Present anone, at tending o' the money,
And see me have a discharge: Vor I ha' no craft
I' your Law quibblins. *Pre.* He secure you, neighbour.

The Scene interloping.

Medley, Clench Pan, Scriben.

Med. Indeed, there is a woundy luck in names, Sirs,
And a maine myserie, an' a man knew where
To vind it. My God-fires name, He tell you,
Was *In-and-In Shittle*, and a Weaver he was,
And it did fit his craft: for so his Shittle
Went in, and in still: this way, and then that way.
And he nam'd me, *In-and-In Medley*: which serves
A Joyners craft, bycause that wee doe lay
Things in and in, in our worke. But, I am truly
Architectonicus professor, rather:

That is (as one would say) an Architect.

Cle. As I am a Varrier, and a Visicarie:

Horse-smith of *Hamsted*, and the whole Towne Leach—.

Med. Yes, you ha' done woundy cures, Gossip *Clench*.

Cle. An' I can see the stale once, through a Urine-hole,
He give a shrew'd ghesie, be it man, or beast.
I cur'd an Ale-wife once, that had the staggers
Worse then five horses, without rowelling.
My God-phere was a *Rabian*, or a *Jew*,
(You can tell *D'oge*!) They call'd un Doctor *Rasi*.

Ser. One *Rasi* was a great *Arabick* Doctor.

Cle. Hee was King *Harry's* Doctor, and my God-phere.

Pan. Mine was a merry *Greeke*, *To-Pan*, of *Tryford*:

A joviall Tinker, and a stopper of holes;

Who left me mettall-man of *Belfse*, his heire.

Med. But what was yours *D'oge*? *Ser.* Vaith, I cannot tell

If mine were kyrfind, or no: But, zute hee had

A kyrfin name, that he left me, *Diogenes*.

A mighty learned man, but pest'lence poore.

Vor, h' had no house, save an old *Tub*, to dwell in,

(I vind that in records) and still he turn'd it

I' the winds teeth, as t'blew on his back-side,

And there they would lie rowting one at other,

A weeke, sometimes. *Med.* Thence came *A Tale of a Tub*,

And the virst *Tale of a Tub*, old *D'ogenes Tub*.

Ser. That was avore *Sir Peter Tub*, or his Lady.

Pan. I, or the Squire their sonne, *Tripoli Tub*.

Cle. The Squire is a fine Gentleman! *Med.* He is more:

A

A Gentleman and a halfe, almost a Knight,
Within zixe inches: That's his true measure.

Cle. Zure, you can gage him. *Med.* To a streak, or less.

I know his d'ameters, and circumference:

A Knight is sixe diameters, and a Squire,

Is vive, and zome what more: I know thy compasse,

And skale of man. I have upo' my rule here,

The just perportions of a Knight, a Squire,

With a tame Justice, or an Officer, rampant,

Vpo' the bench, from the high Constable

Downe to the Head-borough, or Tithing-man;

Or meanest Minister o' the peace, God save 'un.

Pan. Why, you can tell us by the Squire, Neighbour,

Whence he is call'd a Constable, and whaffore.

Med. No, that's a booke-case: *Scriben* can doe that.

That's writing and reading, and records. *Ser.* Two words,

Cyning and *Staple*, make a Constable:

As wee'd say, A hold, or stay for the King.

Cle. All Constables are truly *John's* for the King,

What ere their names are; be they *Tony*, or *Roger*.

Med. And all are sworne, as vingers o' one hand,

To hold together 'gainst the breach o' the peace;

The High Constable is the Thumbe, as one would say;

The hold-fast o' the rest. *Pan.* Pray luck he speed

Well i' the busines, betweene Captaine *Thums*,

And him. *Med.* He warrant 'un for a groat:

I have his measures here in *Rithmetique*.

How he should beare un selfe in all the lines

O' place, and office: Let's seeke 'un out.

Act III. Scene II.

Tub. Hilis. Metaphor.

Tub. Hilis, how do'st thou like o' this our good dayes worke?

Hil. As good ene nere a while, as nere the better.

Tub. Shall we to *Panridge*, or to *Kentish-Towne*, *Hilis*?

Hil. Let *Kentish-Towne*, or *Panridge* come to us,

If either will: I will goe home againe.

Tub. Faith *Basket*, our successe hath beene but bad,

And nothing prospers, that wee undertake;

For we can neither meet with *Clay*, nor *Awdey*,

The Chanon *Hugh*, nor *Turse* the Constable:

We are like men that wander in strange woods,

And loose our selves in search of them wee seeke.

Hil. This was because wee rose on the wrong side:

But as I am now here, just in the mid-way,

He zet my sword on the pommel, and that line

The point valles too, wee'll take: whether it be

To *Kentish-Towne*, the Church, or home againe.

O

Tub.

Enter Metaphor.

Tub. Stay, stay thy hand: here's Justice *Bramble* Clarke, the unlucky *Hare* hath cross'd us all this day. He stand aside whilst thou pump'st out of him His business, *Hills*; and how bee's now employed.

Hil. Let mee alone, He use him in his kind.

Met. Oh for a Pad-horse, Pack-horse, or a Post-horse, To beare me on his neck, his back, or his croupe! I am as weary with running, as a Mill-horse That hath led the Mill once, twice, thrice about, After the breath hath bene out of his body. I could get up upon a pannier, a pannell, Or, to say truth, a very Pack-sadle, Till all my honey were turn'd into gall; And I could sit in the seat no longer, Oh the legs of a lackey now, or a foot-man, Who is the Surbater of a Clarke currant, And the confounder of his tressle dormant. But who have we here, just in the nick?

Hil. I am neither nick, nor in the nick: therefore You lie Sir *Metaphor*. *Met.* Lye! how? *Hil.* Lye so Sir.

Met. I lye not yet i' my throat. *Hil.* Thou ly'st o' the ground. Do'st thou know me? *Met.* Yes, I did know you too late.

Hil. What is my name then? *Met.* *Basket*. *Hil.* *Basket*? what? *Met.* *Basket*, the Great—*Hil.* The Great? what? *Met.* Lubber—I should say Lover, of the Squire his Master.

Hil. Great is my patience, to forbear thee thus, Thou Scrape-hill, Skoundrell, and thou skum of man; Vncivill, orange-tawny-coated Clarke: Thou cam'st but halfe a thing into the world, And wast made up of patches, parings, shreds: Thou, that when last thou wert put out of service, Travail'd'st to *Hamsted* Heath, on an *Ash-we'nesday*, Where thou didst stand fixe weekes the lack of *Lent*, For boyes to hoorle, three throwes a penny, at thee, To make thee a purse: Seest thou this, bold bright blade? This sword shall shred thee as small unto the grave, As mine'd meat for a pie. He set thee in earth All save thy head, and thy right arme at liberty, To keepe thy hat off, while I question thee, What? why? and whether thou wert going now With a face, ready to breake out with business? And tell me truly, lest I dash't in peeces.

Met. Then *Basket* put thy smiter up, and heare, I dare not tell the truth to a drawne sword.

Hil. 'Tis sheath'd, stand up, speake without feare, or wit.

Met. I know not what they meane, but *Constable Turfe* Sends here his key, for monies in his cubbard Which he must pay the Captaine, that was rob'd This morning. Smell you nothing? *Hil.* No, not I, Thy breeches yet are honest. *Met.* As my mouth.

He strikes up his breeches.

Doe

Doe you not smell a rat? I tell you truth, I thinke all's knavery: For the Chanon whisper'd Me in the eare, when *Turfe* had gi'n me his key, By the same token to bring Mrs. *Audrey*, As sent for thisher, and to say *John Clay* Is found, which is indeed to get the wench Forth for my Master, who is to be married, When she comes there: The Chanon has his rules Ready, and all there to dispatch the matter.

Tub. Now on my life, this is the Chanon's plot! *Miles*, I have heard all thy discourse to *Basket*. Wilt thou be true, and He reward thee well, To make me happy, in my Mistress *Audrey*?

Met. Your worship shall dispose of *Metaphore*, Through all his parts, ene from the sole o' the head, To the crowne o' the foot, to manage of your service.

Tub. Then doe thy message to the Mistress *Turfe*, Tell herthy token, bring the money hither, And likewise take young *Audrey* to thy charge: Which done, here, *Metaphore*, wee will attend, And intercept thee. And for thy reward, You two shall share the money, I the Maid: If any take offence, He make all good.

Met. But shall I have halfe the money Sir, in faith? *Tub.* I on my Squire-ship, shalt thou: and my land.

Met. Then, if I make not, Sir, the cleanliest scuse To get her hither, and be then as carefull To keepe her for you, as't were for my selfe: Downe o' your knees, and pray that honest *Miles* May breake his neck ere he get ore two stiles.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Tub. Hills.

Tub. Make haste then: we will wait here thy returne: This luck unlook'd for, hath reviv'd my hopes, Which were oppress'd with a darke melancholly. In happy time, we linger'd on the way, To meet these summons of a better sound, Which are the essence of my soules content.

Hil. This heartlesse fellow, shame to serving-men, Staine of all livories, what feare makes him doe! How sordid, wretched, and unworthy things, Betray his Masters secrets, ope the closet Of his devises, force the foolish Justice, Make way for your Love, plotting of his owne: Like him that digs a trap, to catch another, And falls into't himselfe! *Tub.* So wou'd I have it, And hope 'twill prove a jest to twine the Justice with.

O 2

Hil.

Hil. But that this poore white-liver'd Rogue should do't?
And meere out of teare? *Tub.* And hope of money, *Hil.*
A valiant man will nibble at that bait.

Hil. Who, but a foole, will refuse money proffer'd?

Tub. And sent by so good chance. Pray heaven he speed.

Hil. If he come empty-headed, let him count
To goe back empty-headed; He not leave him
So much of braine in's pate, with pepper and vineger,
To be serv'd in for sawce, to a Calves head.

Tub. Thou serv'st him right, *Hil.* *Hil.* He scale az much
With my hand, as I dare lay now with my tongue;
But if you get the Lasse from *Dargison*,
What will you doe with her? *Tub.* Wee'll thinke o' that
When once wee have her in possession, Governour.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Puppy. Metaphore. Awdrey.

Pup. You see wee trust you, *Mr. Metaphore*,
With *Mrs. Awdrey*: pray you use her well,
As a Gentle-woman should be us'd. For my part,
I doe incline a little to the serving-man;
Wee have beene of a coat—I had one like yours:
Till it did play me such a sleevelesse errand,
As I had nothing where to put mine armes in,
And then I threw it off. Pray you goe before her,
Serving-man-like: and see that your nose drop not.
As for example, you shall see me; marke,
How I goe afore her. So doe you: sweet *Miles*,
She for her owne part, is a woman cares not
What man can doe unto her, in the way
Of honesty, an' good manners. So farewell
Faith *Mrs. Awdrey*: Farewell *Mr. Miles*,
I ha' brought you thus farre, onward o' your way:
I must goe back now to make cleane the roomes,
Where my good Lady has beene. Pray you commend mee
To Bride-groome *Clay*, and bid him beare up stiffe.

Met. Thanke you good *Hannibal Puppy*, I shall fit
The leg of your commands, with the straight buskins
Of dispatch presently. *Pup.* Farewell fine *Metaphore*.

Met. Come gentle *Mistress*, will you please to walke?

Awd. I love not to be let: I'd goe alone.

Met. Let not the mouse of my good meaning, *Lady*,
Be trap'd up in the trap of your suspicion,
To loose the tale there, either of her truth,
Or swallow'd by the Cat of misconstruction.

Awd. You are too finicall for me; speake plaine Sir.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Tub. Awdrey. Hil. Metaphore.

Lady. Pol-marten.

Tub. Welcome againe my *Awdrey*: welcome Love:
You shall with me; in faith deny me not.
I cannot brook the second hazzard *Mistress*.

Awd. Forbear Squire *Tub*, as mine owne mother sayes,
I am not for your mowing. Youle be slowne
Ere I be sledge. *Hil.* Haft thou the money *Miles*?

Met. Here are two bags, there's fittie pound in each.

Tub. Nay *Awdrey*, I possesse you for this time:
Sirs, Take that coyne betweene you, and divide it.
My pretty sweeting give me now the leave
To challenge love, and marriage at your hands.

Awd. Now, out upon you, are you not asham'd?
What will my *Lady* say? In faith I thinke
She was at our house: And I thinke thee ask'd for you:
And I thinke she hit me i' th' teeth with you,
I thanke her Ladiship, and I thinke she meanes
Not to goe hence, till she has found you. How say you?

Tub. Was then my *Lady* Mother at your house?
Let's have a word aside. *Awd.* Yes, twenty words.

Lad. 'Tis strange, a motion, but I know not what,
Comes in my mind, to leave the way to *Totten*,
And turne to *Kentish-Towne*, againe my journey:
And see my f. nne *Pol-marten* with his *Awdrey*:
Erewhile we left her at her fathers house:
And hath he thence remov'd her in such haste!
What shall I doe? shall I speake faire, or chide?

Pol. Madam, your worthy sonne, with durions care,
Can governe his affections: Rather then
Breake off their conference some other way,
Pretending ignorance of what you know.

Tub. And this all, faire *Awdrey*: I am thine.

Lad. Mine you were once, though scarcely now your own.

Hil. 'Slid my *Lady*! my *Lady*! *Met.* Is this my *Lady* bright?

Tub. Madam, you rooke me now a little tardie.

Lad. At prayers, I thinke you were: what, so devout
Of late, that you will thrive you to all Confessors
You meet by chance? Come, goe with me, good Squire,
And leave your linnen: I have now a busines,
And of importance, to impart unto you.

Tub. Madam, I pray you, spare me but an houre;
Please you to walke before, I follow you.

Lad. It must be now, my busines lies this way.

Tub. Will not an houre hence, Madam, excuse me?

Lad. Squire, these excuses argue more your guilt.

You

You have some new device now, to project,
Which the poore Tile-man scarce will thanke you for.
What will you goe? *Tub.* I ha' tane a charge upon me,
To see this Maid conducted to her Father,
Who, with the Chanon *Hugh*, staies her at *Pancrace*,
To see her married to the same *John Clay*.

Lad. 'Tis very well; but Squire take you no care.
He send *Pol-marten* with her, for that office:
You shall along with me, it is decreed.

Tub. I have a little busines, with a friend Madam.

Lad. That friend shall stay for you, or you for him.

Pol-marten. Take the Maiden to your care,

Commend me to her Father. *Tub.* I will follow you.

Lad. Tur, tell not me of following. *Tub.* He but speake

A word. *Lad.* No whispering: you forget your selfe,

And make your love too palpable: A Squire?

And thinke so meanely? fall upon a Cow-shard?

You know my mind. Come, He to *Turfe's* house,

And see for *Dido*, and our *Valentine*.

Pol-marten, looke to your charge, He looke to mine.

Pol. I smile to thinke after so many proffers

This Maid hath had, she now should fall to me:

That I should have her in my custody:

Twere but a mad trick to make the essay.

And jumpe a match with her immediately:

She's faire, and handsome: and shee's rich enough:

Both time, and place minister faire occasion:

Have at it then: Faire Lady, can you love?

And. No Sir, what's that? *Pol.* A toy, which women use.

And. It's be a toy, it's good to play withall.

Pol. Wee will not stand discoursing o' the toy:

The way is short, please you to prov't Mistris?

And. If you doe meane to stand so long upon it,

I pray you let me give it a short cut, Sir.

Pol. It's thus, faire Maid: Are you dispos'd to marry?

And. You are dispos'd to aske. *Pol.* Are you to grant?

And. Nay, now I see you are dispos'd indeed.

Pol. I see the wench wants but a little wit;

And that defect her wealth may well supply:

In plaine termes, tell me, Will you have me *Audrey*?

And. In as plaine termes, I tell you who would ha' me.

John Clay would ha' me, but he hath too hard hands,

I like not him: besides, hee is a thiefe.

And Justice *Bramble*, he would faine ha' catch'd me:

But the young Squire, hee, rather then his life,

Would ha' me yet; and make me a Lady, hee sayes,

And be my Knight; to doe me true Knights service,

Before his Lady Mother. Can you make me

A Lady, would I ha' you? *Pol.* I can gi' you

A silken Gowne, and a rich Petticoat:

They all get
out but
Pol-marten
and *Audrey*.

And

And a french Hood. All fooles love to be brave:
I find her humour, and I will pursue it.

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Lady. D. Turfe. Squire Tub. Hilts. Puppy. Clay.

Lad. And as I told thee, shee was intercepted
By the Squire here, my sonne: and this bold Ruffin
His man, who safely would have carried her
Vnto her Father, and the Chanon *Hugh*,
But for more care of the security,
My Huisher hath her now, in his grave charge.

D. Tur. Now on my faith, and holy-dom, we are
Beholden to your worship. She's a Girle,
A foolish Girle, and soone may tempted be:
But if this day passe well once ore her head,
He wish her trust to her selfe. For I have beene
A very mother to her, though I say it.

Tub. Madam, 'tis late, and *Pancridge* is i' your way:
I thinke your Ladiship forgets your selfe.

Lad. Your mind runs much on *Pancridge*. Well, young Squire,
The black Oxe never trod yet O your foot:
These idle Phant'sies will forsake you one day.
Come Mrs. *Turfe*, will you goe take a walke
Over the fields to *Pancridge*, to your husband?

D. Tur. Madam, I had beene there an houre agoe:
But that I waited on my man *Ball Puppy*,
What *Ball* I say? I thinke the idle flouch
Be false asleepe i' the barne, he staves so long.

Pup. *Sattin*, i' the name of velvet-*Sattin*, Dame!
The Divell! O the Divell is in the barne:
Helpe, helpe, a legion—Spirit legion,
Is in the barne! in every straw a Divell.

Tur. Why do'st thou bawle so *Puppy*? Speake, what ailes thee?
Pup. My name's *Ball Puppy*, I ha' scene the Divell
Among the straw: O for a Crosse! a Collop
Of Friar *Bacon*, or a conjuring stick
Of Doctor *Fauslus*! Spirits are in the barne.

Tub. How! Spirits in the barne? *Basket*, goe see.

Hil. Sir, an' you were my Master ten times over,
And Squire to boot; I know, and you shall pardon me:
Send me'mong Divels: I see you love me not:
Hell be at their game: He not trouble them.

Tub. Goe see; I warrant thee there's no such matter.

Hil. An' they were Giants, 't were another matter.

But Divells! No, if I be torne in peeces,
What is your warrant worth? He see the Feind
Set fire o' the barne, ere I come there.

D. Tur.

D. Tur. Now all Zaints Bless'd us, and if he be there,
He is an ugly Spright, I warrant. *Pup.* As ever
Held flesh-hooke, Dame, or handled fire-forker rather:
They have put me in a sweet pickle, Dame:
But that my Lady-*Valentine* smells of muske,
I should be asham'd to presse into this presence.

Lad. Basker. I pray thee see what is the miracle!

Tub. Come, goe with me: He lead. Why stand'st thou man?

Hil. Cocks pretious Master, you are not mad indeed?
You will not goe to hell before your time?

Tub. Why art thou thus afraid? *Hil.* No, nor afraid:

But by your leave, He come no neare the barne.

Tur. Puppy! wilt thou goe with me? *Pup.* How? goe with you?

Whither, into the Barne? To whom, the Divell?

Or to doe what there? to be torne 'mongst 'hum?

Stay for my Master, the High Constable,

Or *In-and-In*, the Head-borough; let them goe,

Into the Barne with warrant; seize the Feind;

And set him in the stocks for his ill rule:

'Tis not for me that am but flesh and blood,

To medle with 'un. Vor I cannot, nor I wu' not.

Lad. I pray thee *Tripoly*, looke, what is the matter?

Tub. That shall I Madam. *Hil.* Heaven protect my Master.

I tremble every joynt till he be back.

Pup. Now, now, even now they are tearing him in peeces;

Now are they tossing of his legs, and armes,

Like Loggets at a Peare-tree: He to the hole,

Peepe in, and looke whether he lives or dies.

Hil. I would not be i' my Masters coat for thousands.

Pup. Then pluck it off, and turne thy selfe away.

O the Divell! the Divell! the Divell! *Hil.* Where man? where?

D. Tur. Alas that ever wee were borne. So neere too?

Pup. The Squire hath him in his hand, and leads him

Our by the Collar. *D. Tur.* O this is *John Clay*.

Lad. *John Clay* at *Pancrease*, is there to be married.

Tub. This was the spirit revel'd i' the Barne.

Pup. The Divell hee was: was this he was crawling

Among the Wheat-straw? Had it beene the Barley,

I should ha' tane him for the Divell in drinke;

The Spirit of the Bride-ale: But poore *John*,

Tame *John* of *Clay*, that sticks about the bung-hole—

Hil. If this be all your Divell, I would take

In hand to conjure him: But hell take me

If ere I come in a right Divells walke,

If I can keepe me out on't. *Tub.* Well meant *Hilts*.

Lad. But how came *Clay* thus hid here i' the straw;

When newes was brought, to you all hee was at *Panridge*;

And you believ'd it? *D. Tur.* Justice *Brambles* man

Told me so, Madam: And by that same token,

And other things, he had away my Daughter,

And

And two seal'd bags of money. *Lad.* Where's the Squire?

Is hee gone hence? *Tub.* He was here Madam, but now.

Clay. Is the *Hug* and *Cry* past by? *Pup.* I, I, *John Clay*.

Clay. And am I out of danger to be hang'd?

Pup. Hang'd *John*? yes sure, unlesse, as with the Proverbe,

You meane to make the choice of your owne gallows.

Clay. Nay, then all's well, hearing your newes *Ball Puppy*,

You ha' brought from *Paddington*, I ene stole home here,

And thought to hide me, in the Barne ere since.

Pup. O wonderfull! and newes was brought us here,

You were at *Panridge*, ready to be married.

Clay. No faith, I ere was farder then the Barne.

D. Tur. Haste *Puppy*. Call forth Mistris *Dido Wisse*,

My Ladies Gentle-woman, to her Lady;

And call your selfe forth, and a couple of maids,

To waite upon me: we are all undone!

My Lady is undone! her fine young sonne,

The Squire is gor away. *Lad.* Haste, haste, good *Valentine*.

D. Tur. And you *John Clay*, you are undone too! All!

My husband is undone, by a true key,

But a false token: And my selfe's undone,

By parting with my Daughter, who'll be married

To some body, that she should not, if wee haste not.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Tub. Pol-marten.

Tub. I Pray thee good *Pol-marten*, shew thy diligence,

And faith in both: Get her, but so disguis'd,

The Chanon may not know her, and leave me

To plot the rest: I will expect thee here.

Pol. You shall Squire. He performe it with all care,

If all my Ladies Ward-robe will disguise her.

Come Mistris *Audrey*. *Aud.* Is the Squire gone?

Pol. Hee'll meet us by and by, where he appointed:

You shall be brave anon, as none shall know you.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Clench. Medlay. Fan. Scriben.

To them

Tub. Hilts.

Cle. I wonder, where the Quenes High Constable is!

I veare, they ha' made 'hunaway. *Med.* No zure, The Justice

Dare not consent to that. Hee'll zee 'un forth coming.

P

Fan.

Pan. He must, for wee can all take corpulent oath,
Wee saw 'un goe in there. *Ser.* I, upon record!
The Clock dropt twelve at *Maribone*? *Med.* You are right, *D'oge*!
Zet downe to a minute, now 'tis a most vowre.
Cle. Here comes *Squire Tub*. *Ser.* And's Governour, Mr. *Basket*,
Hilt, doe you know 'hun, a valiant wise fellow!
As tall a man on his hands, as goes on feet.
Blesse you *Mas's Basket*. *Hil.* Thanke you good *D'oge*. *Tub.* who's that?
Hil. *D'oge Scriben*, the great Writer Sir of *Chalcot*.
Tub. And, who the rest? *Hil.* The wisest heads o' the hundred.
Med. Lay the *Joyner*, Head-borough of *Islington*,
Pan of *Belfize*, and *Clench* the Leach of *Hamsted*.
The High Constables Counsell, here of *Finsbury*.
Tub. Present me to 'hem, *Hilt*, *Squire Tub* of *Totten*.
Hil. Wise men of *Finsbury*: make place for a *Squire*,
I bring to your acquaintance, *Tub* of *Totten*.
Squire Tub, my Master, loves all men of vertue.
And longs (as one would say) till he be one on you.
Cle. His worship's wel'cun to our company:
Would't were wiser for 'hun. *Pan.* Here be some on us,
Are call'd the witty men, over a hundred;
Ser. And some a thousand, when the Muster day comes.
Tub. I long (as my man *Hilt* said, and my Governour)
To be adopt in your society.
Can any man make a Masque here? this company?
Pan. A Masque, what's that? *Ser.* A mumming, or a shew.
With vizards, and fine clothes. *Cle.* A disguise, neighbour,
Is the true word: There stands the man, can do't Sir.
Med. Lay the *Joyner*, *In-and-In* of *Islington*,
The onely man at a disguise in *Middlesex*.
Tub. But who shall write it? *Hil.* *Scriben*, the great Writer.
Ser. Hee'll do't alone Sir, He will joyne with no man:
Though he be a *Joyner*, in designe hee calls it.
He must be sole Inventer: *In-and-In*.
Drawes with no other in's project, hee'll tell you,
It cannot else be feazeable, or conduce:
Those are his ruling words: Please you to heare 'hun?
Tub. Yes Mr. *In-and-In*, I have heard of you;
Med. I can doe nothing, I. *Cle.* Hee can doe all Sir.
Med. They'll tell you so. *Tub.* I'd have a toy presented,
A Tale of a Tub, a storie of my selfe,
You can expresse a *Tub*. *Med.* If it conduce
To the designe, what ere is feazeable:
I can expresse a Wash-houie (If need be)
With a whole pedigree of *Tubs*. *Tub.* No, one
Will be enough to note our name, and family:
Squire Tub of *Totten*, and to shew my adventures
This very day. I'd have it in *Tub*-Hall,
At *Totten-Court*, my Ladie Mothers house,
My house indeed, for I am heere to it.

Med.

Med. If I might see the place, and ha'd survey'd it,
I could say more: For all Invention, Sir,
Comes by degrees, and on the view of nature;
A world of things, concur to the designe,
Which make it feazible, if Art conduce.
Tub. You say well, witty Mr. *In-and-In*.
How long ha' you studied *Ingine*? *Med.* Since I first
Ioynd, or did in-lay in wit, some vorty yeare.
Tub. A pretty time! *Basket*, goe you and waite
On Master *In-and-In* to *Totten-Court*,
And all the other wise Masters; shew 'hem the Hall:
And taste the language of the buttery to 'hem;
Let 'hem see all the *Tubs* about the house,
That can raise matter, till I come — which shall be
Within an houre at least. *Cle.* It will be glorious,
If *In-and-In* will undertake it, Sir:
He has a monstrous medlay wit o' his owne.
Tub. Spare for no cost, either in boords, or hoops,
To architect your *Tub*: Ha' you nere a Cooper
At *London* call'd *Vitruvius*? send for him;
Or old *John Haywood*, call him to you, to helpe.
Ser. He scornes the motion, trust to him alone.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Lady, Tub, D. Tur, Clay, Puppy, Wispe,
Preamble, Turfe.

Lad. O, here's the *Squire*! you slip'd us finely sonne!
These manners to your Mother, will commend you;
But in an other age, not this: well *Tripoly*,
Your Father, good Sir *Peter* (test his bones)
Would not ha' done this: where's my *Huisher Martin*?
And your faire Mrs. *Awdrey*? *Tub.* I not see 'hem,
No creature, but the foure wise Masters here,
Of *Finsbury* Hundred, came to cry their Constable,
Who they doe say is lost. *D. Tur.* My husband lost?
And my fond Daughter lost? I feare mee too.
Where is your Gentleman, Madam? Poore *John Clay*,
Thou hast lost thy *Awdrey*. *Cla.* I ha' lost my wits,
My little wits, good Mother, I am distracted.
Pup. And I have lost my Mistris *Dido Wispe*,
Who frownes upon her *Puppy*, *Hannibal*.
Losse! losse on every side! a publike losse!
Losse o' my Master! losse of his Daughter! losse
Of Favour, Friends, my Mistris! losse of all!
Pre. What Cry is this? *Tur.* My man speaks of some losse.
Pup. My Master is found: Good luck, and't bethy will,
Light on us all. *D. Tur.* O husband, are you alive?

P 3

They

They said you were lost. *Tur.* Where's Justice *Brambles Clarke*?
Had he the money that I sent for? *D. Tur.* Yes,
Two houres agoe, two fifty pounds in silver,
And *Audrey* too. *Tur.* Why *Audrey*? who sent for her?

D. Tur. You Master *Turse*, the fellow said. *Tur.* Hee lyed.
I am cozen'd, rob'd, undone: your man's a Thiefe,
And run away with my Daughter, Mr. *Bramble*,
And with my money. *Lad.* Neighbour *Turse* have patience,
I can assure you that your Daughter is safe,
But for the monies I know nothing of.

Tur. My money is my Daughter, and my Daughter
She is my money, Madam. *Pre.* I doe wonder
Your Ladiship comes to know any thing
In these affaires. *Lad.* Yes, Justice *Bramble*
I met the maiden i' the fields by chance,
I' the Squires company my sonne: How hee
Lighted upon her, him selfe best can tell.

Tub. Intercepted her, as comming hither,
To her Father, who sent for her, by *Miles Metaphore*,
Justice *Preambles Clarke*. And had your Ladiship
Not hindred it, I had paid fine Mr. Justice
For his young warrant, and new Purs'yvant,
He serv'd it by this morning. *Pre.* Know you that Sir?

Lad. You told me, Squire, a quite other tale,
But I beleev'd you not, which made me send
Audrey another way, by my *Pol-marten*:
And take my journey back to *Kentish-Towne*,
Where we found *John Clay* hidden i' the barne,
To scape the *Huy* and *Cry*, and here he is.

Tur. *John Clay* age'n! nay, then—set Cock a hooper!
I ha' lost no Daughter, nor no money, Justice.
John Clay shall pay. He look to you now *John*.
Vaith out it must, as good at night, as morning.
I am ene as vull as a Pipers bag with joy,
Or a great Gun upon carnation day!
I could weepe Lions teares to see you *John*.
'Tis butt two viftie pounds I ha' ventur'd for you:
But now I ha' you, you shall pay whole hundred.
Run from your Burroughs, sonne: faith ene be hang'd.
An' you once earth your selfe, *John*, i' the barne,
I ha' no Daughter vor you: Who did verret 'hun.

D. Tur. My Ladies sonne, the Squire here, vetch'd 'hun out.
Puppy had put us all in such a vright,
We thought the Devill was i' the barne, and no body
Durst venture o' 'hun. *Tur.* I am now resolv'd,
Who shall ha' my Daughter. *D. Tur.* Who? *Tur.* He best deserves her.
Here comes the Vicar. *Chanon Hugh*, we ha' vound
John Clay age'n! the maner's all come round.

Act.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

To them

Chanon Hugh.

Hugh. Is *Metaphore* return'd yet? *Pre.* All is turn'd
Here to confusion: we ha' lost our plot;
I feare my man is run away with the money,
And *Clay* is found, in whom old *Turse* is sure
To save his stake. *Hug.* What shall wee doe then Justice?

Pre. The Bride was met i' the young Squires hands.

Hug. And what's become of her? *Pre.* None here can tell.

Tub. Was not my Mothers man, *Pol-marten*, with you?
And a strange Gentlewoman in his company,
Of late here, *Chanon*? *Hug.* Yes, and I dispatch'd 'hem.

Tub. Dispatch'd 'hem! how doe you mean? *Hug.* Why married 'hem.
As they desir'd; But now. *Tub.* And doe you know

What you ha' done, Sir *Hugh*? *Hug.* No harme, I hope.

Tub. You have ended all the Quarrell. *Audrey* is married.

Lad. Married! to whom? *Tur.* My Daughter *Audrey* married,
And she not know of it! *D. Tur.* Nor her Father, or Mother!

Lad. Whom hath she married? *Tub.* Your *Pol-marten*, Madam.

A Groome was never dreamt of. *Tur.* Is he a man?

Lad. That he is *Turse*, and a Gentleman, I ha' made him.

D. Tur. Nay, an' he be a Gentleman, let her shift.

Hug. She was so brave, I knew her not, I sweare;
And yet I married her by her owne name.
But she was so disguis'd, so Lady-like,

I thinke she did not know her selfe the while!

I married 'hem as a meere paire of strangers:

And they gave out themselves for such. *Lad.* I with 'hem

Much joy, as they have given me hearts ease.

Tub. Then Madam, Ile intreat you now remit
Your jealousie of me, and please to take
All this good company home with you, to supper:
Wee'll have a merry night of it, and laugh.

Lad. A right good motion, Squire, which I yeeld to:
And thanke them to accept it. Neighbour *Turse*,
Ile have you merry, and your wife: And you,
Sir *Hugh*, be pardon'd this your happy error.
By Justice *Preamble*, your friend and parron.

Pre. If the young Squire can pardon it, I doe.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Puppy, Dido, Hugh

carry behind,

Pup. Stay my deare *Dido*, and good Vicar *Hugh*,
We have a busines with you: In short, this

If

If you dare knit another paire of strangers,
Dido of *Carthage*, and her Countrey-man,
 Stout *Hanniball* stands to't. I have ask'd consent,
 And she hath granted. *Hug.* But saith *Dido* so?
Did. From what *Ball-Hanny* hath said, I dare not goe.
Hug. Come in then, Ile dispatch you. A good supper
 Would not be lost, good company, good discourse;
 But above all where wit hath any source.

ACT V. SCENE VI.

Pol-marten. *Awdrey.* *Tub.* *Lady.* *Preamble.*
Turse. *D.* *Turse.* *Clay.*

Lad. After the hoping of your pardon, Madam,
 For many faults committed. Here my wife,
 And I doe stand, expecting your mild doome.
Lad. I wish thee joy *Pol-marten*, and thy wife:
 As much, *Mrs. Pol-marten.* Thou hast trick'd her
 Up very fine, me thinkes. *Pol.* For that I made
 Bold with your Ladships Wardrobe, but have trespass'd
 Within the limits of your leave—I hope.
Lad. I give her what she weares. I know all women
 Love to be fine. Thou hast deserv'd it of me:
 I am extremely pleas'd with thy good fortune.
 Welcome good Justice *Preamble*, And *Turse*,
 Look merrily on your Daughter: She has married
 A Gentleman. *Tur.* So me thinkes, I dare not touch her
 She is so fine: yet I will say, God bless her.
D. Tur. And I too, my fine Daughter. I could love her
 Now, twice as well, as if *Clay* had her.
Tub. Come, come, my Mother is pleas'd. I pardon all,
Pol-marten in, and waite upon my Lady.
 Welcome good Ghests: see supper be serv'd in,
 With all the plenty of the house, and worship.
 I must conferre with Mr. *In-and-In*,
 About some alterations in my Masque;
 Send *Hilts* out to me: Bid him bring the Councell
 Of *Finsbury* hither. Ile have such a night
 Shall make the name of *Totten-Court* immortall:
 And be recorded to posterity.

ACT V. SCENE VII.

Tub. *Medlay.* *Clench.* *Pan.* *Scriben.* *Hilts.*

Tub. O Mr. *In-and-In*, what ha' you done?
Med. Survey'd the place Sir, and design'd the ground,

Or stand still of the worke: And this it is,
 First, I have fixed in the earth, a *Tub*,
 And an old *Tub*, like a Salt-Peeter *Tub*,
 Preluding by your Fathers name Sir *Peter*,
 And the antiquity of your house, and family,
 Originall from Salt-Peeter. *Tub.* Good yfaith,
 You ha' shewne reading, and antiquity here, Sir.
Med. I have a little knowledge in designe,
 Which I can varie Sir to *Infinite*.

Tub. Ad *Infinite* Sir you meane. *Med.* I doe.
 I stand not on my Latine, Ile invent,
 But I must be alone then, joyn'd with no man.
 This we doe call the Stand-still of our worke.

Tub. Who are those wee? you now joyn'd to your selfe?

Med. I meane my selfe still, in the plurall number,
 And out of this wee raise our *Tale of a Tub*.

Tub. No, Mr. *In-and-In*, my *Tale of a Tub*.

By your leave, I am *Tub*, the *Tale* of me,
 And my adventures! I am Squire *Tub*,

Subjectum Fabule. *Med.* But I the Author.

Tub. The Worke-man Sir! the Artificer! I grant you:

So *Skelton-Lawre*: was of *Elinour Running*:

But she the subject of the Rour, and Tunning.

Cle. He has put you to it, Neighbour *In-and-In*.

Pan. Doe not dispute with him, he still will win.

That paces for all. *Scr.* Are you revis'd o' that?

A man may have wit, and yet put off his hat.

Med. Now, Sir this *Tub*, I will have capt with paper:

A fine oild Lanterne-paper, that we use.

Pan. Yes every Barber, every Cutler has it.

Med. Which in it doth containe the light to the busines.

And shall with the very vapour of the Candle,

Drive all the motions of our matter about:

As we present hem. For example, first

The worshipfull Lady *Tub*. *Tub.* Right worshipfull,

I pray you, I am worshipfull my selfe.

Med. Your Squire ships Mother, passeth by (her Huisher,

Mr. *Pol-marten* bareheaded before her)

In her velvet Gowne. *Tub.* But how shall the Spectators?

As it might be, I, or *Hilts*, know 'tis my Mother?

Or that *Pol-marten* there that walkes before her.

Med. O wee doe nothing, if we cleare not that.

Cle. You ha' seene none of his workes Sir? *Pan.* All the postures

Of the train'd bands o' the Countrey. *Scr.* All their colours.

Pan. And all their Capitaines, *Cle.* All the Cries o' the Citie:

And all the trades i' their habits. *Scr.* He has his whistle

Of command: Sear of authority!

And virge to interpret, tip'd with silver, Sir

You know not him. *Tub.* Well, I will leave all to him:

Med. Give me the brieft o' your subject. Leave the whole

State of the thing to me. *Hil.* Supper is ready, Sir.
 My Lady calls for you. *Tub.* Ile send it you in writing.
Med. Sir, I will render feasible, and facile,
 What you expect. *Tub.* *Hilts*, be't your care,
 To see the Wife of *Finsbury* made welcome:
 Let 'hem want nothing. Is old *Rosin* sent for?
Hil. Hee's come within. *Serv.* Lord! what a world of busines
 The Squire dispatches! *Med.* Hee is a learned man:
 I thinke there are but vew o' the Innes o' Court,
 Or the Innes o' Chancery like him. *Cle.* Care to fit 'un then.

The Squire
 gets on.

The rest fol-
 low.

ACT. V. SCENE VIII.

Jack. Hilts.

Iac. Yonder's another wedding, Master *Basket*,
 Brought in by Vicar *Hugh*. *Hil.* what are they, *Iack*?
Iac. The High Constables Man, *Ball Hammy*, and Mrs. *Wispes*,
 Our Ladies woman. *Hil.* And are the Table merry?
Iac. There's a young Tile-maker makes all laugh;
 He will not eat his meat, but cries at th' boord,
 He shall be hang'd. *Hil.* He has lost his wench already:
 As good be hang'd. *Iac.* Was she that is *Pol-marten*,
 Our fellowes Mistris, wench to that sneake-*John*?
Hil. I faith, *Black Iack*, he should have beene her Bride-groome:
 But I must goe to waite o' my wife Masters.
Iack, you shall waite on me, and see the Maske anone:
 I am halfe Lord Chamberlin, i' my Masters absence.
Iac. Shall wee have a Masque? Who makes it? *Hil.* *In-and-In*.
 The Maker of *Islington*: Come goe with me
 To the sage sentences of *Finsbury*.

ACT. V. SCENE IX.

2 Groomes.

Gro. 1. Come, give us in the great Chaire, for my Lady,
 And set it there: and this for Justice *Bramble*.
Gro. 2. This for the Squire my Master, on the right hand.
Gro. 1. And this for the High Constable. *Gro. 2.* This his wife.
Gro. 1. Then for the Bride, and Bride-groome, here *Pol-marten*.
Gro. 2. And the *Pol-marten*, at my Ladies feet.
Gro. 1. Right. *Gro. 2.* And beside them Mr. *Hanniball Puppy*.
Gro. 1. And his thee *Puppy*, Mrs. *Wispes* that was:
 Here's all are in the note. *Gro. 2.* No, Mr. Vicar:
 The petty Chanon *Hugh*. *Gro. 1.* And Cast-by *Clay*:
 There they are all. *Tub.* Then cry a Hall, a Hall!
 'Tis merry in *Tottenham* Hall, when beards wag all.
 Come Father *Roxin* with your Fidle now,
 And two tall-toters: Flourish to the Masque,

Loud musick.

ACT. V.

ACT V. SCENE X.

Lady Preamble before her. *Tub. Turfe. D. Turfe. Pol-marten,*
Awdrey. Puppy. Wispes. Hugh. Clay. All take
 their Seats. *Hilts* waits on the by.

Lad. Neighbours, all welcome: Now doth *Totten-Hall*
 Shew like a Court: and hence shall first be call'd fo:
 Your witty short confession Mr. Vicar,
 Within hath beene the *Prologue*, and hath open'd
 Much to my sonnes device, his *Tale of a Tub*.

Tub. Let my Masque shew it selfe: And *In-and-In*,
 The Architect, appeare: I heare the whistle.

Med. Thus rite I first, in my light linnen breeches,
 To run the meaning over in short speeches.
 Here is a *Tub*; A *Tub* of *Totten-Court*:
 An ancient *Tub*, hath call'd you to this sport:
 His Father was a Knight, the rich Sir *Peeter*,
 Who got his wealth by a *Tub*, and by Salt-Peeter:
 And left all to his Lady *Tub*, the mother
 Of this bold Squire *Tub*, and to no other.
 Now of this *Tub*, and's deeds, not done in ale,
 Observe, and you shall see the very *Tale*.

Hil. Peace.

Meday ap-
 pears above
 the Curtain.

He draws
 the Curtain,
 and discovers
 the top of
 the *Tub*.
Hil. Ha!
Peace.
 Loud Mu-
 sicke.

The first Motion.

Med. Here Chanon *Hugh*, first brings to *Totten-Hall*
 The high Constables counsell, tels the Squire all;
 Which, though discover'd (give the Divell his due):
 The wife of *Finsbury* doe still pursue.
 Then with the Justice, doth he counterplot,
 And his Clarke *Metaphore*, to cut that knot:
 Whilst Lady *Tub*, in her sad velvet Gowne,
 Missing her sonne, doth seeke him up and downe.
Tub. With her *Pol-marten* bare before her. *Med.* Yes,
 I have exprest it here in figure, and *Mis-*
tris Wispes her woman, holding up her traine.
Tub. I' the next page, report your second straine.

The second Motion.

Med. Here the high Constable, and Sages walke
 To Church, the Dame, the Daughter, Bride-maids talke,
 Of wedding busines, till a fellow in comes,
 Relates the robbery of one Captaine *Thum's*:
 Chargeth the Bride-groome with it: Troubles all,
 And gets the Bride, who in the hands doth fall
 Of the bold Squire, but thence soone is tane
 By the sly Justice, and his Clarke profane

Hil. Ha!
Peace.
 Loud Mu-
 sicke.

In shape of Pursuivant; which he not long
Holds, but betrayes all with his trembling tongue:
As truth will breake out, and shew, &c.

Tub. O thou hast made him kneele there in a corner,
I see now: there is simple honour for you *Hills*!

Hil. Did I not make him to confesse all to you?

Tub. True; *In-and-In* hath done you right, you see.

Thy third I pray thee, witty *In-and-In*.

Cle. The Squire commends 'un. He doth like all well.

Pap. Hee cannot choole. This is geare made to sell.

Hil. Ha!
peace.
Loud musick

The third Motion.

Med. The carefull Constable, here drooping comes,
In his deluded search, of *Captaine Thum's*.
Puppy brings word, his Daughter's run away
With the tall Serving-man. He frights *Groome Clay*,
Out of his wits. Returneth then the Squire,
Mocks all their paines, and gives Fame out a Lyar:
For falsely charging *Clay*, when 'twas the plot,
Of subtile *Bramble*, who had *Awdrey* got,
Into his hand, by this winding device.
The Father makes a reskue in a trice:
And with his Daughter, like *Saint George* on foot,
Comes home triumphing, to his deare Hart root.
And tell's the Lady *Tub*, whom he meets there,
Of her sonnes courtesies, the Batchelor.
Whose words had made 'hem fall the *Huy* and *Cry*.
When *Captaine Thum's* comming to aske him, why
He had so done? He cannot yeeld him cause:
But so he runs his neck into the Lawes.

Hil. Ha!
peace.
Loud Musick

The fourth Motion.

Med. The Lawes, who have a noose to crack his neck,
As Justice *Bramble* tels him, who doth peck
A hundreth pound out of his purse, that comes
Like his teeth from him, unto *Captaine Thum's*.
Thum's is the Vicar in a false disguise:
And employes *Metaphore*, to fetch this prize.
Who tels the secret unto *Basket-Hills*,
For feare of beating. This the Squire quilts
Within his Cap, and bids him but purloine
The wench for him: they two shall share the coins.
Which the sage Lady in her 'foresaid Gowne
Breaks off, returning unto *Kentish-Towne*,
To seeke her *Wisse*; taking the Squire along,
Who finds *Clay Iohn*, as hidden in straw throng.

All.

Hil. O, how am I beholden to the Inventer,
That would not, on record against me enter!
My slacknesse here, to enter in the barne,
Well *In-and-In*, I see thou canst discern!

Tub. On with your last, and come to a Conclusion.

The fift Motion.

Med. The last is knowne, and needs but small infusion
Into your memories, by leaving in
These Figures as you sit. I, *In-and-In*,
Present you with the show: First of a Lady
Tub, and her sonne, of whom this *Masque* here, made I.
Then Bride-groome *Pol*, and Mistris *Pol* the Bride:
With the sub-couple, who sit them beside.
Tub. That onely verse, I alter'd for the better, *supra la gratia*.
Med. Then Justice *Bramble*, with Sir *Hugh* the Chanon;
And the Bride's Parents, which I will not stan'on,
Or the lost *Clay*, with the recovered *Giles*:
Who thus unto his Master, him 'conciles,
On the Squires word, to pay old *Turfe* his Club,
And so doth end our *Tale*, here, of a *Tub*.

The end.

EPILOGVE.

Squire TVB.

THIS Tale of mee, the *Tub* of *Totten-Court*,
A Poet, first invented for your sport.
Wherein the fortune of most empty *Tubs*
Rowling in love, are shewne, and with what rubs,
We commonly encountred: When the wit
Of the whole Hundred so opposeth it.
Our petty Chanon's forked plot in chiefe,
Slie Justice arts, with the High Constables Brieft,
And brag Commands; my Lady Mothers care,
And her *Pol-martens* fortune, with the rare
Fate of poore *Iohn*, thus tumbled in the Caske;
Got *In-and-In*, to gi't you in a *Masque*:
That you be pleas'd, who come to see a Play,
With those that heare, and marke not what wee say.
Wherein the Poets fortune is, I feare,
Still to be early up, but nere the neare.

Hil. Ha!
peace.
Loud Musick

THE SAD
SHEPHERD:

OR,
A TALE OF
ROBIN-HOOD.

WRITTEN

By

BEN: JOHNSON.

Virg. *Nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thaleia.*

LONDON,
Printed M.DC.XLI.

The Persons of the Play.

Robin-hood, The chiefe Wood-man, Master of the Feast:
Marian, His Lady, the Mistis.

Their Family.

Friar Tuck, The Chaplaine and Steward.
Little John, Bow-bearer.

Scarlet, } Two Brothers, Huntsmen.
Scathlock, }

George a Greene, Huisher of the Bower.

Much, *Robin-hoods* Bailiffe, or Acater.

The Guests invited.

Clariok, } The Rich.
Lionell, } The Courteous.
Alken, } The Sage.
Aeglamour, } The Sad.
Karolin, } The Kind.

Shepherds.

Mellifleur, } The Sweet.
Amie, } The Gentle.
Larine, } The Beautifull.

Shepherdesses

The troubles unexpected.

Maudlin, The Envious: The Witch of Papplewicke.
Douce, The Proud: Her Daughter.
Lorell, The Rude. A Swine'ard, the Witches son,
Pack-hairy, Or *Robin-Goodfellow*, their Hine.

The Reconciler.

Reuben, A devout Hermit.

The SCENE is Sher-wood.

Consisting of a Landt-shape of Forrest, Hills, Vallies, Cottages, A Castle, A River, Pastures, Heards, Flocks, all full of Country simplicity. *Robin-hoods* Bower, his Well, The Witches *Dimble*, The Swine'ards *Oake*, The Hermits *Cell*.

R 2

THE

THE ARGUMENT

of the first ACT.

Robin-hood, having invited all the Shep'ards and Shep'erdesses of the Vale of Be'voir, to a Feast in the Forrest of Sherwood, and trusting to his Mistris, Maid Marian, with her Wood-men, to kill him Venison against the day: Having left the like charge with Friar Tuck his Chaplaine, and Steward, to command the rest of his merry men, to see the Bowre made ready, and all things in order for the entertainment, meeting with his Guests at their entrance into the Wood, welcomes and conducts them to his Bowre. Where, by the way hee receives the relation of the sad Shep'ard Eglamour, who is fallen into a deepe Melancholy, for the losse of his beloved Earine; reported to have beene drowned in passing over the Trent, some few dayes before. They endeavour in what they can to comfort him: but, his disease having taken so strong root, all is in vaine, and they are forced to leave him. In the meane time Marian is come from hunting with the Hunt-men, where the Lovers interchangeably expresse their loves. Robin-hood enquires if she hunted the Deere at force, and what sport he made, how long hee stood, and what head hee bore: All which is briefly answer'd with a relation of breaking him up, and the Raven, and her Bqne. The suspect had of that Raven to be Maudlin, the Witch of Papple-wick, whom one of the Hunt-men met i' the morning, at the rowling of the Deere, and is confirm'd by her being then in Robin-hoods Kitchin, i' the Chimney-corner, broyling the same bit, which was throwne to the Raven, at the Quarry or Fall of the Deere. Marian being gone in, to shew the Deere to some of the Shep'herdesses, returns instantly to the Scene discontented, sends away the Venison she had kill'd, to her they call the Witch, quarrels with her Love Robin-hood, abuseth him, and his Guests the Shep'ards; and so departs, leaving them all in wonder and perplexitie.

THE

The PROLOGVE.

HE that hath feasted you these forty yeares,
And fitted Fables, for your finer eares;
Although at first, he scarce could hit the bore;
Yet you, with patience harkning more and more,
At length have growne up to him, and made knowne;
The Working of his Pen is now your owne:
He pray's you would vouchsafe, for your owne sake,
To heare him this once more, but sit awake.
And though hee now present you with such wooll,
As from meere English Flocks his Mule can pull,
He hopes when it is made up into Cloath;
Not the most curious head here will be loath
To weare a Hood of it; it being a Fleece,
To match, or those of Sicily, or Greece.
His Scene is Sherwood: i' And his Play a Tale
Of Robin-hood's inviting from the Vale
Of Be'voir, all the Shep'ards to a Feast:
Where, by the casuall absence of one Guest,
The Mirth is troubled much, and in one Man
As much of sadnesse shovne, as Passion can.
The sad young Shep'ard, whom wee here present,
(p) Like his woes Figure, darke and discontent,
For his lost Love, who in the Trent is said,
To have miscarried; 'lasse! what knowes the head
Of a calme River, whom the feet have drown'd?
Heare what his sorrowes are; and, if they wound
Your gentle breasts, so that the End crowne all,
Which in the Scope of one dayes chance may fall:
Old Trent will send you more such Tales as these;
And shall grow young againe, as one doth please.

But here's an Heresie of late let fall;
That Mirth by no meanes fits a Pastorall;
Such say so, who can make none, he presumes:
Else, there's no Scene, more properly assumes
The Sock. For whence can sport in kind arise,
But from the Rur all Routs and Families?
Safe on this ground then, wee not feare to day,
To tempt your laughter by our rustick Play.
Wherein if we distaste, or be cry'd downe,
Wee thinke wee therefore shall not leave the Towne;
Nor that the Fore-wits, that would draw the rest
Fro their liking, alwayes like the best.
The wise, and knowing Critick will not say,
This worst, or better is, before he weigh;

(p) The sad
Shep'ard
passeth si-
lently over
the Stage.

Here the
Prologue
thinking to
end, returns
upon a new
purpose, and
speakes on.

Where

Where every piece be perfect in the kind:
 And then, though in themselves be difference find,
 Yet if the place require it where they stand,
 The equall siting makes them equall good.
 You shall have Love and Hate, and Jealousie,
 As well as Mirth, and Rage, and Melancholy:
 Or whatsoever else may either move,
 Or stirre affections, and your likings prove.
 But that no stile for Pastorall should goe
 Current, but what is stamp'd with Ah, and O;
 Who judgeth so, may singularly erre;
 As if all Poetic had one Character:
 In which what were not written, were not right,
 Or that the man who made such one poore flight,
 In his whole life, had with his winged skill
 Advanc'd him upmost on the Mules hill.
 When he like Poet yet remaines, as those
 Are Painters who can only make a Rose,
 From such your wits redeeme you, or your chance,
 Lest to a greater height you doe advance
 Of Folly, to contemne those that are knowne
 Artificers, and trust such as are none.

THE

THE
 SAD SHEPHERD;
 OR,
 A TALE OF
 Robin-hood.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Aeglamour.

HERE! she was wont to goe! and here! and here!
 Just where those Daisies, Pincks, and Violets grow:
 The world may find the Spring by following her;
 For other print her aerie steps neere left:
 Her treading would not bend a blade of grasse!
 Or shake the downie Blow-ball from his stalke!
 But like the soft West-wind, she shot along,
 And where she went, the Flowers tooke thickest root,
 As she had sow'd 'hem with her odorous foot.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Marian. Tuck. Iohn. Wood-men, &c.

Mar. Know you, or can you guesse, my merry men,
 What 'tis that keeps your Master Robin-hood
 So long both from his Marian, and the Wood?
 Tuck. Forsooth, Madam, hee will be here by noone,
 And prayes it of your bounty as a boone,
 That you by then have kild him Venison some,
 To feast his jolly friends, who hether come
 In threaves to frolick with him, and make cheare;
 Here's Little Iohn hath harbord you a Deere,
 I see by his tackling. Io. And a Hart of ten,
 I trow hee be, Madam, or blame your men:
 For by his Slot, his Entries, and his Port,
 His Frayings, Fewmets, he doth promise sport,
 And standing 'fore the Dogs, hee beares a head,
 Large, and well beam'd: with all rights somm'd, and (pred.
 Mar. Let's rowse him quickly, and lay on the Hounds.
 Io. Scathlock is ready with them on the grounds,

So is his brother *Scarlet*: now they've found
His Layre, they have him sure within the pound.

Muc. Away then, when my *Robin* bids a feast,
'Twere sinne in *Marian* to defraud a Guest.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Tuck, George a Greene, Much, Aeglamour.

Tuc. And I, the Chaplaine, here am left to be
Steward to day, and charge you all in fee,
To d'on your Liveries; see the Bower drest;
And fit the fine deviles for the Feast:
You *George* must care to make the Baldrick trim,
And Garland that must crowne, or her, or him;
Whose Flock this yeare, hath brought the earliest Lambe!

Geo. Good Father *Tuck*, at your Commands I am
To cut the Table out O the greene sword,
Or any other service for my Lord;

To carve the Guests large legs; and these laid in
With turfe (as soft and smooth as the Moles skin);
And hang the bulled Nose-gaies 'bove their heads;
The Pipers banck, whereon to sit and play;
And a faire Dyall to meeete out the day.
Our Masters Feast shall want no just delights:
His entertainments must have all the rites.

Muc. I, and all choise that plenty can send in;
Bread, Wine, Acates, Fowle, Feather, Fish, or Fin,
For which my Fathers Nets have swept the *Trent*.

Aeg. And ha' you found her? *Muc.* Whom? *Aeg.* My drowned Love!
Earine! the sweet *Earine!*

The bright, and beautifull *Earine!*
Have you not heard of my *Earine?*
Just by your Fathers Mills (I thinke I am right)
Are not you *Much* the Millers sonne? *Muc.* I am.

Aeg. And Baily to brave *Robin-hood*? *Muc.* The same.

Aeg. Close by your Fathers Mills, *Earine!*
Earine was drown'd! O my *Earine!*
(Old *Maudlin* tells me so, and Douce her Daughter)

Ha' you swept the River say you? and not found her?
Muc. For Fowle, and Fish wee have. *Aeg.* O not for her?
You are goodly friends! right charitable men!
Nay, keepe your way, and leave me: make your toyes,
Your tales, your poesies, that you talk'd of; all
Your entertainments: you not injure me:
Onely if I may enjoy my *Cypresse* wreath!
And you will let me weepe! ('tis all I aske,)
Till I be turn'd to water, as was she!
And troth what lesse suit can you grant a man?

Tuck. His Phantasie is hurt, let us now leave him;

Aeglamour
falls in with
them.

The wound is yet too fresh, to admit searching.

Aeg. Searching? where should I search? or on what track?

Can my flow drop of teares, or this darke shade
About my browes, enough describe her losse!

Earine, O my *Earine*'s losse!

No, no, no, no; this heart will breake first.

Geo. How will this sad disaster strike the cares
Of bounteous *Robin-hood*, our gentle Master?

Muc. How will it marre his mirth, abate his feast;
And strike a horror into every guest?

Aeg. If I could knit whole clouds about my browes;
And weepe like *Swithen*, or those watty signes,
The Kids that rise then, and drowne all the Flocks
Of those rich Shepherds, dwelling in this Vale;
Those carelesse Shepherds, that did let her drowne!
Then I did something or could make old *Trent*
Drunke with my sorrow, to start out in breaches
To drowne their Herds, their cattle, and their corne,
Breake downe their Mills, their Dams, ore-turne their weeres,
And see their houses, and whole lively-hood
Wrought into water, with her, all were good:
I'd kisse the torrent, and those whirles of *Trent*,
That suck'd her in, my sweet *Earine!*

When they have cast their body on the shore,
And it comes up, as tainted as themselves,
All pale and bloodlesse, I will love it still,
For all that they can doe, and make 'hem mad,
To see how I will hugge it in mine armes!
And hang upon the lookes, dwell on hereyes:
Feed round about her lips, and eate her kisses!
Suck of her drowned flesh! and where's their malice?
Not all their envious fousling can change that:
But I will study some revenge past this!
I pray you give me leave, for I will study.
Though all the Bels, Pipes, Tabors, Timbures ring
That you can plant about me: I will study.

ACT I. SCENE III.

To him.

Robin-hood, Clarion, Mellifleur, Lionel, Amie, Alken.
Tuck, Servants, with musick of all sorts.

Rob. Welcome bright *Clarion*, and sweet *Mellifleur*;
The courteous *Lionel*, faire *Amie*, all
My friends and neighbours, to the Jolly Bower
Of *Robin-hood*, and to the greene-wood Walkes:
Now that the shearing of your sheepe is done,
And the wash'd Flocks are lighted of their wooll,
The smother Ewes are ready to receive

S

The

The mounting Rams againe, and both doe feed,
As either promise to increase your breed
At eating time; and bring you lusty twins.
Why should, or you, or wee so much forget
The season in our selves: as not to make
Use of our youth, and spirits, to awake
The nimble Horne-pipe, and the Timburiue,
And mixe our Songs, and Dances in the Wood,
And each of us cut downe a Triumph-bough.
Such were the Rites, the youthfull *Iune* allow.

Cl. They were, gay *Robin*, but the sowerer sort
Of Shepherds now disclaime in all such sport:
And say, our Flocks the while, are poorly fed,
When with such vanities the Swaines are led.

Tuc. Would they, wife *Clarion*, were not hurried more
With Covetise and Rage, when to their store
They adde the poore mans Eanelling, and dare sell
Both Fleece, and Carcasse, not gi'ing him the Fell.
When to one Goat, they reach that prickly weed,
Which maketh all the rest forbear to feed;
Or strew *Tods* haire, or with their tails doe sweep
The dewy grasse, to d'off the simpler sheepe;
Or digge deepe pits, their Neighbours Neat to vex,
To drowne the Calves, and crack the Heifers necks,
Or with pretence of chasing thence the Brock,
Send in a curre to worrie the whole Flock.

Lio. O Friar, those are faults that are not seene,
Ours open, and of worst example beene.
They call ours, *Fagan* pastimes, that infect
Our blood with ease, our youth with all neglect;
Our tongues with wantonnesse, our thoughts with lust,
And what they censure ill, all others must.

Rob. I doe not know, what their sharpe sight may see
Of late, but I should thinke it still might be
(As 'twas) a happy age, when on the Plaines,
The Wood-men met the Damsells, and the Swaines
The Neat'ards, Plow-men, and the Pipers loud,
And each did dance, some to the Kir, or Crowd,
Some to the Bag-pipe, some the Tabret-mov'd,
And all did either love, or were belov'd.

Lio. The dextrous Shepherd then would try his sling,
Then dart his Hooke at *Daysies*, then would sing.
Sometimes would wrastle. *Cl.* I, and with a Lasse:
And give her a new garment on the grasse;
After a course at Barley-breake, or Base.

Lio. And all these deeds were seene without offence,
Or the least hazard o' their innocence.

Rob. Those charitable times had no mistrust.
Shepherds knew how to love, and not to lust.

Cl. Each minute that wee lose thus, I confesse,

Deserves

Deserves a censure on us, more or lesse;
But that a sadder chance hath given allay,
Both to the Mirth, and Musicke of this day.
Our fairest Shepherdesse wee had of late,
Here upon *Trent*, is drown'd; for whom her mate
Young *Aeglamour*, a Swaine, who best could tread
Our countrey dances, and our games did lead,
Lives like the melancholy Turtle, drown'd
Deeper in woe, then she in water: crown'd
With *Tewgh* and *Cypresse*, and will scarce admit
The Physick of our presenceto his fit.

Lio. Sometimes he sits, and thinks all day, then walks;
Then thinks againe; and sighes, weeps, laughs, and talks,
And, 'twixt his pleasing frenzie, and sad grieve,
Is so distracted, as no sought reliefe,
By all our studies can procure his peace.

Cl. The passion finds in him that large increase,
As wee doubt hourly wee shall lose him too.

Rob. You should not crosse him then what ere you doe:
For Phant'sie stop'd, will soone take fire, and burne
Into an anger, or to a Phrensie turne.

Cl. Nay, so wee are advis'd by *Alben* here,
A good sage Shepherd, who all-tho' he weare
An old worne hat and cloake, can tell us more
Then all the forward Fry, that boast their Lore.

Lio. See, yonder comes the brother of the Maid,
Young *Karolin*! how curious, and afraid
Hee is at once! willing to find him out,
And loath to offend him. *Alben.* Sure hee's here about,

ACT I. SCENE V.

*Robin-hood, Clarion, Mellifleur, Lionel, Annie, Alken, Karolin;
Aeglamour, sitting upon a banke by.*

Cl. See where hee sits. *Aeg.* It will be rare, rare, rare!
An exquisite revenge: but peace, no words!
Not for the fairest fleece of all the Flock:
If it be knowne afore, 'tis all worth nothing!
He carve it on the trees, and in the turfe,
On every greene sworth, and in every path,
Just to the Margin of the cruell *Trent*;
There will I knock the story in the ground,
In smooth great peble, and mosse fill it round,
Till the whole Countrey read how she was drown'd;
And with the plenty of salt teares there shed,
Quite alter the complexion of the Spring.
Or I will get some old, old Grandam, thither,
Whose rigid foot but dip'd into the water,
Shall strike that sharpe and suddaine cold, throughout,

S 2

As

As it shall loose all vertue; and those Nimphs,
Those treacherous Nimphs pull'd in *Earine*;
Shall stand curl'd up, like Images of Ice;
And never thaw! marke, never! a sharpe Justice:
Or stay, a better! when the yeares at hottest,
And that the *Dog-starre* fomes, and the streames boiles,
And curles, and workes, and swells ready to sparkle:
To sling a fellow with a Fever in,
To set it all on fire, till it burne,
Blew as *Scamander*, 'fore the walls of *Troy*;
When *Vulcan* leap'd in to him, to consume him.

Rob. A deepe hurt Phant'sie. *Aeg.* Doe you not approve it?

Rob. Yes gentle *Aeglamour*, wee all approve,
And come to gratulate your just revenge:
Which since it is so perfect, we now hope,
You'll leave all care thereof, and mixe with us,
In all the prosper'd solace of the Spring.

Aeg. A Spring, now she is dead: of what, of thornes?
Briars, and Brambles? Thistles? Burs, and Dorks?
Cold Hemlock? Yewgh? the Mandrake, or the Boxe?
These may grow still; but what can spring beside?
Did not the whole Earth sicken, when she died?
As if there since did fall one drop of dew,
But what was wept for her! or any stalke
Did beare a Flower! or any branch a bloome;
After her wreath was made: In faith, in faith
You doe not faile, to put these things upon me,
Which can in no sort be: *Earine*,
Who had her very being, and her name,
With the first knots, or buddings of the Spring,
Borne with the Prim rose, and the Violet,
Or earliest Roses blowne: when *Cupid* smil'd,
And *Venus* led the *Graces* out to dance,
And all the Flowers, and Sweets in *Natures* lap,
Leap'd out, and made their solemne Conjuratiō,
To last, but while shee liv'd: Doe not I know,
How the Vale wither'd the same Day? How *Dove*,
Deane, *Eye*, and *Erwasb*, *Idell*, *Snite*, and *Soare*,
Each broke his Vrne, and twenty waters more,
That swell'd proud *Trent*, shrunke themselves dry; that since,
No Sun, or Moone, or other cheerful Starre
Look'd out of heaven! but all the Cope was darke,
As it were hung so for her Exequies!
And not a voice or sound, to ring her knell:
But of that dismall paire, the scritch Owle,
And buzzing Horner! harke, harke, harke the foule
Bird! how shee flutters with her wicker wings!
Peace you shall heare her scritch. *Cl.* Good *Karolin* sing,
Helpe to divert this Phant'sie. *Kar.* All I can.

Though

Though I am young, and cannot tell,
Either what Death, or Love is well,
Yet I have heard, they both beare darts,
And both doe ayne at humane hearts:
And then againe, I have beene told
Love wounds with heart, as Death with cold;
So that I feare, they doe but bring
Extremes to touch, and meane onething.

As in a ruine, we it call
One thing to be blowne up, or fall;
Or to our end, like way may have,
By a flash of lightning, or a wave:
So Loves inflamed shaft, or brand,
May kill as soone as Deaths cold hand,
Except Loves fires the vertue have
To fright the frost out of the grave.

Aeg. Doe you thinke so? are you in that good heresie?
I meane opinion? If you be, say nothing:
I'll study it, as a new Philosophy,
But by my selfe alone: Now you shall leave me!
Some of these Nimphs, here will reward you; this
This pretty Maid, although but with a kisse,
Liv'd my *Earine*, you should have twenty:
For every line here, one I would allow 'hem
From mine owne store, the treasure I had in her:
Now I am poore as you. *Kar.* And I a wretch!

Cl. Yet keepe an eye upon him, *Karoline*.

Mel. Alas that ever such a generous spirit,
As *Aeglamours*, should sinke by such a losse.

Cl. The truest Lovers are least fortunate,
Lookes all their Lives, and Legends; what they call
The Lovers Scriptures: *Heliodores*, or *Tatij*!

Longi! *Eustathij*! *Prademi*! you'll find it!
What thinke you Father? *Alk.* I have knowne some few,
And read of more; wh' have had their dose, and deepe,
Of these sharpe bitter-tweets. *Lio.* But what is this
To jolly *Robin*? who the Story is,
Of all beatitude in Love? *Cl.* And told
Here every day, with wonder on the world.

Lio. And with fames voice. *Alk.* Save that some folke delight
To blend all good of others, with some spight.

Cl. Hee, and his *Marian*, are the Summe and Talke
Of all, that breath here in the Greene-wood Walke.

Mel. Or *Be'voir* Vale? *Kar.* The Turtles of the Wood.

Cl. The billing Paire. *Alk.* And so are understood
For simple loves, and sampled lives beside.

Mel.

The Song
Which while
Karolin sings,
Aeglamour
reads.

Hee forces
Amie to kisse
him.

Aeglamour
goes out, and
Karolin fol-
lows him.

Mel. Faith, so much vertue should not be envi'd.
Alk. Better be so, then pittied *Mellifleur* !
 For 'gainst all envy, vertue is a cure;
 But wretched pittie ever cal's on scornes.
 The Deeres brought home: I heare it by their hornes.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

To *Robin*, &c. *Marian*. *John*. *Scarlet*. *Scathlock*.

Rob. My *Marian*, and my Mistis! *Mar.* My lov'd *Robin*!
Mel. The Moones at full, the happy paire are met!
Mar. How hath this morning paid me, for my rising!
 First, with my sports; but most with meeting you!
 I did not halfe so well reward my hounds,
 As she hath me to day: although I gave them
 All the sweet morsels, call'd Tongue, Eares, and Dowcets!
Rob. What? and the inch-pin? *Mar.* Yes. *Rob.* Your sports then
 pleas'd you?

Mar. You are a wanton. *Rob.* One I doe confesse
 I wanted till you came, but now I have you,
 He grow to your embraces, till two soules
 Distilled into kisses, through our lips
 Doe make one spirit of love. *Mar.* O *Robin*! *Robin*!

Rob. Breathe, breathe a while, what sayes my gentle *Marian*?

Mar. Could you so long be absent? *Rob.* What a weeke
 Was that so long? *Mar.* How long are Lovers weekes!
 Doe you think *Robin*, when they are asunder?

Are they not Prisoners yeares? *Rob.* To some they seem so;
 But being met againe, they are Schoole-boyes houres.

Mar. That have got leave to play, and so wee use them.
Rob. Had you good sport i' your chase to day? *Jo.* O prime!

Mar. A lusty Stagge? *Rob.* And hunted yee at force?
Mar. In a full cry. *Jo.* And never hunted change!

Rob. You had stanch Hounds then? *Mar.* Old and sure, I love
 No young rash dogs, no more then changing friends.

Rob. What relays set you? *Jo.* None at all; we laid not
 In one fresh dog. *Rob.* Hee stood not long then? *Sea.* Yes,

Five houres and more. A great, large Deere! *Rob.* What head?

Jo. Forked! A Hart of ten. *Mar.* Hee is good Venison,
 According to the season i' the blood,

I'll promise all your friends, for whom he fell.
Jo. But at his fall there hap't a chance. *Mar.* Worth marke?

Rob. I! what was that sweet *Marian*? *Mar.* You'll not heare?
Rob. I love these interruptions in a Story;*

They make it sweeter. *Mar.* You doe know, as soone
 As the Assay is taken. * *Rob.* On my *Marian*.

I did but take the Assay. *Mar.* You stop ones mouth,
 And yet you bid 'hem speake-- when the Arbors made.

Rob. Puld downe, and paunch turn'd out. *Mar.* Hee that undoes him;
 Doth cleave the brisket-bone, upon the spoone

* He kisses
 her.
 * He kisses
 her againe.
 * He kisses
 her againe.

OF

Of which, a little gristle growes, you call it—

Rob. the Raven-bone. *Mar.* Now, ore head fate a Raven!

On a sere bough! a growne great Bird! and Hoarse!

Who, all the while the Deere was breaking up,
 So crok'd and cry'd for't, as all the hunt-men,

(Especially old *Scathlocke*) thought it ominous!
 Swore it was Mother *Maudlin*, whom he met,

At the Day-dawne, just as hee rows'd the Deere,
 Out of his Laire: but wee made shift to run him

Off his foure leggs, and funke him e're wee left.
 Is the Deere come? *Sea.* Hee lies within o' the dresser!

Mar. Will you goe see him *Mellifleur*? *Mel.* I attend you.
Mar. Come *Anie*, you'll goe with us? *An.* I am not well.

Lio. Shee's sick o' the yong Shep'ard that bekist her.
Mar. Friend, cheare your friends up, wee will eate him merrily!

Alk. Saw you the Raven, Friend? *Sea.* I, qu'ha sild let me?
 I sild be afraid o' you sir sild I? *Clas.* Hunt-man!

A Dram more of Civilitie would not hurt you?
Rob. Nay, you must give them all their rudenesses;

They are not else themselves, without their language.
Alk. And what do you thinke of her? *Sea.* As of a Witch.

They call her a Wife-woman, but I thinke her
 An arrant Witch. *Clas.* And wherefore think you so?

Sea. Because, I saw her since, broiling the bone
 Was cast her at the Quarrie. *Alk.* Where saw you her?

Sea. I' the Chimley nuik, within: shee's there, now. *Rob.* *Marian*!

ACT I. SCENE VII.

Marian.

To them

Your Hunt holds in his tale, still; and tells more!

Mar. My Hunt? what tale? *Rob.* How! cloudie, *Marian*!

What looke is this? *Mar.* A fit one, Sir, for you.
 Hand off rude Ranger! Sirrah, get you in

And beare the Venison hence. It is too good
 For these course rustick murtheres that cannot open,

Or spend a thanke for't. A starv'd Muttons carkasse
 Would better fit their palates. See it carried

To Mother *Maudlins*, whom you call the Witch, Sir.
 Tell her I sent it to make merrie with,

Shee'll turne us thanks at least! why stand'st thou, Groome?

Rob. I wonder he can move! that hee's not fix'd!
 If that his feeling be the same with mine!

I dare not trust the faith of mine owne senses.
 I feare mine eyes, and eares! this is not *Marian*!

Nor am I *Robin-hood*! I pray you aske her!
 Aske her good Shep'ards! aske her all for me;

Or rather aske your selves, if shee be shee;
 Or I, be I. *Mar.* Yes, and you are the spie:

To *Scath-*
locke.

And

And the spi'd Spie, that watch upon my walkes,
To informe what Deere I kill, or give away!
Where! when! to whom! but spie your worst, good Spie!
I will dispose of this where least you like!
Fall to your cheefe-cakes, curdes, and clawted creame,
Your tooles, your staunes, and of ale a streame
To wash it from your livers: straine ewes milke
Into your Cider fillabubs, and be drunke
To him, whose Fleece hath brought the earliest Lambe
This yeare, and weares the Baudrick at your bord!
Where you may all goe whistle; and record
This if your dance: and foot it lustily.

Shee leaves
them.

Rob. I pray you friends, doe you heare? and see, as I doe?
Did the same accents strike your eares? and objects?
Your eyes, as mine? Alk. Wee taste the same reproches!

Lio. Have seen the changes! Rob. Are wee not all chang'd,
Transformed from our selves? Lio. I do not know!
The best is silence! Alk. And to await the issue.

Rob. The dead, or lazie wait for't: I will find it.

The Argument of the Second Act.

THE Witch Maudlin, having taken the shape of Marian to abuse Robin-hood, and perplexe his guests, commeth forth with her daughter Douce, reporting in what confusion shee hath left them; defrauded them, of their Venison; made them suspitious each of the other; but most of all Robin-hood so jealous of his Marian, as shee hopes no effect of love would ever reconcile them; glorying so farre in the extent of her mischief, as shee confesseth to have surpriz'd Earine, strip'd her of her garments, to make her daughter appeare fine, at this feast, in them; and to have shut the maiden up in a tree, as her sonnes prize, if he could winne her; or his prey, if he would force her. Her Sonne a rude bragging swine'ard, comes to the tree to woo her (his Mother, and Sister stepping aside, to over-heare him) and first boasts his wealth to her, and his possessions, which move not. Then he presents her gifts, such as himselfe is taken with, but shee utterly shewes a scorne, and loathing both of him, and them. His mother is angry, rates him, instructs him what to doe the next time, and persuades her daughter, to show her selfe about the bower: tells, how shee shall know her mother, when she is transformed, by her broidered belt. Meane while the yong sheep'ardes Amy being kist by Karolin, Earines brother, before, falls in Love; but knowes not what Love is: but describes her diseale so innocently, that Marian pitties her. When Robin-hood, and the rest of his Guests invited, enter to Marian, upbraiding her with sending away their Venison to Mother Maudlin by Scathlock, which shee denies; Scathlock affirms it, but seeing his Mistres weep, & to forswear it, begins to doubt his owne understanding, rather then affront her farder; which

makes

makes Robin-hood, and the rest, to examine themselves better. But Maudlin entering like her selfe, the Witch comes to thanke her for her bountie: at which, Marian is more angrie, and more denies the deed. Scathlock enters, tells he has brought it againe, & delivered it to the Cooke. The Witch is inwardly vext, the Venison is so recover'd from her, by the rude Huntsman, and murmurs, and curses, bewitches the Cooke, mocks poore Amie, and the rest, discovereth her ill nature, and is a meane of reconciling them all. For the sage Shepherd, suspecteth her mischeite, if shee be not prevented: and so perswadeth to seize on her. Whereupon Robin-hood dispatcheth out his woodmen to hunt, and take her, which ends the Act.

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

Maudlin. Douce.

Man. HAVE I not left 'em in a brave confusion?
Amaz'd their expectation: got their Venison:
Troubled their mirth, and meeting: made them doubtfull,
And jealous of each other: all distracted:
And, i' the close, uncertaine of themselves:
This can your Mother doe my daintie Douce!
Take anie shape upon her! and delude
The senses, best acquainted with their Owners!
The jolly Robin, who' hath bid this feast,
And made this solemne invitation,
I ha' possessed so, with syke dislikes
Of his owne Marian, that all-bee 'he know her,
As doth the vaunting hart, his venting hind,
Hee nere fra' hence, fall neis her i' the wind,
To his first liking. Dou. Did you so distate him?

Man. As farre as her proud scorning him, could 'bate
Or blunt the edge of any Lovers temper.

Dou. But were yee like her mother? Man. So like Douce,
As had shee seen me her sel', her sel' had doubted
Whether had been the liker off the twa!
This can your Mother doe, I tell you Daughter!
I ha' but dight yee, yet, i' the out-dresse;
And 'parraile of Earine! but this raiment,
These very weeds, fall make yee, as but coming.
In view or ken of Aeglamour, your forme
Shall show too slipperie to be look'd upon!
And all the Forrest sweare you to be shee!
They shall rin after yee, and wage the odds,
Upo' their owne deceived sights, yee' are her!
Whilst shee (poore Lasse) is stock'd up in a tree:
Your brother Lorells prize! For so my largesse,
Hath lotted her, to be your brothers Mistresse;
Gif shee can be reclaim'd: gif not, his Prey!

T.

And

And here he comes, new claiethed, like a Prince
Of Swine'ards ! fike he seemes ! dight i' the spoiles
Of those he feedes ! A mightie Lord of Swine !
He is command now, to woo. Lets step aside,
And heare his love-craft ! See, he opes the dore !
And takes her by the hand, and helpes her forth !
This is true court-ship, and becommes his ray.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Lorel, Earine, Maudlin, Douce.

Lor. Yee kind to others, but yee coy to mee
Deft Mistres ! whiter then the cheefe, new prest !
Smoother then creame ! and softer then the curds !
Why start yee from mee, ere yee heare me tell
My wooing errand ; and what rents I have ?
Large heards, and pastures ! Swine, and Kie, mine owne !
And though my na'fe be camus'd, my lipps thick,
And my chin bristled ! *Pan*, great *Pan*, was such !
Who was the chiefe of Heards-men, and our Sire !
I am na' Fay ! na' Incubus ! na' Changlin !
But a good man, that lives o' my awne geere.
This house ! these grounds ! this stock is all mine awne !

Ear. How better 'twere to mee, this were not knowne !

Mau. Shee likes it not : but it is boasted well !

Lor. An hundred Udders for the payle I have,
That gi' mee Milke and Curds, that make mee Cheefe,
To cloy the Mercatts ! twentie swarme of Bees,
Whilke (all the Summer) hum about the hive,
And bring mee Waxe, and Honey in by live.
An aged Oake the King of all the field,
With a broad Beech there grows afore my dur,
That mickell Mast unto the ferme doth yeild.
A Chestnut, whilk hath larded money a Swine,
Whose skins I weare, to fend me fra the Cold.
A Poplar greene, and with a keryod Seat,
Under whose shade I solace in the heat ;
And thence can see gang out, and in, my neat.
Twa trilland brookes, each (from his spring) doth meet,
And make a river, to refresh my feet :
In which, each morning ere the Sun doth rise,
I look my selfe, and cleare my pleasant eyes,
Before I pipe ; For, therein I have skill,
'Bove other Swine'ards. Bid mee, and I will
Straight play to you, and make you melodie.
Ear. By no meanes, Ah ! to me all minstrelsie
Is irksome, as are you. *Lor.* Why scornie you mee ?
Because I am a Heards-man, and feed Swine !
I am a Lord of other geere ! this fine

*Shee draws
on other
presents.*

Smooth

Smooth Bawfons Cub, the young Grice of a Gray ;
Twa tynie Urshins, and this Ferret gay.

Ear. Out on 'hem ! what are thele ? *Lor.* I give 'hem yee ;
As presents Mrs. *Ear.* O, the feind, and thee !
Gar take them hence : they few and all the claithes,
And prick my Coates : hence with 'hem, limmer lowne,
Thy vermin, and thy selfe, thy selfe art one ;
I lock me up. All's well when thou art gone.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Lorel, Maudlin, Douce.

Lor. Did you heare this ? shee wish'd mee at the feind,
With all my presents ! *Mau.* A tu luckie end
Shee wishend thee, fowle Limmer ! drittie Lowne !
Gud faith, it duills mee that I am thy Mother !
And see, thy Sister scornes thee, for her Brother !
Thou woo thy Love : thy Mistresse ? with twa Hedge-hoggs ?
A stinkand brock ? a polcat ? out thou houlet !
Thou shoul'dst ha' given her, a Madge-Owle ! and then
Tho' hadst made a present o' thy selfe, Owle-spigle !
Dow. Why, Mother, I have heard yee bid to give ;
And often, as the Cause calls. *Mau.* I know well,
It is a wittie part, sum-times, to give.
But what ? to whame ? no monsters ! nor to maidens !
Hee suld present them with mare pleasand things,
Things naturall, and what all woemen cover
To see : the common Parent of us all !
Which Maids will twire at, 'tween their fingers, thus !
With which his Sire gat him ! Hee's gett another !
And so beget posteritie upon her !
This he should do ! (falle Gelden) gang thy gait
And du thy turnes, betimes : or, I's gar take
Thy new breikes fra' thee, and thy duiblet tu.
The Talleur, and the Sowter fall undu'
All they ha' made, except thou manlier woo !

Dow. Gud Mother, gif yow chide him, hee'll du waits.

Mau. Hang him : I geif him to the Devills eirs.
But, yee my *Douce*, I charge yee, shew your fell,
Tu all the Sheep'ards, bauldly : gaing amang 'hem.
Be mickell i' their eye, frequent, and fugeand.
And, gif they aske yee of *Earine*,
Or of these claithes, say, that I ga' hem yee,
And say no more. I ha' that wark in hand,
That web upo' the Luime, fall gar 'hem thinke
By then, they feelin their owne frights, and feares,
I's pu' the world, or Nature, bout their cares.
But, heare yee *Douce*, bycause, yee may meet mee
In many shapes tu day, where ere you spie

*Lorel goes
out.*

T 2

This

This browdred belt, with Characters, tis I.
A Gypsie Ladie, and a right Beldame,
Wrought it by Moone-shine for mee, and Star-light,
Upo' your Gramams grave, that verie night
Wee earth'd her, in the shades; when our Dame *Hecat*,
Made it her gaing night, over the Kirk-yard,
Withall the barke and parish tykes set arber,
While I fate whyrland, of my *braken* spindle:
At every twisted thrid my rock let flie
Unto the few'ter, who did sit me nigh,
Under the towne-turne-pike, which ran each spell
She stitched in the worke, and knit it well.
See, yee take tent to this, and ken' your Mother.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Marian, Mellifleur, Amie.

Mar. How do you sweet *Amie*? yet? *Mel.* Shee cannot tell,
If shee could sleepe, shee saies, shee should do well.
Shee feeles a hurt, but where, shee cannot show
Any least signe, that shee is hurt or no.
Her paine's not doubtfull to her; but the seat
Of her paine is. Her thoughts too work, and beat,
Opprest with Cares: but why, shee cannot say.
All matter of her care is quite away.

Mar. Hath any Vermin broke into your Fold?
Or any rott seiz'd on your flock? or cold?
Or hath your feighting Ram, burst his hard horne?
Or any Ewe her fleecce? or bag hath torne,
My gentle *Amie*? *Am. Marian*, none of these.

Mar. Ha' you been stung by Waspes, or angry Bees?

Or raz'd with some rude bramble, or rough briar?

Am. No *Marian*; my disease is somewhat nigher.

I weep, and boile away my Selfe, in teares;

And then my panting heart would dry those feares:

I burne, though all the Forrest lend a shade;

And freeze, though the whole Wood one fire were made. *Mar.* Alas!

Am. I often have been torne with thorne and briar;

Both in the Leg, and Foot, and somewhat higher:

Yet gave not then such fearfull shreikes as these. Ah!

I often have been stung too, with curst Bees;

Yet not remember that I then did quit

Either my Companie, or Mirth for it. Ah!

And therefore, what it is that I feele now,

And know no cause of it, nor where, nor how,

It entred in mee, nor least print can see,

I feele afflicts mee more, then Briar, or Bee. Oh!

How often, when the Sun heavens brightest birth

Hath with his burning fervour cleft the earth,

Under

Under a spreading Elme, or Oake, hard by
A coole cleare fountaine, could I sleepeing lie
Safe from the heate? but now, no shady tree,
Nor purling brook, can my refreshing bee?
Oft when the meadowes, were growne rough with frost,
The rivers ice-bound, and their currents lost,
My thick warme fleecce I wore, was my defence
Or large good fires, I made, drave winter thence,
But now, my whole flocks fells, nor this thick grove,
Enflam'd to ashes, can my cold remove.
It is a cold, and heat, that doth out-goe
All sense of Winters, and of Summers so.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Robin-hood, Clarion, Lionel, Alken.

Rob. O, are you here, my Mistresse? *Mar.* I my Love!
Where should I be, but in my *Robins* armes?

The Sphere which I delight in, so to move?

Rob. What the rude Ranger? and spied Spie? hand off:
You are for no such rusticks. *Mar.* What meanes this,

Thrice worthy *Clarion*? or wife *Alken*? know yee?

Rob. 'Las no, not they! a poore sterv'd Muttons carkasse
Would better fit their palat's, then your Venison.

Mar. What riddle is this! unfold your selfe, deare *Robin*.

Rob. You ha' not sent your Venison hence by *Scablock*,

To Mother *Maudlin*? *Mar.* I to Mother *Maudlin*?

Will *Scablock* say so? *Rob.* Nay, wee will all sweare so.

For all did heare it, when you gave the charge so.

Both *Clarion*, *Alken*, *Lionel*, my selfe.

Mar. Good honest Shep'ards, Masters of your flocks,

Simple, and vertuous men, no others hirelings;

Be not you made to speake against your Conscience,

That which may soile the truth. I send the Venison

Away? by *Scablock*? and to mother *Maudlin*?

I came to shew it here, to *Mellifleur*,

I doe confesse; but *Amies* falling ill,

Did put us off it: Since wee imployed our selves

In comforting of her. O, here he is!

Did I, Sir, bid you beare away the Venison,

To mother *Maudlin*? *Sea.* I gud faith, Madam,

Did you, and I ha' done it. *Mar.* What ha' you done?

Sea. Obey'd your hefts, Madam, done your Commaunds.

Mar. Done my Commaunds, dull groome? Fetch it againe

Or kennel with the hounds. Are these the Arts

Robin, you read your rude ones o' the wood,

To countenance your quarrells, and mistakings?

Or are the sports to entertaine your friends

Those formed jealousies & Aske of *Mellifleur*,

Shee seeing
him, runs to
embrace him.
He puts her
back,

Scablock, en-
ters.

If I were ever from her, here, or *Amie*,
Since I came in with them; or saw this *Scathlock*,
Since I related to you his tale, o' the Raven?

Scathlock
goes out.

Sea. I, say you so? *Mel*. Shee never left my side
Since I came in, here, nor I hers. *Cl*. This 's strange!
Our best of Senses were deceiv'd, our eyes, then!

Lio. And cares too. *Mar*. What you have concluded on,
Make good I pray you. *Am*. O' my heart, my heart!

Mar. My heart it is, is wounded prettie *Amie*;
Report not you your greifes: I'll tell for all.

Mel. Some body is to blame, there is a fault.

Mar. Try if you can take rest. A little slumber

Will much refresh you (*Amie*). *Alk*. What's her greif?

Mar. Shee does not know: and therein shee is happy!

ACT II. SCENE VI.

John, *Maudlin*, and *Scathlock* after.

To them

John. Here's Mother *Maudlin* come to give you thanks,
Madam, for some late guift, shee hath receiv'd —

Which shee's not worthie of, shee saies, but crakes,
And wonders of it; hoppes about the house;

Transported with the joy. *Man*. Send mee a Stagge!

A whole Stagge, Madam! and so fat a Deere!

So fairelie hunted, and at such a time too!

When all your freinds were here! *Rob*. Do you mark this, *Clarion*?

Her owne acknowledgement? *Man*. 'Twas such a bountie

And honour done to your poore Bedef-woman,

I know not how to owe it, but to thanke you.

And that I come to du: I shall goe round,

And giddie with the toy of the good turne.

Shee turns
round, till
shee falls.

Looke out, looke out, gay folke about,
And see mee spin, the ring I am in
Of mirth, & glee, with thanks for see
The heart puts on, for th' Venison
My Lady sent, which shall be spent
In draughts of Wine, to fume up fine
Into the braine, and downe againe
Fall in a Swoune, upo' the groune.

Rob. Look to her, shee is mad. *Man*. My Son hath sent you
A pot of Strawberries, gather'd i' the wood

(His Hoggs would els have rooted up, or trod)

With a choice dish of wildings here, to scald

And mingle with your Cream. *Mar*. Thank you good *Maudlin*!

And thanke your Sonne. Go, beare 'hem in to *Much*

Th' Acater, let him thanke her. Surelie, Mother

You were mistaken, or my Woodmen more,

Or most my selfe, to send you all our store

Of Venison, hunted for our selves, this day!

You

You will not take it, Mother, I dare say,
If wee'lld intreat you; when you know our ghefts;
Red Deere is head still of the forest feasts.

Man. But I know yee, a right free-hearted Ladie,
Can spare it out of superfluitie:

I have departit 'mong my poore Neighbours

To speake your Largesse. *Mar*. I not gave it, Mother;

You have done wrong then: I know how to place

My guifts, and where; and when to find my seasons

To give, not throw away my Curtesies.

Man. Count you this thrown away? *Mar*. What's ravish'd from mee

I count it worse; as stolne: I loose my thanks.

But leave this quest: they fit not you, nor mee,

Maudlin, Contentions of this qualitie.

How now? *Sea*. Your Stag's return'd upon my shoulders;

Hee has found his way into the Kitchin againe;

With his two Leggs, If now your Cooke can dresse him;

Slid, I thought the Swine'ard would ha' beat mee;

Hee lookes so big! the sturdie Karle, lewd Lorde!

Mar. There *Scathlock*, for thy paines, thou hast deserv'd it.

Man. Do you give a thing, and take a thing, Madam?

Mar. No, *Maudlin*, you had imparted to your Neighbours;

As much good doo't them: I ha' done no wrong.

Man. The Spit stand still, no Brothes turne

Before the fire, but let it burne

Both sides, and haunces, till the whole

Converted be into one Cole.

Cl. What Devills Pater noster mumbles shee?

Alk. Stay, you will heare more of her witcherie

Man. The Swilland Dropsie enter in

The Lazie Cuke, and swell his skin;

And the old Mort-malon his shin

Now prick, and itch, with honten blin.

Cl. Speake out Hagge, wee may heare your Devills Mattens.

Man. The Paine, wee call S. Antons fire

The Gout, or what wee can desire,

To crampo a Cuke, in every lim,

Before they die, yet, seize on him.

Alk. A foule ill Spirit hath possessed her.

Am. O Karol, Karol, call him back againe.

Lio. Her thoughts do worke upon her, in her slumber,

And may expresse some part of her diseafe.

Rob. Observe, and marke, but trouble not herease.

Am. O, O. *Mar*. How is't *Amie*? *Mel*. Wherefore start you?

Am. O' Karol, he is faire, and sweet. *Man*. What then?

Are there not flowers as sweet, and faire, as men?

The Lillie is faire! and Rose is sweet! *Am*. I, to!

Let all the Roses, and the Lillies goe:

Karol is only faire to mee! *Man*. And why?

Am. Alas for Karol, *Maudlin*, I could die!

Scathlock
enters.

Maudlin gives
him Gold.

The first
Charme.

Karol

Karol. He singeth sweetly too! *Man.* What then?
Are there not Birds sing sweeter farre, then Men?
Am. I grant the Linet, Larke, and Bul-finch sing,
But best, the deare, good Angell of the Spring,
The Nightingale. *Man.* Then why? then why, alone,
Should his notes please you? *Am.* I not long ago
Tooke a delight, with wanton kidds to play,
And sport with little Lambes a Summers Day!
And view their frisks! me thought it was a sight
Of joy, to see my two brave Rammes to fight!
Now *Karol*, onely, all delight doth move!
All that is *Karol*, *Karol* I approve!
This verie morning, but - (I did bestow
(It was a little 'gainst my will, I know)
A single kisse, upon the seelie Swaine,
And now I wish that verie kisse againe.
His lip is softer, sweeter then the Rose
His mouth, and tongue with dropping honey flowes.
The relish of it was a pleasing thing.

Man. Yet like the Bees it had a little sting.

Am. And funke, and sticks yet in my marrow deepe
And what doth hurt me, I now wish to keepe.

Mar. Alas, how innocent her Storie is!

Am. I doe remember, *Marian*, I have oft
With pleasure kist my Lambes, and Puppies, soft,
And once a daintie fine Roe-fawne I had,
Of whose out-skiping bounds, I was as glad
As of my health: and him I oft would kisse:
Yet had his, no such sting, or paine, as this.
They never prick't or hurt my heart. And, for
They were so blunt, and dull, I wish no more,
But this, that hurtes, and prickes doth please; This sweet,
Mingled with fower, I wish againe to meet:
And that delay, mee thinks, most tedious is
That keepe, or hinders mee of *Karol*'s kisse.

Mar. Wee'll send for him sweet *Annie*, to come to you.

Man. But, I will keepe him of if Charmes will doe it.

Cl. Doe you marke the murmuring hagge, how shee doth mutter?

Rob. I like her not. And lesse her manners now.

Alk. Shee is a shrewd deformed peice, I vow.

Lio. As crooked as her bodie. *Rob.* I beleeve
Shee can take any Shape, as *Scathlock* saies.

Alk. Shee may deceive the Sense, but really
Shee cannot change her selfe. *Rob.* Would I could see her,
Once more in *Marian*'s forme! for I am certaine

Now, it was shee abus'd us, as I think
My *Marian*, and my Love, now, innocent:

Which faith I scale unto her, with this kisse,
And call you all to witnesse of my pennance.

Alk. It was belev'd before, but now confirm'd,

Shee goes
murmuring
out.

That

That wee have seen the Monster.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

To them

Tuck. John. Much. Scarlet.

Tuc. Heare you how

Poore *Tom*, the Cooke, is taken! All his joynts
Do crack, as if his Limbes were tied with points:
His whole frame slackens; and a kind of rack
Runs downe along the Spondylls of his back;
A Gowt, or Crampe, now seizeth on his head,
Then falls into his feet; his knees are lead;
And he can stirre his either hand, no more
Then a dead stumpe, to his office, as before.

Alk. Hee is bewitched. *Cl.* This is an Argument
Both of her malice, and her power, wee see.

Alk. Shee must by some device restrained bee,
Or shee'll goe farre in mischief. *Rob.* Advise how,
Sage Shep'ard, wee shall put it straight in practice.

Alk. Send forth your woodmen, then, into the walkes,
Or let'em prick her footing hence; A Witch
Is sure a Creature of Melancholy,
And will be found, or sitting in her fourme,
Orels, at releife, like a Hare. *Cl.* You speake
Alken, as if you knew the sport of Witch-hunting,
Or starting of a Hag. *Rob.* Go sirs about it,
Take *George* here with you, he can helpe to find her;
Leave *Tuck*, and *Much* behind to dresse the Dinner,
I the Cookes stead. *Much.* Wee'll care to get that done.
Rob. Come *Marian*, lets withdraw into the bowre.

Enter *George*
to the Hunts-
men; who by
themselves
continue the
Scene.
The rest go-
ing off.

ACT II. SCENE VIII.

John. Scarlet. Scathlock. George. Alken.

Jo. Rare sport I sweare! this hunting of the Witch
Will make us. *Scar.* Let's advise upon't, like huntsmen.

Geo. And wee can spee her once, shee is our owne.

Sea. First, think which way shee fourmeth, on what wind;
Or North, or South. *Geo.* For, as the Shep'ard said,
A Witch is a kind of Hare. *Scar.* And markes the weather,
As the hare does. *Jo.* Where shall wee hope to find her?

Alk. I have ask'd leave to assist you, jollie huntsmen,
If an old Shep'herd may be heard among you;
Not jear'd or laugh'd at. *Jo.* Father, you will see
Robin-hoods house-hold, know more Curtesie.

Sea. Who scornes at eld, peeles of his owne young haire.

Alk. Yee say right well. Know yee the Witches Dell?

Scar. No more then I do know the walkes of Hell.

V

Alk.

Alk. Within a gloomie dimble, shee doth dwell
Downe in a pitt, ore-growne with brakes and briars.
Close by the ruines of a shaken Abbey
Torne, with an Earth-quake, down unto the ground,
Mongst graves, and grotts, neare an old Charnell house,
Where you shall find her sitting in her fourme,
As fearfull, and melancholique, as thae
Shee is about; with Caterpillers kells,
And knottie Cobwebs, rounded in with spells;
Thence shee steales forth to reliefe, in the foggs,
And rotten Mistes, upon the fens, and boggs,
Downe to the drowned Lands of *Lincolneshire*;
To make Ewes cast their Lambs! Swine cate their Farrow!
The House-wifes Tun not worke! Not the Milk churme!
Wricke Childrens wrists! and suck their breath in sleepe!
Get Vials of their blood! And where the Sea
Casts up his slimie Owze, search for a weed
To open locks with, and to rivet Charms,
Planted about her, in the wicked feat,
Of all her mischicfes, which are manifold;
For I wonder such a storie could be told,
Of her dire deeds. *Geo.* I thought a Witches bankes
Had inclos'd nothing, but the merrie pranks
Of some old woman. *Skar.* Yes, her malice more!
Sea. As it would quickly appeare, had wee the Store
Of his Collects. *Geo.* I, this gud learned Man
Can speake her right. *Skar.* He knowes, her shifts, and haunts!
Alk. And all her wiles, and turnes. The venom'd Plants
Wherewith shee kill's! where the sad Mandrake growes,
Whose grones are deathfull! the dead-numming Night-shade!
The stupifying Hemlock! Adders tongue!
And Martagan! the shreikes of lucklesse Owles,
Wee heare! and croaking Night-Crowes in the aire!
Greene-bellied Snakes! blew fire-drakes in the skie!
And giddie Flitter-mice, with lether wings!
The scalie Beetles, with their habergeons,
That make a humming Murmur as they flie!
There, in the stocks of trees, white Faies doe dwell,
And span-long Elves, that dance about a poole!
With each a little Changeling, in their armes!
The airie spirits play with falling starres!
And mount the Sphere of fire, to kisse the Moone!
While, shee sits reading by the Glow-wormes light,
Or rotten wood (o're which the worne hath crept)
The banefull scedule of her nocent charmes,
And binding Characters, through which shee wounds
Her Puppets, the *Sigilla* of her witch-craft.
All this I know, and I will find her for you;
And shew you her sitting in her fourme, I'll lay
My hand upon her; make her throw her skutt

Along

Along her back, when shee doth start before us.
But you must give her Law: and you shall see her
Make twentie leapes, and doubles, crosse the pathes,
And then squatt downe beside us. *For* Craftie Croane!
I long to be at the sport, and to report it.
Scar. Wee'll make this hunting of the Witch, as famous,
As any other blast of Venerie.
Sea. Hang her foule hagge, shee'll be a stinking Chase!
I had rather ha' the hunting of heire heyre.
Geo. If wee could come to see her, cry, so haw, once!
Alk. That I doe promise, or I am no good Hag-finder.

The Argument of the third Act.

Plack-hairy disc overs himselfe in the Forrest, and discourseth his offices with their necessities, breisly; After which, *Douce*, entring in the habit of *Earine*, is pursued by *Karol*, who mistaking her at first to be his Sister, questions her, how shee came by those garments. Shee answers, by her mothers gift. The sad Shepherd comming in the while, shee runs away affrighted, and leaves *Karol*, todainely; *Aeglamour* thinkingie to be *Earine*'s ghost he saw, falls into a melancholique expression of his phantisie to *Karol*, & questions him sadly about that point, which moves compassion in *Karol* of his mistake still. When *Clarion*, and *Lionell* enter to call *Karol* to *Amie*, *Karol* reports to them *Aeglamour*'s passion, with much regret. *Clarion* resolves to seeke him. *Karol* to returne with *Lionell*. By the way *Douce*, and her Mother (in the shape of *Marian*) meet them, and would divert them, affirming *Amie* to be recovered, which *Lionell* wondred at to be so soone. *Robin-hood* enters, they tell him the relation of the Witch, thinking her to be *Marian*, *Robin* suspecting her to be *Maudlin*, lay's hold of her Girdle todainely, but shee striving to get free, they both run out, and he returnes with the belt broken. Shee following in her owne shape, demaunding it, but at a distance, as fearing to be seiz'd upon againe, and seeing shee cannot recover it, falls into a rage, and cursing, resolving to trust to her old artes, which shee calls her daughter to assist in. The Shepherds content with this discovery, goe home triumphing, make the relation to *Marian*. *Amie* is gladdened with the sight of *Karol*, &c. In the meane time enters *Lovel*, with purpose to ravish *Earine*, and calling her forth to that lewd end, he by the hearing of *Clarion*'s footing, is staid, and forced to commit her hastily to the tree againe, where *Clarion* comming by, and hearing a voyce singing, drawes neere unto it, but *Aeglamour* hearing it also, and knowing it to be *Earine*'s, falls into a superstitious commendation of it, as being an Angells, and in the aire, when *Clarion* espies a hand put forth from the tree, and makes towards it, leaving *Aeglamour* to his wild phantisie, who quitteth the place, and *Clarion* beginning to court the hand, and make love to it, there ariseth a mist todainely, which, darkning all the place, *Clarion* looseth himselfe, and

V 2

the tree where *Farine* is inclosed, lamenting his misfortune, with the unknown nymphs miserie. The Aire clearing, enters the Witch, with her Son and Daughter, tells them how shee had caused that late darkenesse, to free *Lorell* from surprisall, and his prey from being reskued from him: bids him looke to her, and lock her up more carefully, and follow her, to assist a work, shee hath in hand, of recovering her lost Girdle, which shee laments the losse of, with curfings, execrations, wishing confusion to their feast, and meeting: sends her Sonne, and Daughter to gather certaine Simples, for her purpose, and bring them to her Dell. This *Puck* hearing prevents, & shewes her error still. The Hunt-men having found her footing, follow the tract, and prick after her. Shee gets to her Dell, and takes her Forme. Enter, *Alken* has spied her sitting with her Spindle, Threds, and Images. They are eager to seize her presently, but *Alken* perswades them to let her begin her charmes, which they doe. Her Sonne and Daughter come to her, the Hunt-men are affrighted as they see her worke goe forward. And over-hastie to apprehend her, shee escapeth them all, by the helpe and delusions of *Puck*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Puck-bairy.

THe Feind hath much to doe, that keepes a Schoole;
Or is the Father of a familie;
Or governes but a country Academie:
His labours must be great, as are his cares,
To watch all turnes, and cast how to prevent 'hem.
This Dame of mine here, *Maud*, growes high in evill,
And thinkes shee doe's all, when 'tis I, her Divell,
That both delude her, and must yet protect her:
Shee's confident in mischeife, and presumes
The changing of her shape will still secure her,
But that may faile, and diverse hazards meete
Of other consequence, which I must looke to.
Not let her be surpriz'd on the first catch.
I must goe daunce about the Forrest, now,
And firke it like a Goblin, till I find her.
Then will my service come worth acceptation;
When not expected of her, when the helpe
Meetes the necessity, and both doe kisse
'Tis call'd the timing of a dutie, this.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Karol. Douce, to them *Aeglamour*.

Kar. Sure, you are very like her! I conceiv'd
You had been shee, seeing you run afore mee:
For such a faire shee made her 'gainst this Feast;

In

In all resemblance, or the verie same,
I saw her in it, had shee liv'd to enjoy it.
Shee had been there an acceptable Guest,
To *Marian*, and the gentle *Robin*, hood,
Who are the Crowne, and Ghirland of the Wood.

Don. I cannot tell: my Mother gave it mee,
And bad mee weare it. *Kar*. Who, the wise good Woman,
Old *Maud*, of *Pappelwicke*? *Don*. Yes, this fullen *Mary*,
I cannot like him. I must take my leave.

Aeg. What said shee to you? *Kar*. Who? *Aeg*. *Farine*,
I saw her talking with you, or her Ghost;
For shee indeed is drown'd in old *Trent*'s bottom.
Did shee not tell who would ha' pull'd her in?
And had her Maiden-head upon the place?
The rivers brim, the margin of the Flood?
No ground is holie enough, (you know my meaning)
Lust is committed in Kings Palaces,
And yet their Majesties not violated!

No words! *Car*. How sad, and wild his thoughts are! gone!

Aeg. But shee, as chaste, as was her name, *Farine*,
Dy'd undress'd: and now her sweet soule hovers;
Here, in the Aire, above us, and doth haste
To get up to the *Moone*, and *Mercury*,
And whisper *Venus* in her *Orbe*; then spring
Up to old *Saturne*, and come downe by *Mars*,
Consulting *Jupiter*, and seare herselfe
Just in the midst with *Phabus*, tempring all
The jarring Spheeres, and giving to the World
Again, his first and tunefull planetting!
O' what an age will here be of new concords!
Delightfull harmonie! to rock old Sages,
Twice infants, in the Cradle o' Speculation,
And throw a silence upon all the creatures!

Kar. A Cogitation of the highest rapture!
Aeg. The loudest Seas, and most enraged Windes
Shall lose their clangor; Tempest shall grow hoarse;
Loud Thunder dumbe; and every speece of storme
Laid in the lap of listning Nature, hush;
To heare the changed chime of this eighth spheere!
Take tent, and harken for it, looke it not.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Clavien. *Lionell*. *Karol*.

Clav. O', here is *Karol*! was not that the sad
Shepherd, slip'd from him? *Lio*. Yes, I ghesse it was:
Who was that left you, *Karol*? *Kar*. The last man!
Whom, wee shall never see himselfe againe;
Or ours, I feare! He starts away from hand, so,
And all the touches, or soft stroke of reason!

Yes

Yee can applie. No Colt is so unbroken!
Or hawke yet halfe so haggard, or unmann'd!
He takes all toies that his wild phantfy proffers,
And flies away with them. He now conceives
That my lost Sister, his *Erine*,
Is lately turn'd a Sphere amid the seven:
And reads a Musique-Lecture to the Planets!
And with this thought, hee's run to cal' hem, Hearers!

Cl. Alas, this is a strayn'd, but innocent phant'sie!
I'll follow him, and find him, if I can:
Meane time, goe you with *Lionell*, sweet *Karol*,
Hee will acquaint you with an accident
Which much desires your presence, on the place!

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Karol, Lionell.

Kar. What is it, *Lionell*, wherein I may serve you?
Why doe you so survey, and circumscribe mee?
As if you stuck one Eye into my brest,
And with the other took my whole dimensions?
Lio. I wish you had a windo' i' your bosome
Or i' your back: I might look thorough you,
And see your in-parts, *Karol*, liver, heart;
For there the seat of Love is. Whence the Boy
(The winged Archer) hath shott home a shaft
Into my sisters brest, the innocent *Amie*,
Who now cries out, upon her bed, on *Karol*,
Sweet singing *Karol*! the delicious *Karol*!
That kist her like a *Cupid*! In your eyes,
Shee saies, his stand is! and between your lipp's
He runs forth his divisions, to her eares,
But will not bidethere, lesse your selfe do bring him.
Goe with me *Karol*, and bestow a visit
In charitie, upon the afflicted Maid,
Who pineth with the languor of your love.

To them
Maid and
Dance, but
Maid appea-
ring like Ma-
rian.

Mar. Whither intend you? *Amie* is recover'd,
Feeles no such griefe as shee complain'd of, lately:
This Maiden hath been with her from her Mother
Mandlin, the cunning Woman, who hath sent her
Herbes for her head, and Simples of that nature,
Have wrought upon her a miraculous Cure;
Setled her braine, to all our wish, and wonder!

Lio. So instantly? you know, I now but left her,
Possess'd with such a fit, almost to a phrensic;
Your selfe too fear'd her, *Marian*, and did urge
My haste, to seeke out *Karol*, and to bring him.

Mar. I did so. But the skill of that wise woeman
And her great charitie of doing good

Hath

Hath by the readie hand of this deff lasse
Her daughter, wrought effects, beyond beleife,
And to astonishment, wee can but thanke
And praise, and be amazed, while wee tell it.

Lio. 'Tis strange, that any art should so helpe nature
In her extremes. *Kar.* Then, it appears most reall
When th'other is deficient. *Rob.* Wherefore, stay you
Discourfing here, and haste not with your succours
To poore afflicted *Amie*, that so needes them?

Lio. Shee is recover'd well, your *Marian* told us
But now here: See, shee is return'd t'affirme it!

Rob. My *Marian*? *Mar.* *Robin-hood*? Is hee here? *Rob.* Stay!
What was't you ha' told my friend? *Mar.* Helpe, murder, helpe.
You will not rob me Out-law? Theife, restore
My belt that yee have broken! *Rob.* Yes, come neere,

Man. Not i' your gripe. *Rob.* Was this the charmed circle?
The Copy that so couzen'd, and deceiv'd us?
I'll carry hence the trophie of your spoiles.
My men shall hunt you too upon the start,
And course you soundly. *Man.* I shall make 'hem sport
And send some home, without their leggs, or armes.
I'll teach 'hem to climbe Stiles, leape Ditches, Ponds,
And lie i' the Waters, if they follow mee.

Rob. Outmurmuring Hagge. *Man.* I must use all my powers,
Lay all my wits to piecing of this losse.
Things run unluckily, Where's my *Puck-hairy*?

ACT III. SCENE V.

Mand. Puck.

Hath he forooke mee? *Puc.* At your beck, Madame.

Man. O *Puck*, my Goblin! I have lost my belt,
The strong theife, *Robin* Out-law, forc'd it from mee.

Puck. They are other Cloudes and blacker threat you, Dame;
You must be wary, and pull in your sailes,
And yeeld unto the wether of the tempest.
You thinke your power's infinite as your malice,
And would do all your anger prompts you to:
But you must wait occasions, and obey them:
Saile in an egg-shell, make a straw your mast,
A Cobweb all your Cloth, and passe, unseen,
Till you have scap'd the rockes that are about you.

Man. What rock's about mee? *Puc.* I do love, Madam,
To shew you all your dangers, when you are past 'hem.
Come, follow mee, I'll once more be your pilot,
And you shall thanke mee. *Man.* Lucky, my lov'd Goblin!
Where are you gaang, now? *Lor.* Unto my tree,
To see my Maistres. *Man.* Gang thy gait, and try
Thy turnes, with better luck, or hang thy sel'.

The End.

They go:
out.

Enter Robin-
hood

Enter Maude
like Marian.
Maude: espy-
ing Robin-
hood would
run out, but
he stays her
by the Gir-
dle, and runs
in with her.
He returns
with the Gir-
dle broken,
and shee in
her owne
shape.

Lord maister
here.



